

BRITANNIA



Vol. I.

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SPECIAL FEATURES:

ALFRED NOYES	616	R. H. MOTTRAM.....	593
The Pact. (Illustrated by Kapp.)		"Farewell, My Comrades"	
IAN HAY	586	CLAUDE HOUGHTON	612
Why Forget the War? (Illustrated by Adrian Hill.)		The BRITANNIA Short Stories.—No. III. The Strange Case of Mr. Anatole Pickering	
SIR CHARLES CHEERS WAKEFIELD, Bt., C.B.E., LL.D....	609	JOYCE E. BOYD.....	598
The Spirit of Empire		"Armistice"	
BENITO MUSSOLINI	619	MICHAEL CHANCE.....	602
My Life		The Tale of Your Dog	
HENRY WILLIAMSON	599		
The Valley			

REGULAR CONTRIBUTIONS:

THE FLARE OF THE TORCHES ..	Gilbert Frankau ..	578	YOUR HEALTH	B.M.A. ..	608
THE DIARY OF AN HONEST MAN ..	"Samuel Johnson" ..	580	BOOKS OF THE WEEK ..	Douglas Jerrold ..	610
IN THE PILLORY	A. H. D'Egville ..	582	RADIO REFLECTIONS ..	Robert W. Beare ..	611
SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY ..	Crawford Price ..	583	THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES ..	Major Lloyd Jones ..	618
THE WEEK ON WINGS ..	E. M. Rossiter ..	584	THE TRAVELLER	A. H. D'Egville ..	623
THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS ..	J. Saxon Mills ..	585	CHARITY AT HOME.. ..	Prebendary A. W. Gough	628
THE WEEK IN THE STATES ..	Willis J. Abbot.. ..	588	CORRESPONDENCE	By Our Readers ..	645
YOU AND YOUR MONEY	A. G. Walsh ..	589	AUTO SUGGESTIONS	Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce	649
ACES AND KINGS	Jack Dalton ..	594			
AT THE THEATRE	Maitland Davidson..	595			
THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN ..	Maitland Davidson..	597			
FUR, FIN AND FEATHER	L. C. R. Cameron ..	600			
AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH ..	E. T. Brown.. ..	601			
TALLY HO!	"Harborough" ..	603			
"I APPEAL TO THE JURY" ..	"Woolsack" ..	604			
BRITANNIA'S PULPIT	Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie") ..	605			
LEND ME YOUR EARS	A. Kalisch ..	606			
THE WEEK ARTISTIC	R. H. Wilenski ..	607			
			RACING	"Blackfriar" ..	651
			GOLF.. ..	Gerard Fairlie ..	653
			TENNIS	F. Gordon Lowe ..	654
			FOOTBALL AND CRICKET ..	Mitford Brice ..	655

Woman's Section:

Edited by Julia Cairns (pages 629—644).

Sports Section:

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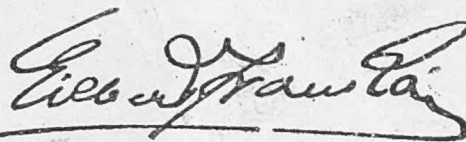
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THE FLARE of THE TORCHES

This is BRITANNIA'S First Armistice Number. It therefore seems to me fitting that the various controversies I am waging under The Torches should be suspended until next week. In their place you find the following poem, written in nineteen-nineteen, which still expresses—in-so-far as mere words can express—my innermost aspirations not only for this England, symbol of its oneness, but for our whole Empire, the greatest heritage ever bequeathed to one breed of mortal men.



TOGETHER

WHO thinks to-day for self and self alone :
Who thinks to-day for self and not for England :
Who—be he prince, priest, penman, orator,
Captain of Industry, Trade Unionist,
Labourer with his hands or with his brain,
Richest or poorest in this land of ours—
Doth preach dissensions, class-wars ; seek to set
The good of one above the common weal ;
Brands himself traitor to this land of ours
And to our million dumb heroic dead.

Look you ! this is no time for bickerings.
We have flung down in Honour's gaping scale,
Grudging no price till Honour's self was won,
The hoarded produce of the easy years,
Treasure in heaps—clean gold, the blood of men,
Fruit of our loins, the harvest of our toil
And of the toil our fathers wrought for us :
We are full spent of all save Honour's coin
And that clean gold which is our Working-Power.
Wherefore, who works not for the common weal,
Brands himself void of Honour, traitorous
To this our land and our heroic dead.

This is no time for phraseologies,
Class-labels, caste-rights, outworn shibboleths :
"Employers and Employed," "The Middle Class,"
"Nobility and Gentry," "Working-folk."
Save that all men be working men to-day—
Aye ! and all women working women, too ;
Save that "employer" and "employed" be one
In high gentility of noble toil ;
Save that all work ; and, working, work for all
In mutual labour disciplined by love ;
We shall be spent of Honour's self, and void
The heritage our dead have won for us.

This is no time for paltry profiteers,
Self-seekers, agitators, parasites,
And politicians of the baser sort.
This is no time for barren Compromise—
Wages begrudged and service sourly given.
This is no time for sullen-browed mistrust,
For angry word and hot-head selfishness.
Not thus was England made ; not thus men wrought,

Steel-helmèd men, what time we drave the Beast
 Across the bitter plains of Picardy :
 Not thus shall living Englishmen make true
 The better England of our dreaming dead.

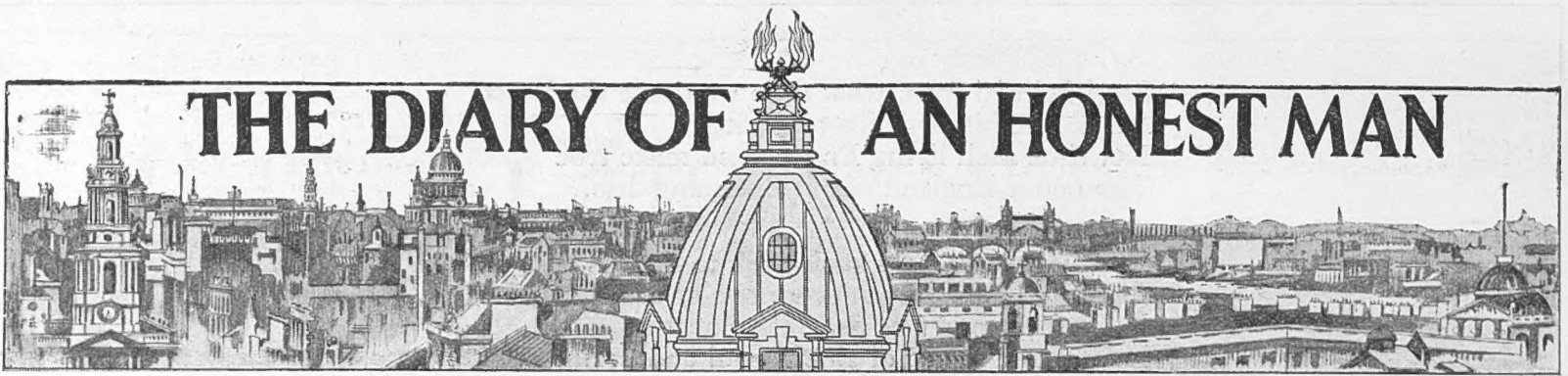
Look you ! we have such work to do this day,
 As doth demand from every one of us
 His utmost patience and his utmost strength,
 His utmost ounce of sinew, soul and brain.
 Look you ! this better England of our dreams
 Shall not arise at wave of fairy's wand ;
 Shall not be blown, like smoke-rings, from slack mouths ;
 Shall be but dream, unless each one of us
 Set willing hands, thews, sinews, soul and brain
 To make his dream-thing a reality.

This better England ! Think not it shall be
 An idler's England—week-end paradise
 For inefficients, slackers, aliens,
 Reactionaries, visionary cranks
 And morris-dancing reconstructioneers.
 We have already paid too high a price
 For wordy theories, for prejudice,
 For idleness and inefficiency :
 Reality is stubborn granite-stuff
 Which only stubborn men may hew to shape.

And this our reality to-day :
 That we must work together, man with man ;
 Each class with each in mutual trust combined :
 Else, all we won, and all we hope to win,
 Go down into the dust of Anarchy !

Look you ! These are the tasks our dead have set us :—
 There must not be in this new land of ours
 One worker slave to grasping indolence,
 One woman's home unlovely or unclean,
 One child a-cold, unfed, or ignorant.
 There must not be one fruitful field untilled,
 One enterprise unventured, one resource
 Of Empire prostitute to greediness.
 For all must there be justice, education,
 Work and fair wage and leisure after work . . .
 Think you we shall accomplish tasks like these
 By pen-strokes scribbled hasty overnight,
 By smoothly speeches of unwitting folk,
 By muck-rake delving in the bitter past,
 Recriminations, hatreds, bickerings ?

A truce to bickerings ! a truce to hate—
 A truce to all dissensions, all mistrusts,
 Recriminations, class-feuds, selfishness !
 Let there be light in England. Let no wrong
 Wax putrid in the dark. Let fair debate,
 And fair deeds following on fair debate,
 Apportion each to each his share of toil,
 And, for the toil, his ungrudged recompense.
 Then, and then only—princes, penmen, priests,
 Captains of Industry, Trade Unionists,
 Labourers with our hands or with our brains—
 Can we take up this task our dead have set,
 And hew the granite of reality
 Into such shape that when our dead look down
 From Heaven's gold parapet, each one may say :
 " Who died for England, did not die in vain."



Ten Years Ago.

TEN years ago to-day the Lord Mayor's Show attracted bigger crowds than ever before or since. The war was almost over; news of peace was expected hourly. Of the anxious debates amongst the Allies, of the feverish exchange of telegrams between Europe and America the public knew nothing, but they knew that the impossible had happened, that the greatest purely military machine ever devised had run down, and that representatives of the German Government were at the Allied Headquarters at Compiègne.

The latest records of these days—Colonel House's *Intimate Papers* and Doctor Novak's *Versailles* throw little new light except on the differences between the Allies. Marshall Foch's ruthless manner of insisting on a virtually unconditional surrender (the memory of which still rankles in German minds) is, however, explained by reasons precisely the opposite of those assumed by Doctor Novak. The American thrust, intended to prevent a German stand on the line of the Meuse, was held up. Across Flanders our pursuit, with tired troops, was barely keeping pace with the enemy's retreat. If the German Army had crossed the Meuse relatively intact it would have been necessary in order to drive them back to the Rhine to launch an offensive in Alsace and so turn their new position. To obviate that terrible necessity and before the slowing down of the Allied advance became palpable, the Armistice had to be concluded at once. It was in the interests of peace, not of war, that stern demands were sternly presented. Of the full measure of the German breakdown at home not even Marshal Foch was aware.

Another Liberal Set-back.

THE Borough Elections show a number of Socialist gains misdescribed as sweeping. On balance, Labour has gained 96 seats in London and more than 100 in the country. The poll was insignificant, only 35 per cent. of the London electors troubling to vote. Seeing that in the overwhelming majority of cases a vote for Labour was a vote for the "outs" against the "ins," it is remarkable that a mere handful of boroughs have passed as a result of the election into the hands of a Labour majority. That, despite the immense tactical advantage of the offensive, the Liberals have actually lost seats is, however, the most significant result of all.

The reason I fancy is that a Liberal, in local as in national politics, is a man who wants to save his soul by being very progressive and to save his face by being anti-Socialist. The public appear to have seen through a rather transparent manoeuvre.

A British Triumph.

LIEUTENANT D'ARCY GREIG, on a Supermarine Napier seaplane, broke all British speed records by a flight which averaged 319.47 miles per hour on four runs over the standard 3-kilometer course for air records. This speed is actually the greatest ever registered, and

would rank as the world's record, at present held by the Italians, but for the fact that, to ensure against errors in the minute calculations necessary, it has been agreed that a new "record" to be recognised must beat existing records by not less than an average of five miles an hour. The important thing, however, is not the record, but the man and the machine. We can justly claim to have produced the first high-speed pilot, and to have built the fastest machine. It is enough.

A Great Public Servant.

THE King has conferred a peerage on the retiring Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached his farewell sermon in Canterbury last Sunday. Dr. Davidson's tenure of his office has covered the most critical period in our history since the days of the Stuarts. His ecclesiastical career began when the foundations of Protestantism appeared to be threatened by scientific materialism. It ends at a time when the Catholic revival seems likely to prove a graver menace. Science, the enemy, has even become in some measure the friend, though the friend is apt on occasion to be a little indiscreet.

Even more striking than the change in the intellectual outlook of Protestantism—from Bishop Colenso, who believed that every word of the Bible was literally true, to Bishop Barnes is a far cry—is the change in the social position of the Church. The strength of the Church of England to-day is no longer its hold on the countryside and its alliance with the squirearchy and the governing class, but its hold over the poorer districts and big towns.

Progress at Last.

SCIENTIFIC authorities say so many funny things that it is refreshing to find Dr. Stella Churchill advising a large audience at the Institute of Social Hygiene that it is an excellent thing to go to sleep at a lecture, and that a comfortable bed is more essential to health than an elaborate drainage system.

This may help some of our professors to understand how the Greeks and Romans managed to be civilised without steam heating, and how some people manage to remain uncivilised at the present day.

Before the War our intellectuals, headed by Mr. Masfield, tried to convince us that we could only get in touch with Life (with a capital L) in the slums or by sleeping out under a hedge. To be told that a box-spring mattress is not merely better for the body but for the soul as well is infinitely refreshing. When science begins to tell us what we knew already, we can at last begin to speak confidently of the Advancement of Learning.

What Mr. Lloyd George does not say.

THAT great political economist, Mr. Lloyd George, is ranting against the benefits conferred on prosperous industries (he does not specifically refer to cocoa) by the Government de-rating scheme. When will progressive politicians realise, or, more accurately, stop trying to prevent others realising, that the first duty

of an industry is to be prosperous, and that it is the industry that makes a profit which deserves assistance, not the industry that fails to do so.

We are at the mercy of language in this vital matter. If I buy a horse for £5 and sell it the next day for £50 it is, of course, clear either that I gave too little or that I got too much. I am making an illegitimate profit by trading on the ignorance either of the man who sold or the man to whom I sold the horse. But in business the total sum out of which interest has to be paid on capital, provision made, in the form of reserves, for renewal of plant and extension of trading, and an adequate sum carried forward for next year's cash requirements, is lumped together as profit and jeered at every progressive political platform as something dishonourable.

In other words, nine-tenths of so-called profits are required for the mere continuation of the business. As to the balance, it is only out of this that fresh capital can be found to reorganise unsuccessful businesses and to start new industries. There is no other source available except the direct taxation of the *whole body* of consumers. Does Mr. Lloyd George make this clear to the people he addresses? He does not.

A Critic with Standards.

THE death of Mr. W. L. Courtney, editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and for many years until 1924 Literary Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, removes yet another of the small number of English critics. A favourable review by Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph* could actually make an unknown book successful. I doubt if there is any one of whom that could be said to-day; there is certainly no one to-day whose praise of a novel means that the book is good, or even tolerably good. That is not because Courtney was a greater writer than any of his successors, but because, as a critic, he had standards. He never indulged in the fashionable practice of discovering masterpieces.

He knew that time alone can detect genius and that it exercises its privileges sparingly. If a writer devoted 400 pages to a close study of the psychology of a mental defective in a seaside boarding house, Courtney could give credit for the talent of the psychologist without mistaking it for the talent of a novelist. He never made the fashionable modern error of regarding as literary genius an infinite capacity for giving pains.

Youth, Beauty and Wisdom.

THE Ashton election having resulted as expected in the gain of this seat by the Labour Party, the *Daily Herald* asks proudly: "What may not be achieved in other constituencies, especially when the younger women get the vote." This is interesting. It means either that girls between 21 and 30 now to be enfranchised will vote Labour because they are more ignorant than the rest of the electors, or, alternatively, that because they are younger they are wiser. In the first case, was it honest to

give them the vote? In the second case, what is to be said for a system of Government that places the destiny of the country in the hands of a body of people who grow every year more incapable of their task. I offer Mr. Ramsey MacDonald either horn of this attractive dilemma.

Unfortunately the issue goes far beyond the dialectics. The leader writer of the *Daily Herald*, perhaps intoxicated with victory, has blurted out a piece of the truth. It is the young and inexperienced, not the poor and the oppressed, who carry the Labour candidates to victory. Labour has always known it. Now we know that they know it.

A Case for Rationalisation.

THE production of motor cars in Germany has increased from 45,000 in 1926 to 115,000 in 1927. This is the direct result of a deliberate policy of reorganisation which has reduced the number of firms making private cars from 86 to 19 in three years, and the number of types from 146 to 40.

Yesterday the International Motor Exhibition opened at Berlin, but, according to the *Telegraph* "Correspondence," "there is a striking absence" of British exhibits. The motor industry enjoys the benefit of a safeguarding duty, but despite that fact the value of imports for 1927 was £7,140,000, as against exports to the value of only £7,330,000.

It is time that attention was also directed to the British rule of the road which handicaps British manufacturers in the export market by the right-hand drive; and to our horse-power tax, which forces British manufacturers to concentrate on low horse-power engines.

Peace.

PEACE," says Dr. Cyril Norwood, the Headmaster of Harrow, "is just a question of education first and last." The fact that education and War have existed side by side for some thousands of years seems to me to detract from the weight of this attractive generalisation. It is even relevant to point out that War and Dr. Norwood coincided as recently as 1914, and that the diplomatic archives of Europe reveal no attempt by old Marlburians to stop the war.

History, unfortunately, makes it as plain as a pike staff that a high standard of intellectual development and national culture does not make all nations equally peaceable and all men equally virtuous. "The one lesson that History teaches is that History teaches us no lessons."

Reform in Local Government.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has criticised the Government's proposals in regard to local government reform as an attack on self-government. This is in a measure true, but the moral has escaped our ingenious ex-Prime Minister. The whole tangled history of local government is the history of the breakdown of self-government, and the enforced action by the central executive. The complicated machinery of modern government demands experienced administrators, and a measure of "rationalisation" in the organisation of public health, highway and other services. The vast sums to be expended demand wide areas over which to levy rates and a system of grants which offers proper security to the taxpayer. Finally, the inability of many industrial areas in times of depression to finance their own poor relief demands the transfer of poor law administration to higher authorities more representative of those who ultimately pay for the relief and less wholly controlled by those who receive it. The socialisation of society means the decay of local autonomy. The last people who ought to complain are the Socialists.

The Retort Courteous.

I WAS playing bridge with Mr. Arnold Lunn last week-end and happened to ask him at the end of hand which had seen our opponents make game and rubber, what he would have done if I (who had, as it happened, maintained as dealer a discreet silence) had called "one club." "Used one," was my partner's compendious reply. The retort may be useful to some of my readers who suffer fools no more gladly but perhaps less skilfully than the author of *The Harrovians*.

Only Half a Mann.

I AM interested in *The Times* review of Thomas Mann's "*Death in Venice*," briefly noticed in *BRITANNIA* the week before last. The story which gives the title to the book is that of a successful author, trading in an insincere decency and a pretended manliness, who is, beneath the scaffolding of decency imposed on him by his saviour, a member of the lesser *intelligentsia* with a tendency to sexual perversion. Aschenbach is his name. "If never strong enough to be tragic," says *The Times* reviewer, "he is always pitiable and the reader suffers with him and shares his peculiar feeling of doomed impotence." The doom is to die in Venice of the plague caught in following a boy round the infected streets.

I call attention to this review, because it is characteristic of modern criticism. Thomas

Owing to various difficulties, mechanical and otherwise, necessitating a slight reduction in our usual number of pages, I have been forced to omit from this issue two important features, Mr. Horace Annisley Vachell's spirited reply to Mr. Williamson's article, "Hunting to Kill," and Mr. J. G. Sinclair's "Miners and the Nation." Both of these features will appear next week.

G. F.

Mann is a writer of good prose, and makes his unpleasant inventions live, but that does not make him a great, or even a good, writer. He has nothing to say which is either significant or pleasing, and in so far as he represents the maudlin pervert as a man struggling in the grip of an inexorable fate he is representing a lie.

A Great Englishman.

I SEE that my friend Mr. Nevinson has just published the final volume of his memoirs under the title *Last Chances Last Chances*. I have met from time to time a good many famous men. Henry Nevinson is the only great man I have been privileged to know. He cannot be better described than he was by another friend of mine, the late W. L. George, as a "passionate old pilgrim." No man ever hated injustice more than Nevinson, but his admiration for the spirit of sacrifice, shown at any rate by the private soldier, in every war which has been fought in our time has made this ardent radical and hater of every form of tyranny the greatest of British war correspondents, and not the least of living authorities on war.

On one phase of war, at any rate, he claims more than the common stock of knowledge. "I fought with the Greeks," he told me, "and can claim to have studied every phase of the art of retreat." And my abiding memory of him will be the first sentence of his speech proposing the health of the Royal Naval

Division at a dinner three years ago:—"Gentlemen, I shall not live to see another great war." As he spoke, that voice which has championed in its time every unpopular and honourable cause was charged not with sorrow, but with pity. For himself, who would not, and for us, who might...

The Eugenist in the Home.

EACH family should form its own museum." That is the conclusion reached by the recent gathering of eugenic enthusiasts at Berlin. This is an improvement on the Old Testament view that the dead should bury their dead. The living are now to assist in the process of decent oblivion by writing their own biographies.

I can only hope they will not be biographies "in the modern style." Are we to disclose our washing books, the counterfoils of our cheque books and the provenance of every latchkey on the bunch? Yet, if not, of what value these family records which are to be open to the inspection of every prospective mother-in-law? Will there be more virtue in them than in the report rendered by a sapper friend of mine at Chatham on his latest joined subaltern. It consisted of one word—"trying." Asked by the authorities to "amplify" the report, he did so. When he had finished the report was no less than double the length. "Is trying." So are the eugenists.

Murderers Must now be Careful.

THE demonstration given at the Savoy Hotel last week of the Fultograph Process was interesting. Under this process, photographs are broadcast, and can be picked up on sensitised paper by any "looker-in" who purchases a receiving set. The process is of course, in its infancy, but the experiment made at the Savoy with a photograph of the King broadcast from Daventry, was more than promising. The transmission of the photograph takes, given satisfactory conditions, about four minutes, and the receivers, when these are available, which may not be for a few weeks, will cost about, I believe, £23.

The value of the invention is, of course, mainly commercial at present. For telegraphing photographs of signatures and murderers it has possibilities which may prove immediately embarrassing, though not, I hope, to readers of *BRITANNIA*. We are a long way, however, from the instant transmission of events as they may happen. For that it will be necessary to transmit sixteen images a second instead of one in four minutes.

The Russian Crisis.

AS I prophesied, the revolt of the Russian peasants against the expropriation of their produce at prices which they consider unjust has provoked a serious crisis—the most serious for the Bolshevik regime since that of 1921. In Moscow, mounted police are patrolling the streets, and in Leningrad, the size of food queues is reported at Riga as having reached immense proportions.

I am always sceptical of reports from Riga or Helsingfors as to the impending collapse of the Soviet regime, but the facts now reported are the inevitable result of a policy which has been openly pursued by the town-bred dictators of Moscow. The result will not be a "white" or even a "pink" revolution. It will be merely an increase in the physical sufferings and the moral deterioration of millions of people whose right to cultivate the soil and be paid adequately for their work is being challenged by an autocracy as ruthless as that of the Czars, and, for aught I know or care, as well-intentioned. Unfortunately, however, there are not seventeen alternative ways of organising society; there is, when we come down to fundamentals, only one. "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." "SAMUEL JOHNSON."

IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

MRS STANLEY WRENCH:-

"Let family breakfast be a happy meal."



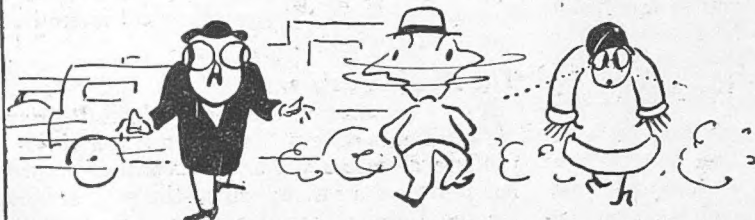
MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE, M.P.:-

"Marriage depends on give & take."



MR. INGLEBY ODDIE:-

"The public should realise that it is no longer safe to look only one way when crossing the road. You must look both ways in the busy parts of London."



MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD:-

"Some people are attracted, others are definitely repelled by me."



CARBOARD LOVERS.

MR EPSTEIN'S MODEL, Mlle ANDREA MIJINSKA.

"Dressing well is a duty, not a vice."



LADY BOYNE:-

"I should like to ask how we are to overcome the difficulty of husbands - which, I take it, is the greatest difficulty."



JUDGE CHUER

"Many distinguished people sleep on balconies, with their heads hanging out in the air."



LADY GRIFFITH BOSCAWEN ('Why men wed their typists')

"The secretary, on the other hand, learns to anticipate the wishes of her employer."



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.

"I can see myself conducting an orchestra while I lie in bed on the flat of my back."



SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY



Jules Maniu.

THE ROUMANIAN CRISIS

By CRAWFURD PRICE

WERE one to credit the Central European Press, Roumania has been on the brink of revolution for years. Always, it would seem, are there vast hordes of peasants converging on Bucharest with intent to overthrow the Government, and legions of soldiery defending the city against invasion. Yet nothing really happens. The red riot news is for the most part but blatant propaganda disseminated by hostile neighbours. The peasants threaten, but stick to their ploughs. Prince Carol remains in exile. The Cabinet pursues its quest after the elusive loan. A land flowing with milk and honey remains undeveloped and in penury. And the Danube, the "Ol" man river" of the Balkans, keeps rolling along. What is happening in Roumania is not Revolution, but Evolution.

A Latin Islet.

I confess that I have long been interested in Roumania. It presents a fascinating problem. For here is no story of a people, like the Hellenes, wholly indigenous to their own soil. No one knows precisely whence they came. To be sure, there was a native barbarian population, which fell under one civilising influence after another, until there was set up the powerful independent kingdom of Dacia. But the event which left an indelible mark on the country was the Roman conquest, which by a steady infiltration turned the Dacians into a Romanised population speaking the vulgar Latin tongue. Also, Slavs and Greeks lent their culture. To-day Roumania resembles a Latin islet in a Slav sea. The peasants, outwardly Slav in appearance, manifest a temperament that is essentially Latin; they speak a language that is obviously of Latin derivation, but it is spoken with a definite Slav accent.

Plague of Small Parties.

On the whole, the pre-war situation was notably stable. The country was rich and prosperous, wisely governed by such able administrators as my lamented friend Take Jónescu, and if the peasantry remained in a backward condition, that was no exception in Eastern Europe. But political stability was destroyed after the war, when the kingdom doubled in size and aspirants for governmental honours came pouring into the capital from the newly annexed provinces. The popular leaders of the Roumanian populations of Transylvania, Moravia and Bessarabia were indisposed to sacrifice either their personal ambitions or their regional aspirations. They arrived, not cap in hand, but demanding a voice, and a powerful voice at that, in the government of the country. They were not even agreed among themselves, they had little or no knowledge of the art of government, and they produced in Roumania that plague of small parties which has done so much to perpetuate political chaos elsewhere in the Balkan Peninsula.

The Bratianu Dictatorship.

It was precisely this "menace," coupled with the desire of the annexed provinces to share,

if not to seize, the reins of government, that the old school of politicians in Bucharest went forth to meet. Led principally by the brothers Bratianu, they met it with considerable success, and for several years, until his death, Jonel Bratianu ruled Roumania as a Dictator. He alleged, with some justification, that the Opposition were hopelessly divided and unfit to govern, and resorted to every possible device to maintain his power. Whether his régime was a success at home is, of course, for the Roumanians to decide. In the realm of foreign affairs its policy was almost beyond criticism, for in Ton Duca he found a Foreign Minister of conspicuous talents, with a mentality far above the welter of party politics and a programme which effectively contributed to the peace and prosperity of Central Europe.

Increasing Opposition.

Meantime, however, opposition to the Bratianu régime steadily increased. The Liberals failed to gain the goodwill of the new provinces, and it was alleged that their Government was illegally constituted, that its acts were null and void, and that it maintained itself in office by dragooning the population. It was not, of course, actually so bad as all that. Allowance must be made for the exuberance of political animosities, particularly in a country where politics are still taken tragically. More importance, in fact, should be attached to the effect of the economic policy of Vintila Bratianu (then Finance Minister), who has just resigned the Premiership, and who sought, without success, to cheapen living by restricting exports and to balance the budget by underpaying the State employees and introducing other measures which bore hardly on the people. And here, I think, we place our finger on the cause, not only of the present political crisis, but on the sorry state of Roumania's finances at home and abroad.

Economic Chauvinism.

Vintila Bratianu imposed on the country what may be described as a policy of economic Chauvinism. Backed as he was by the leading industrial and financial magnates, he sought to conserve the unquestionable riches of Roumania for Roumanian pockets. While seeking the co-operation of foreign capital, he would accept it only on the basis of financial and administrative inferiority. That policy failed. The foreign financier would not agree to pay the piper and let the native call the tune, and since the necessary funds did not exist in the country, the net result was continued discontent and poverty in the midst of stupendous latent wealth. As long ago as the spring of 1926 I found men of all parties agreed, though in varying degree, that a change of tactics was inevitable.

Evolution at Work.

It has been of interest, since that date, to observe the evolutionary process at work.

Progress has admittedly been slow, primarily owing to the inability of the various factions of the Opposition to combine and the inability of their leaders to decide who should be greatest among them. The Peasants had the votes; the others, for the most part, had the men of administrative ability who alone could form an alternative Cabinet. And so the bargaining went on apace, the while the several parties remained in the political wilderness; until gradually the inevitable fusion commenced, individuals rallied under new standards, and there began to emerge the nucleus of a powerful Coalition.

The Cruz of the Question.

Whatever development may have precipitated the actual crisis, I have every reason to believe that the best brains in Roumania have been merely awaiting this happy consummation. They realise, as most of us onlookers realise, that there can be no real amelioration of the situation until a new economic policy, framed on broad and inviting lines, takes the place of the narrow Chauvinism which has hitherto prevented the profitable exploitation of Roumania's untold riches. That, more than the assumption of office by any particular party or coalition, is the cruz of the question. A loan to stabilise the currency has already been negotiated and awaits but formal sanction. Once this is obtained and a square deal is accorded to foreign enterprise, the country must inevitably forge ahead.

A Favourable Outlook.

But Roumania must first heal the sores on her body politic. It will not be easy, or accomplished in a day; but there are indications that the cure has already commenced. In the National Peasants the Regents (who act for the young king during his minority) have at hand a coalition party which has been joined by a number of experienced statesmen and can accordingly offer an alternative government under the Presidency of Dr. Maniu. Quite likely they will obtain the support, if not the collaboration, of Dr. Lupu and the Peasant Party. The attitude of General Averescu and Professor Iorga and their respective followers remains to be seen, but there is no doubt that M. Titulescu, the distinguished diplomat who officially represents his country in London, will be willing to lend a hand.

Revolution and the Hose Pipe.

All the evidence, therefore, points to a satisfactory solution of the crisis. Meantime, there will doubtless be considerable effervescence, and we shall be well advised to accept highly coloured tidings from Vienna and Budapest with reserve. The last time sensational reports of bloody revolution hurried me to the Roumanian capital I found them based on nothing more serious than a playful conflict between Opposition demonstrators and the police, with official resort to the tranquillising agency of the fire hose.

THE WEEK ON WINGS



A Ford three-engined air liner.

WATCH AMERICA in the AIR

By E. M. Rossiter

THE biggest experiment ever made in aviation is a proved success. Not a laboratory experiment, but an experiment in practical aviation embracing hundreds of aircraft and pilots and millions of miles of flying, by night as well as by day.

The United States Air Lines.

By paying 5 cents instead of the ordinary 3 cents the American can send an air mail letter from almost any great town in the States to any other in from one-half to one-third the time occupied by the ordinary post.

American commerce now has the advantage of using the fastest mail service in existence. The ultimate aim of the U.S. Post Office is clearly to transfer all first-class mails on the main routes from the rail to the air, and thus achieve an improvement in the postal service with out equal since the building of the railways. A tall order, but it is actually being accomplished.

On May 15th last, the tenth anniversary of the initial mail flight, air mail services were in regular operation over more than ten thousand miles of route, with 68 station stops; and a further 3,000 miles had been put up to tender.

A distance nearly equal to the circuit of the Equator was flown every 24 hours!

And people were beginning to realise that a genuine and valuable innovation in post office business had actually been "put over."

Saving 50 Hours for 2 Cents.

On August 1st the air mail rate, previously 10 cents, was reduced to 5 cents. This step is producing results similar to that which followed the introduction of the penny post in England. The air mails zoomed from 214,654 pounds carried in July to 419,047 pounds carried in August.

A 5-cent air mail stamp, for a letter weighing up to 1 ounce, is certainly the cheapest piece of real hustle in America to-day. The extra 2 cents, on a letter means that it is carried, for example, from New York to San Francisco—2,600 miles—in 32 hours, beating the train by 51 hours. The saving of time on the other routes is in like proportion. For instance, San Francisco is connected with Los Angeles in four hours by air against 12 hours by train. The single air mail charge entitles a letter to go by air on every section of its journey where an air mail service is working. As practically every letter except a local one gains something there is sound sense in the slogan: "If a letter is worth writing it is worth sending by air mail."

Industrial Air Power.

Mr. New, the American Postmaster-General, in addition to creating an air postal service that helps every branch of American commerce, has started a big industry. In a recent state-

ment he declared: "Aviation is advancing so rapidly in America that almost before a 'plane is in the air a larger, faster and better one is being laid down in the factory—and needed before completion of construction. . . . The United States now has 7,698 miles of lighted airways for night flying, with 5,308 additional miles in prospect during the present financial year. America far exceeds Europe in this respect, as well as in the total of air mail mileage, and within three years bids fair to take the lead in passenger transport and passenger mileage."

Mr. New said a good deal more than this, all very significant of the speed and magnitude of American air development, but these are his most pregnant remarks.

Fifty Million Dollars Invested.

No more remarkable evidence could be found of the success of aviation as a new industry than the formation of a responsible Aviation Investment Trust. Americans have already backed their faith in the air by investing some fifty million dollars in air transport enterprises, which money is far in excess of immediate needs and provides an immense fund for expansion. The investment trust, however, is not limiting its interest to American aviation businesses. It may, for all one knows, have shares in Imperial Airways!

Air mail lines have already been extended into Canada and Mexico and a plan for the organisation of a great trunk airway from the United States to Central and South America is in active preparation. A company known as the Aviation Corporation of the Americas has been formed with substantial backing and will take control of the Pan-American airways, which already holds contracts for mail routes extending from Florida to Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama and the Bahamas. Before many years have passed, American mail aircraft will be flying from the St. Lawrence to the River Plate.

Not content with calling at the main cities, several air mail contractors are making plans to serve the small towns by dropping and picking up mail bags without stopping, following the example of the railways. A "pick-up" device is being tried out, and soon, instead of passing the small town as a mere speck in the sky, the mail plane will swoop down, drop the incoming bag by parachute and pick up the outgoing bag on a trailing wire. To work this system satisfactorily the mails will have to be "routed" by a Post Office clerk carried on board the aircraft.

An American Aircraft Invasion?

Mr. New describes in a few words a rate of development which may very well place the

aircraft markets of the world in the hands of American manufacturers. That is why I say "Watch America in the air!"

Henry Ford has gone into the aeroplane business, and is only biding his time before standardising on a type, or types, designed to command universal sales. Two American Fokker factories are working full blast, and a third, claimed to be the biggest aircraft plant in the world, is being built. Canada is being used quite frankly by the American firms as a future distributing base for the British Empire. These facts emphasise again the importance to this country of a go-ahead programme of technical development if the Empire is to be kept open as a market for British machines. An American invasion is undoubtedly coming, and the only way to beat it is to be prepared with aircraft superior in performance and quality.

Safe Night Flying.

In night flying, America can claim a technical lead of serious commercial importance. Her mastery of the problems of night lighting, wireless navigation and instrument flying is seen in the decision to alter the trans-Continental air mail schedule so that two out of the three sections of the route will in future be flown at night. Thus, only one business day and two nights will be occupied in carrying a letter from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The prophecy that within three years America may lead Europe in passenger transport by air rests on the safety record of the air mail contractors. Since mail flying has been transferred to commercial contractors it has come under the eagle eye of the insurance underwriters. The spirit of indomitable determination to get the mails through remains, but foolhardiness is checked by the insurance premium. A leading underwriter recently stated that the premium for an aircraft of good type plying for hire in the Middle West and driven by a pilot of normal qualification would amount to less than that for an automobile of the same value plying for hire in New York!

Aviation Country Clubs.

Private flying in America is now thriving strongly. Municipal aerodromes number over 1,000. Aviation country clubs are being organised, and chains of servicing stations and schools are springing up to meet the ever-growing demand. As in England, the sporting light aeroplane is very popular; British "Aviators" and "Moths" are enjoying a good sale. Business men are buying three or four-seater cabin planes and employing a pilot as they employ a chauffeur. One millionaire, at least, keeps a luxurious air yacht—a Sikorsky amphibian.

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS



A Gold Coast Bungalow. To Be Had By Hard Work.

THE MIGRATION SLUMP

By J Saxon Mills

A SLUMP in migration and a boom in unemployment—that I fear, is going to be the record for 1928, not a healthy one for a party to chronicle six months before an election. I have been looking at the figures of migration for 1913. That year we sent out 285,046 persons to the overseas Empire. Canada alone took 190,854. We shall scarcely send out this year more than a third of these numbers.

Yet we need not take so gloomy a view as the gentleman who assaulted me in a recent issue of *BRITANNIA*. New Zealand, we know, has had to stop, but will soon resume, her immigration. Australia is stepping back to jump further. She is busy developing opportunities for the prospective settler. I would advise her that she has not much time to lose. She holds a dangerous position with only 6 million people on an island continent of 3 million square miles. Is the Asiatic crush that hangs over her on the North always going "to keep off the grass" at her bidding? The wonder is that it did not paint the continent brown and yellow a century ago.

And then for Canada. I am glad to know that Lord Lovat has provisionally arranged for a big migration of craftsmen as well as of land workers next year. That is an important movement to which we must refer again. 1929 ought to improve on 1928. If not, we may as well give up running a big Empire.

Britain's Right.

THE Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs and the Colonies (I wish he had a shorter title) has been protesting once more against the radically false view of migration as a cure for British unemployment and our other industrial troubles. Everybody will agree that migration is part of a great and comprehensive policy of state-building, and is closely identified with the trade, development and social welfare of every member of the Britannic family. But, as Mr. Amery will admit, it is also, and incidentally, a great resource, such as no other country possesses, for increasing the opportunities of work and wage for our own too crowded people.

We long ago surrendered the vacant Crown lands to the self-governing colonies and thus debarred ourselves from directly exploiting

them in the interests of our own folks. But the moral right still remains. What said Lord Durham in his famous Report? He described the British Empire as "the rightful patrimony of the English people, the ample appanage which God and Nature have set aside in the new world for those whose lot has assigned them an insufficient portion in the old."

It was always assumed that England or Britain would expand in stock and State into the lands overseas. When General Wolfe won Canada for the Empire he remarked (in 1758): "This country will some time hence be a vast Empire, the seat of power and learning. Nature has refused them nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space."

"The Coast."

A YOUNG man of twenty-four with a good steady character, excellent certificates and references and some sound business experience, who wants to go out to West Africa and help in developments there, ought to manage it all right. But, like many others, my correspondent gropes vainly for the door handle that admits to these opportunities. The Empire career is not open to the talents as it should be. It is more usually shut.

In West Africa, of which we have been hearing a good deal this week, there must be plenty of jobs going. For example, the Africa and Eastern Trade Corporation, Africa House, Kingsway, is always wanting more men as its West African and other trade develops. And West African trade as a whole has advanced from 8 million pounds sterling in 1900 to 64 million in 1927.

One would think that a good many of our public school boys who are now lounging round or eking out insufficient incomes by playing the banjo in jazz bands might find men's work in these El Dorados of the Coast.

How They Fail.

BUT here is a strange thing. The right sort of youth doesn't seem to come forward. I am told that more than half the young men sent out to commercial jobs in West Africa are sent home as "duds" in their first year. They give way to drink or other temptations,

or they can't "stick it." Perhaps it is not altogether their own fault. There ought to be opportunities in this country for training young men for business in tropical conditions—something like an organised business service parallel with the administrative or governmental.

But even as things are, the good and steady man is sure to get on and win swift promotion. Three hundred a year with free quarters is not a bad start. There are men who have been on the coast only half a dozen years and are now making £2,000 a year. The Coast is no longer a "White Man's Grave." But people should not set forth thither in a madrigal mood as for a joy-ride.

Aerial Murder.

A CONSIDERABLE, sometimes, one thinks, not wholly the least reputable part of our Empire populations goes on four legs. Elephant, buffalo, tiger, lion—if the *Pax Britannica* has not brought them absolute fixity of life-tenure, it has at least given them the sporting chance. The big game hunter stepping into the wilds carried his life in his hand. He was always liable to see the roles reversed and to be bagged instead of bagging.

But now a mean suggestion has been made, viz., that these wicked animals that defend themselves should be attacked from the comparative security of the aeroplane.

The African fauna is shrinking before the blight of civilisation. Where are those herds of elephant and buffalo that roamed the veldt 'twixt Orange and Vaal in the days of Gordon Cumming? Where is now the white rhinoceros? The British lion will soon be extinct except as a picturesque symbol of sovereignty. These things must be. But at least let the denizens of jungle and forest have the enthusiastia of a sporting or a natural end.

To kill a wild animal from the air should be as monstrous a crime as the shooting of a fox. Let the colonial governments concerned see that it is made so.

Fighting the Deadly Fly.

THERE is an absurd story going round that the Germans have discovered a sovereign remedy for sleeping sickness, the tropical scourge, wielded by the tsetse fly and sorrowfully prevalent in Uganda and other parts of our African Empire. This remedy, one is further told, is being held "doggo" by the German authorities and will only be revealed if and when Germany gets back her old colonies. A very cruel and immoral bargain if it were true, but it happens to be "bunkum."

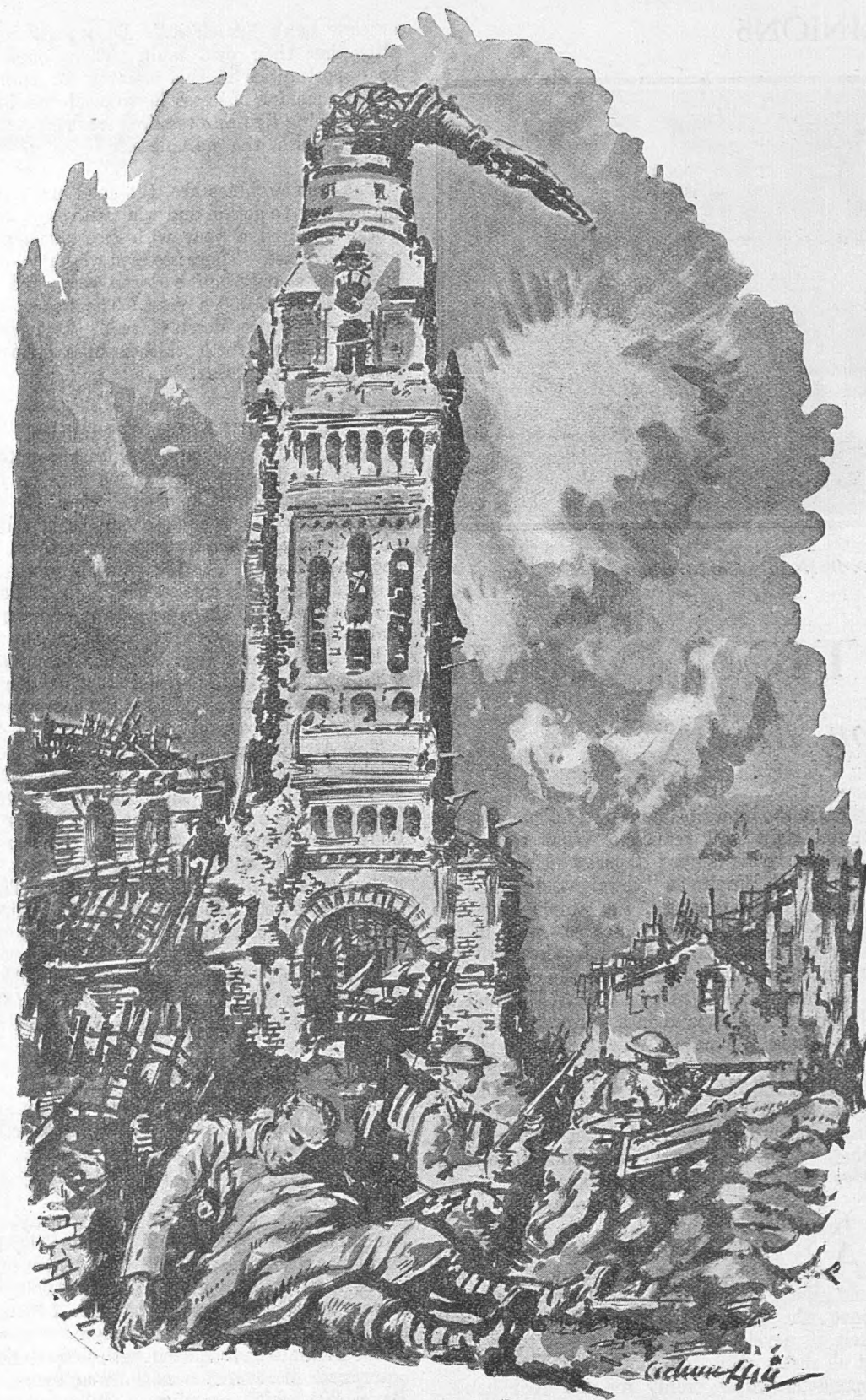
The Germans have, indeed, with characteristic enterprise, discovered a new drug known as Bayer 205 which promises to be a powerful remedy for this disease. But this drug was sent along to our own Hospital for Tropical Diseases in London, where it has been tried out and its efficacy established. Incidentally, I may say, there is at this moment a patient suffering from this awful disease under treatment at the hospital.

Curing and Preventing.

Bayer 205 and Tryparsamide, the arsenical compound which often succeeds in cases that won't give in to the former, have armed the local doctors and nurses in East Africa with a fine weapon against the attentions of the tsetse fly.

But prevention is better than cure, and the difficulty is to get the natives on the spot to take those simple precautions, which, by the way, the Prince of Wales himself has been taking in the fly-ridden regions he has visited. In the chemical laboratories of Europe the campaign against the hundred and one tropical diseases goes on unceasingly, but much of the testing and assessing is done in our excellent Hospital in Endsleigh Gardens.

Illustrated by
ADRIAN HILL,
R.I., R.B.A.



"War is a beastly business."

WHY FORGET THE WAR?

By **IAN HAY**

(Author of "The First Hundred Thousand," etc.)

WHILE the War was on we all talked a good deal of nonsense. This was inevitable, because during times of crisis few people can talk sense, and if they do nobody listens.

We were transferred bodily—and no bad thing either, for once in a way—to the realms of romance. We saw ourselves as a nation of crusaders, arrayed of our own volition against the powers of darkness. We ascribed

to our sailors and soldiers a nobility of character which would have been excessive in the hero of a Lyceum melodrama. Every flapper in a uniform was a ministering angel. Lord Kitchener and General Joffre were as gods. At Mons we were assisted by a platoon of the Heavenly Host.

The flood of sentimental emotion swelled to a tidal wave after America came in; for America applies the methods of mass production to collective hysteria as readily as to Ford Cars. I was sent there in 1917 to lecture on trench warfare. I had no difficulty in getting audiences: my real difficulty was to persuade those audiences, especially in the west, to accept my humdrum version of the facts. They wanted stronger meat, and they got it. I once assisted at a lecture given by a gentleman who appeared upon the platform with a tin hat on his head and an obsolete Martini-Henry rifle on his shoulder, and who concluded a most improbable narrative of personal achievement by improvising a parapet out of three chairs and the lecturer's desk and "going over the top," rifle and all, amid the frenzied cheers of the audience.

They were great days in a way, but we all overdid things badly. We were booked for a slump—and we got it.

Thoughts of Mean Minds.

TEN years have passed since then, and the slump endures. This generation is wondering—and is encouraged to wonder—how and why we took part in the Great War at all. The general idea, assiduously fostered in certain quarters, appears to be that the War was a sort of discreditable brawl organised by some international financiers and the armament firms, and that we got pushed into it.

The Scrap of Paper, with its simple, definite obligations, is forgotten. The men who achieved the astounding feat of converting an easy-going, unmilitary, industrial population into an efficient nation-in-arms are forgotten too—or are only remembered as politicians competing for extra limelight. The masters of industry responsible for the miracle of organisation, which for months on end kept not only ourselves but our Allies supplied with munitions, shipping, coal and food, were the merest profiteers. Our sailors and soldiers were not heroes at all: they were dupes at the start and conscripts at the finish. Their private lives were sordid; their periods of leave one long debauch. And—our million dead perished cowering amid mud and blood, cursing God.

That, according to the average retailer of post-war literature and drama, and to a considerable phalanx of post-war orators, was the real spirit which animated us during the most fateful and glorious years in our history.

Why be Afraid of the War?

NOW, as the most level-headed nation on earth, it seems to be time for us to recall our sense of proportion from its long exile and get down to normality.

Why should we be so apologetic about the War to-day? Why are we trying so hard to forget it? Is it because we are allowing ourselves to be unduly influenced by the rather grandiloquent schemes for the establishment of Perpetual World Peace which are flying about in all directions?



"So let us not forget the War."

Do not mistake me. I have no desire to glorify war. Nobody has. War is a beastly business. So is an epidemic of bubonic plague. A man writhing under a shell wound is a sickening sight. So is a man dying of *delirium tremens*. A front line trench is a grisly place of residence. So is a slum. An advanced dressing station is a gruesome spot. So is a cancer hospital. Yet we cannot get rid of bubonic plague, or *delirium tremens*, or slums, or cancer by refusing to talk about them.

We want to look each of them in the face, and, while working by steady stages to arrive at some scheme for abolishing them altogether, prepare for their next visit.

So, why, pending the arrival of the Millennium, should we flinch from discussing war, and how to deal with it next time?

Home-Lovers and White Men.

BUT there is another—a more human, abiding reason why we should never forget our War. To ignore those four-and-a-half years, to treat them as a period of discredit and reproach, is to dishonour our dead. It is to imply that they were fools or slaves, instead of stout fellows manfully tackling an uncongenial but necessary job.

One often hears it said, by the post-war pessimist: "If only our dead could come to life for a moment and tell us what they really think about War—then you'd hear something!"

My own impression of the collective verdict of that silent million would be:—

"We were neither fire-eating paladins nor reluctant conscripts. We were not all filled with the white hot flame of patriotism: some of us did not know what it was. Most of our pre-occupations were domestic. In our humdrum daily lives we dreamed, in the main, only one dream—of a comfortable home and decent conditions for our wives and children. The coming of war put that dream in jeopardy, so we joined up.

"Of course we went through a good deal. We suffered hardship and discomfort. We were

messed about all over the place. Occasionally we were sacrificed to mere stupidity. We groused habitually. We succumbed at times to the ordinary temptations of a soldier's life. But we never became brutalised, like some of our foes, nor demoralised, like some of our friends. We remained, under our crust of mud and blood, home-lovers and white men, as anyone who had to censor our letters must know.

"As for dying—well, we were all in the same boat, officers and all; and that is always a help. Naturally we wanted to live; but some-

To ignore those four-and-a-half years, to treat them as a period of discredit and reproach, is to dishonour our dead. It is to imply that they were fools or slaves, instead of stout fellows manfully tackling an uncongenial but necessary job.

body has to die in a war, and, after all, nothing in a man's life becomes it so well as a satisfactory finish. . . .

"All we ask now is that you won't entirely forget us, or regard our lives as having been wasted; because if you do either of these things, then our lives have been wasted."

When Men Were Tested.

AND there is one other point. War, like pain, adversity, disappointment, and

other ills of the flesh, is an infallible test of character. You may know and esteem a man for twenty years in an office or a club, but three days in a front-line trench will tell you, perhaps, for the first time, whether he is any good or not.

War is a fearful thing, yet it is the only medium through which some of the highest human qualities can express themselves. Without it history would be the poorer for the stories of Thermopylae, Sir Philip Sydney, and the First Battle of Ypres.

I once knew a Scottish motor-transport driver in France who was brought up before his Company Commander charged with the military crime of refusing to grow a moustache when ordered to do so by a superior officer. In fact, he had refused to do so for nearly two years—the duration of his doleful period of service behind the trench line.

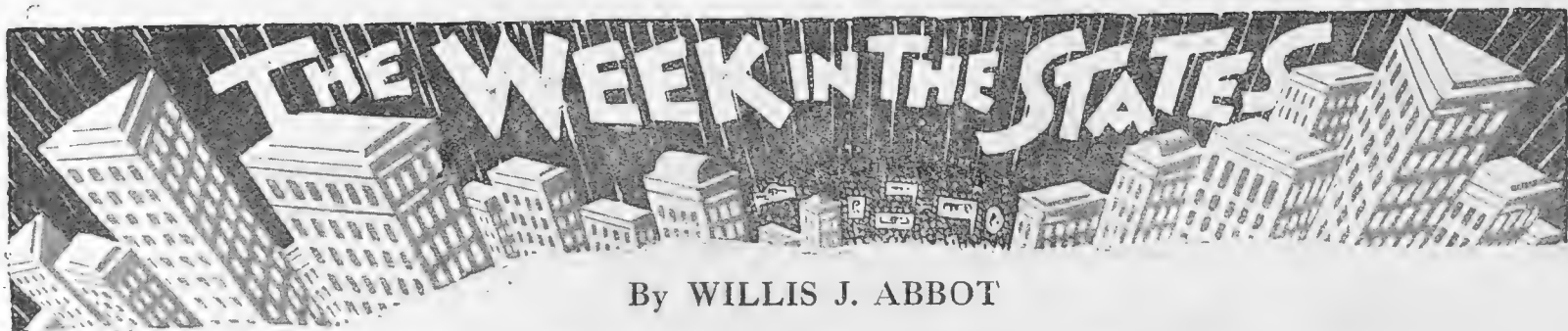
Taken aside and tactfully questioned by a discerning captain, he confessed that he was sixty-two years of age and had enlisted as being thirty-eight.

"If I was for tae grow a moustache, sirr," he said, "it would be pure white—and I'd be for home!" One can forgive War quite a lot for producing an old gentleman like that.

Stedfast and Unafraid.

SO let us not forget the War altogether, as certain well-meaning but unimaginative counsellors would have us do. Let us rather remember the golden opportunities which it continually furnished to such old-fashioned virtues as loyalty and fortitude.

And in a few days' time, when we stand bareheaded and erect during the Two Minutes' Silence, let us salute the unseen, silent legions which will encompass us, not as slaves or dupes driven down into the darkness before their time, but as free, stedfast men who passed over unafraid, with their faces to the light.



By WILLIS J. ABBOT

This is the seventh of BRITANNIA'S exclusive cables dealing with the Presidential Campaign in the United States (now concluded), by Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day.

THE people of the United States will breathe freer now that the Presidential campaign is concluded. Yet it has been by far a more peaceful political contest than was anticipated. Even conservative observers feared that the intrusion of the religious issue would lead to a riot and possibly bloodshed in some parts of the country. While nothing of this sort has occurred, the apprehension was not unreasonable. Eight years ago, during the Democratic Convention at San Francisco, I attended a meeting under the auspices of the Loyal Coalition, an organisation devoted to the maintenance of good understanding between the United States and Great Britain. This was, of course, prior to the establishment of the Irish Free State. Irish politicians associated with Sinn Fein had been trying to secure the insertion in the Democratic platform of a plank expressing sympathy with complete Irish independence. The Loyal Coalition opposed this and in the end successfully. The meeting was a part of its protest. Sinn Fein sympathisers within the hall were so violent in their demonstrations that they had to be forcibly ejected. Outside the hall a cordon of police held at bay a mob of Irish sympathisers who strove to rush the meeting. In repulsing them many were injured and one man was killed. While nominally involving the question of Irish freedom, the controversy was basically over the creation of a Catholic State. The same passions which animated the mob at that time still exist in American society, and it is with relief and with some amazement that one chronicles the fact that this election has been carried to completion without any violent outbreak.

Mr. Hoover's Restraint.

Throughout the campaign there has been marked impatience on the part of the active followers of Mr. Hoover with his policy of dignified restraint. It was not that they wanted him to give official countenance to the religious issue, but rather that they felt that in refraining from an attack on Tammany Hall or upon the peculiar personal characteristics and affiliations, especially of his opponent, he was discarding a valuable weapon. Twenty-five years ago no American politician would have adopted so dignified an attitude. But Mr. Hoover has gone through the campaign discussing only major issues and even with the record of never having named his opponent in a single speech. I am not sure that however much this may have disappointed his followers, who felt that he was failing to employ ammunition right at his hand, it has not enraged and irritated his opponent even more. At any rate, as the campaign proceeded Governor Smith manifestly lost his temper and in his later speeches became violent, sometimes to the point of incoherency. However, it cannot be said that in all sections of the country the Republican campaign was pressed with quite the indifference to personalities which Mr. Hoover so steadily maintained.

The Abolition of War.

The former Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Houghton, whose resigna-

tion of his diplomatic position was made public in the last week of his candidacy for the United States Senate, manifested great courage in identifying himself, frankly and specifically, with a proposition often discussed by students of international affairs, but which, so far as I know, no statesman of standing has thus far dared to advocate. Far removed as the United States seem to be from international strife which may mean the menace war, free as it is from boundary or racial problems which are likely to arouse international antagonisms, its people are none the less constantly discussing and testing remedies for war and manifesting their earnest determination to find in some way a device by which enduring peace can be maintained. Mr. Houghton in one of his speeches noted that at last we were coming to realise "that other people may with equal honesty

standing is recognised at home and abroad, will undoubtedly lead to discussion of his proposition both at Washington and in foreign capitals.

At the moment of writing, Mr. Houghton's Senatorial candidacy has not been determined, but if successful, and I have every confidence that it will be, his will be a strong voice in the United States Senate for internationalism, and I believe, both in that body and in negotiations with foreign powers, he will endeavour to give effect to the theory which he has propounded on the platform.

Kellogg-Briand Treaty.

International affairs will hold the centre of the stage this winter at Washington so far as the Senate is concerned. That body will assemble on December 4th for its short session, which terminates under the law on March 4th. By an agreement made after the adjournment last spring the first business to be taken up will be the question of adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice. Presumably, immediately thereafter will come a discussion of the ratification of the Kellogg-Briand Multiforum Treaty for the renunciation of war. It is to be anticipated that on both of these issues there will be a lively debate and a sharp division of political support. Senator Borah, whose influence as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations is very great, declares that he has no doubt of the ratification of the Kellogg-Briand Treaty. I am not so sanguine, although I hope his position is justifiable. Opposition to it is springing up in many unexpected quarters. The two most powerful Republican newspapers in the United States are openly in antagonism, and many writers and speakers on international affairs are coming out in opposition to the Treaty on the ground that it really accomplishes nothing and may stand in the way of a really effective Treaty for the outlawry of war. The argument is frequently made here that it alone actually recognises certain wars as legal. But as against this is the fact that in so doing it does not confer upon these conflicts any status which they do not already possess, while it does emphatically repudiate the general principles of armed conflict as a means of settling international disputes. While there will be a fight in the Senate over it, the chances are for the ratification of the Treaty. Americans cannot contemplate with any equanimity the thought of following the repudiation of their President's negotiations of the League Covenant with a refusal to back up their Secretary of State in the Multiforum Treaty, for which he deserves the major credit.

As to give an effect to the Treaty for the Renunciation of War some tribunal which will take the place of war in settling international questions is necessary, it would seem that the ratification of this Treaty would logically be followed by the acceptance of membership in the World Court. Logic, however, does not always move the United States Senate. Moreover, this Session is so brief that it is within the bounds of possibility that the whole matter may be left over until the incoming of the new administration in March.

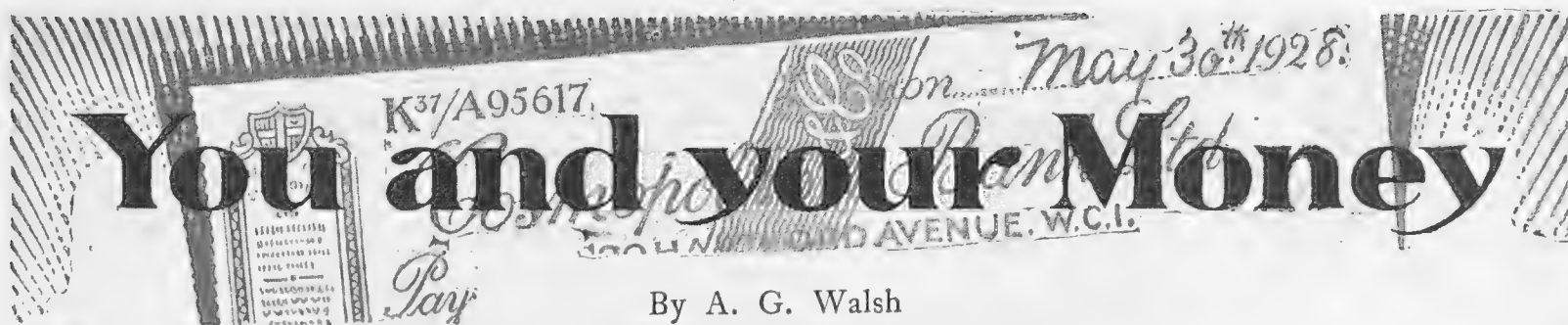


Mr. Coolidge, the retiring President.

regard war with its evils much as we do." And he went on to say that the power to declare war seemed to be the one power of all others which a self-governing people should logically reserve to itself. Yet in no democratic nation is it so reserved. Everywhere it is put in the power of the Government to declare war and the people must support it or individually be guilty of treason. And he urged, therefore, that in the United States a vote of the people themselves must be taken before a war shall be in future declared. He admitted, however, that this was practicable only provided other Governments lodged the power of declaring war with their citizens instead of with their governing bodies. But he believed that other peoples looked upon wars with the same horror and aversion as do the people of the United States.

Mr. Houghton's Influence.

This proposition thus advocated by a responsible statesman, and one whose international



By A. G. Walsh

EVERY thoughtful investor on starting to invest capital is confronted with one main difficulty. That is, the type of security which will best suit his particular purpose.

Requirements differ according to individual circumstances, and as there is quite as large a variety of investors as there is of investments I propose to classify here the four main types.

The first class consists of those who rely entirely upon the income from their investments. To this class "safety of capital" is a first consideration. Therefore, nothing but the highest grade of securities should be held.

These are represented by British government loans, the stocks of municipalities and other public bodies, and debentures of undertakings of undoubted standing.

A combined investment consisting of securities of this type will return from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. The capital value will remain comparatively stable; and it is even possible to obtain a moderate degree of capital appreciation.

In this class I should place the small investor with £100-£200, because, as his initial capital is small, he is not in a position to risk a loss by depreciation through holding inferior securities for the sake of £2 or £3 more in income.

Mixing Raises the Yield.

ANOTHER group consists of people who do not depend wholly upon their investments. They do not mind a fluctuating income such as is provided by variable dividend shares.

Investors belonging to this class should put half their capital in high-grade securities, dividing the other moiety between fixed-interest investments, such as debentures and preference shares and a few sound ordinary shares.

As it is possible to get reasonably secured debentures to yield 6 per cent. and preference shares up to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (Royal Mail Steam Packet $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. preference, for instance), an average return of 6 per cent. from this combined investment can be obtained.

But it might be as well, perhaps, to point out that the number of really sound preference shares on a $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yield basis is limited.

As I show above, by spreading your investments, and including a few gilt-edged securities, such as British government and municipal stocks, you can secure an excellent dividend return.

Averaging in this manner is the essence of sound investment, as it is only by "mixing" you can increase your income consistent with safety.

Fluctuating Income.

THE most difficult class to cater for are the persons who find it essential to get the highest possible return on their capital. Some recognise the risk attendant upon high yields; others expect a 7 and 8 per cent. yield with first-class security at a third-rate price.

In my experience I have found that these people generally buy variable dividend securities. By this I mean stocks and shares, the rate of dividend upon which is based on the year's earnings

The shares mostly favoured are commercial and industrial, rubber, and mines. Occasionally one finds a sprinkling of foreign bonds in their lists.

In aiming at a high return, shares should be chosen with great circumspection. Every investor of the type I am now discussing should constantly keep before him, or her, the possibility of the non-payment of dividends on the shares held.

This is one of the risks carried by ordinary and deferred shares. A flourishing concern may unexpectedly strike a bad year; no dividend.

I quite appreciate that it is a form of necessity that drives many investors to seek 7, 8 and 9 per cent. by investing in variable-dividend shares; but the contingency they must guard against is a general reduction in their dividends.

Their income position is insecure. They are trusting to chance. Even if one-third, or a quarter of their capital is transferred to some high-yielding fixed-dividend security, such as a preference share, the risk of loss of income is accordingly modified.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Selected Investments.

HERE is a selection of securities of the "safety first" type all offering scope for moderate capital appreciation:—British 4 per cent. consolidated loan at 87; 3 per cent. Local Loans at 64½; New South Wales 4½ per cent. loan (1935-45) at 92; Great Western Railway 5 per cent. consolidated preference stock at 93; Melbourne Harbour 5 per cent. debentures at 96½; and City of Sydney 5½ per cent. debentures at 98. An equal amount invested in each of these stocks would produce an income averaging 5 per cent. per annum.

Where a more generous return is essential the foregoing can be mixed with higher-yielding securities. This is my selection:—A second debenture or preference stock of an established investment trust company; commercial debentures such as Dunlop Rubber 6 per cent. at 104; or Grosvenor House (Park Lane) 6½ per cent. at 99, and the preference shares of prosperous concerns.

Among the latter, I class Associated Cement 5½ per cent. prefs. at 19s. 6d.; Hope Brothers 5½ per cent. at 18s. 9d.; Hotel York 6 per cent. at 20s.; Radiation 6 per cent. at 21s.; Waring and Gillow 6 per cent. at 18s. 7½d.;

and Royal Mail Steam Packet 6½ per cent. pref. stock at 99.

There are, of course, preference shares which yield 7 per cent. and over; but with these you have to accept a security with a tinge of speculation about it.

Capital-Increase the Aim.

TO the fourth class, I have in mind, belong those whose chief aim is increase of capital. Whether the securities pay dividends or not is quite immaterial. Appreciation is desired.

Here, again, discrimination is essential; and if you hanker after future appreciation, rather than immediate dividends, confine yourself to established securities, unless you desire to speculate.

Another Method.

THE investor anxious to provide for the future can do so in another manner. That is by taking out an endowment assurance payable at a definite date, or at death should it occur earlier.

I mention this particularly, because a reader of BRITANNIA has asked my opinion as to whether such a course would be preferable to investing an amount each year equivalent to the assurance premium.

Now the chief point to bear in mind when comparing an assurance policy with an investment in first-class securities is that if death occur at any time, no matter how many premiums have been paid, under the assurance contract, the sum assured together with any bonuses declared becomes payable immediately.

Under the alternative plan, only the amounts which have been invested, plus accrued interest, would be available. It can easily be seen that if death occur during the early stage of the policy's duration the amount payable will be out of all proportion to the premiums paid.

In the case I have in mind, the amount of the policy was £1,000 and the annual premium about £88, or £81 or so, allowing for the income tax rebate.

A man may argue that he does not anticipate dying for a good many years, and he may be right. Nevertheless, the possibility cannot be ignored.

Beira Railways.

FROM an interesting correspondence, which arose out of my recent comment upon the price of Beira Rails, I gather that the dividend is likely to be 2s. per share, and that something like £60,000 out of the year's profits may be allocated to the reserve fund, and a substantial surplus carried forward.

Another piece of information to hand is that Beira Junction block of land No. 2, will fetch £50,000 when the town of Beira must absorb it for residential purposes, and as the Port of Beira Development has recently received the Court sanction to proceed, this is not likely to be long delayed in materialising.

Empty Shipyards.

MUCH is heard about the depression in the coal mining industry, but what about shipbuilding? The heavy steel industry depends to a great extent upon shipbuilding

flu!

We are Threatened Again

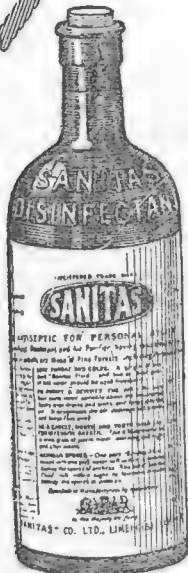
A Doctor's 'flu Safety Hints

"Live and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, eat plenty of nourishing food, lead an open-air life if possible, gargle with disinfectants and use nasal washes; at the first feeling of illness go to bed at once."

—Extract from Daily Press.

"SANITAS" FLUID IS THE IDEAL
ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT
FOR THIS PURPOSE!

Use it as a mouthwash and gargle every morning and evening. It is a cheap and effective form of insurance against influenza.



SANITAS FLUIDS

San 47-14



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Whether it be for a Marriage portion,
A Business of your own, or
Protection for those dependent upon you.

Example suited to a person aged 25 next Birthday.
30-year Term Endowment Assurance for £1,000 (with profits).

THE FIGURES.		£	s.	d.
Annual Premium ..		31	16	8
Less Income Tax at 2s. in the £ ..		3	3	8
Actual Annual Cost ..		28	13	0
Actual Cash Drawn if assured be living at end of 30 years ..		1,660	0	0
Total Actual Cost in 30 years ..		859	10	0
PROFIT ..		800	10	0

IN the event of death before the age of 55, the £1,000 plus accumulated bonuses would become payable.

It is assumed that the present rates of Income Tax Rebate and Reversionary Bonus are maintained. An easy way of systematic saving with immediate protection for your dependants if you die, and if you live a sound and attractive investment.

Larger or smaller amounts can be invested to suit all ages and circumstances.

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"WORLD'S GREATEST PERIL"

The Need for "Mental Awareness"

"The World's greatest peril is not human wickedness. It is human sloppiness."

So says Mr. Gilbert Frankau, writing on the subject of Pelmanism.

"Civilisation," he continues, "has removed us from the jungle—but as sheltered beings, we pay the price. To most of us the vital necessities of life—food, drink, clothes, and a roof over our head—come too easily. We take them for granted; and hand to a mythical entity called 'the Government' when they are not at hand. Actually, however, many of the jungle laws persist. Life is still a fight—between individuals, between nations, between human beings and that force we call Nature, who still hides her choicest secrets from mankind. And because this fight is fought mainly with the intellect, the sloppy thinker will always go down before the man or woman who has taken the trouble to become mentally aware."

"Pelmanism, in its essence, trains to mental awareness. It replaces that jungle instinct, almost lost to us, which protects the watering deer from its enemies, by a finer quality—the quality of civilised self-reliance."

"Primarily, we are what God made us. But to remain merely that is a negation of all wisdom both human and divine."



Lucy Wrightson

Mr. Gilbert Frankau.

"As gold hides in the quartz, so does individual potentiality hide in that which, for want of a better name, we call the soul. 'Develop your individual potentiality—and develop it to the limit.' That, it seems to me, is the great lesson which Pelmanism not only can, but does, teach."

The opinion expressed above by Mr. Gilbert Frankau is borne out by the experiences of the thousands of men and women of all types and ages who have trained their minds and developed their individual potentialities by means of Pelmanism. Clerks and Managing Directors, Merchants and Shop Assistants, Barristers, Doctors, and Artisans all testify to the value Pelmanism has been and is to them.

PERSONALITY DEVELOPED.

Pelmanism develops your Personality. It gives you increased Courage, Initiative, Forcefulness and Determination. It strengthens your Will Power. It banishes Timidity and drives away Depression—that curse of modern life. It eliminates harmful and morbid thoughts from your mind. It enables you to cultivate a more cheerful and optimistic outlook. It increases your Happiness and enables you to appreciate more fully and more vividly the beauties of Nature, of the Arts, and of Life generally.

In a sentence, Pelmanism enables you to live a fuller, richer, happier, and more successful life.

Pelmanism is quite simple to follow. It is exceedingly interesting, and only takes up a few minutes daily.

The books are printed in a handy "pocket size," so that you can study them in 'bus or tram or train, or in odd moments during the day. If, therefore, you wish—

To strengthen your Will-Power,
To develop your powers of Concentration,
To act with foresight and decision,
To become a first-rate organiser,
To develop initiative and originality,
To become a clever salesman,
To acquire a strong personality,

To banish Depression,
To talk and speak convincingly,
To work more easily and efficiently,
To cultivate a perfect memory,
To win the confidence of others,
To appreciate more intensely the beauties of Art and Nature,
To widen your intellectual outlook,

in short, to make the fullest use of the powers now lying, perhaps latent or only semi-developed, in your mind, you should send at once for a free copy of "The Efficient Mind," which tells you all about the revised Pelman Course and shows you how you can enrol on specially convenient terms.

Write, then, to-day to the Pelman Institute, 47, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, and this book will be sent you by return, free of cost, together with full information about the system that has done so much for others and the benefits of which are now obtainable by you.

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Readers who can call at the Institute will be cordially welcomed. The Chief Consultant will be delighted to have a talk with them, and no fee will be charged for his advice.

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You and Your Money—*contd.*

activity, and in turn the coal industry looks to the iron and steel works for the disposal of no inconsiderable proportion of its output.

We are the premier maritime nation. Yet some of our shipyards are closing down while others are empty. True, an order for a great C.P.R. liner has gone to the Clyde; but just as one swallow does not make a summer, one large contract does not bring up the aggregate of the tonnage in hand to anywhere near the capacity of British shipyards.

Nearly two-thirds of the building berths in British shipyards are empty, idle for the lack of orders. Even some of the work in hand is unremunerative, or barely pays, so I am told. Contracts have been accepted merely to keep yards going and workpeople off the dole.

In the quality of construction and cost the larger yards can hold their own with Continental competitors and the absence of orders is attributed in some quarters to the uncertain state of the freight market. Until the outlook is clear shipowners are unwilling to enter into fresh commitments.

The tendency nowadays is to build larger and faster vessels to counteract the post-war rise in the cost of operating steamships. It is the smaller yards that have felt the effect of Continental competition in the matter of cheaper rates for overhauls and repair work.

Assisting Industry.

A STEEL industry is being created in South Africa on broad lines with the support of the Government. In fact, it is the outcome of the Union Government's policy of industrial development. The young industry is in a sense State-aided, for it is controlled by a Corporation backed by Government financial assistance and modelled on somewhat similar lines to the Electricity Supply Commission with the difference that the public will be represented on the Board of the Steel Corporation.

Beyond this assistance it is in no way a State enterprise, no more than was the Anglo-Persian Oil before the British Government disposed of its large shareholding.

In view of the demand for safeguarding here, it is instructive to see how a Colonial Government assists an industry liable to be strangled at any time by external competition.

Insurance Shares.

I HAVE been asked by a correspondent whether the shares of the old-established insurance companies are still attractive enough for further capital appreciation.

I can say at once that such shares are thoroughly sound investments. The leading British insurance offices have attained a position that might be described as practically impregnable. They have built up substantial reserves and their funds are ample enough to provide for any unduly heavy claims that might occur in an unfavourable year.

So much for the soundness of insurance companies. The next point is whether insurance shares are worth buying from the standpoint of income. That the current range of dividends is likely to be maintained is generally conceded. It is also highly probable that increased distributions will be forthcoming in the next few years.

BUT current quotations anticipate all this; in fact, they would seem to be based upon the expectation of immediate dividend increases. And I am not prepared to admit that these are about to materialise in all instances. General Accidents have appreciated from £8 7s. 6d. to nearly £16 and now yield under 3½ per cent. gross.

While the shares of the leading insurance

offices are sound unquestionably, in my opinion they are now too dear. Six months ago I urged some of my friends to consider purchases. They seemed moderately priced; in the interval a considerable rise in values has occurred. For instance, this year Sun Fire shares have risen from £30 to over £42 and those of Sun Life from £45 to £60. The former yields less than 2½ per cent. before deducting tax and the latter under 2½ per cent. free of tax.

These are typical yields and the scope for further capital appreciation is somewhat lessened by the enhancement that has already taken place. A small yield might be excused if ample scope existed for a rise in price; but this has already occurred.

I am disposed to regard the best insurance shares as pretty fully valued. The passage of time will doubtless justify present high prices, but in the meanwhile the buyer has to be content with a return smaller than can be obtained on Funding loan or other similar securities.

Rubber Uncertainties.

RUBBER restriction is now a thing of the past. It is too early yet to notice the effect of the termination of the Stevenson scheme, but no glut of rubber is now thought probable.

In the raw rubber market it is pointed out

that the number of estates producing to full capacity is comparatively few, and that the present price is no incentive to rubber growers to increase outputs for the reason that a larger demand involves heavier expenditure.

In responsible quarters no one cares to take a definite view of the immediate outlook owing to the uncertainty concerning the quantities of rubber which will be shipped from the East during November and December. The future price of the commodity must depend to an extent upon how much rubber arrives in this country during the next three months.

Tea Shares.

AT the present time, investors who have taken profits on industrials might do worse than re-invest in the shares of tea companies. Those producing the better grades of tea are the most promising at the moment, and three leading shares that might be thought of are: Assam (43s. 6d.), Jokai (3¾) and Ouvah (3⅞).

The financial position of each of these companies is good, having been built up during the recent prosperous years and also by the ultra-conservative financial management.

In the past, Tea shares have had their ups and downs, but by increasing capital in some cases, and splitting the shares in others, such shares now enjoy a much freer market, and are less liable to wide price fluctuations.



Photo exclusive to BRITANNIA by E. O. Hobbs.

Fitting propellers to a steamer in a Cammell Laird shipyard.



By A. G. Walsh

A CERTAIN weariness is now noticeable in the industrial markets. I have heard it suggested that the public are "off their feed"; but the plain truth is that people are now disinclined to speculate in the shares of new industrial enterprises.

The "shilling share" boom is over, and while here and there spasmodic recoveries are not improbable, I predict that by Christmas the general range of quotations for the new gramophone record and other shares of small denomination will be much below current levels.

What investors fail to grasp is that no share is worth more than par on merits until the company can show what commercial results can be achieved; and, in the case of a newly-established concern, that it can in its early years earn an economic profit that justifies even the par value for its shares.

The only people who can really make money in a boom are those who take quick profits, but quick decisions are necessary. The shareholder who hangs on for a bigger profit, or where the price has fallen, in the hope of some recovery, is frequently left to lament a loss.

This is precisely what is happening now. Daily I receive inquiries from readers who bought certain 1s. shares at prices two or three times above to-day's quotation. They ask me whether the shares are worth holding for a recovery. I have to disillusion them. Cut losses in the new industrial shares. The people who might be expected to pay 5s. 6d. next week for shares that can be bought to-day for 2s. have already learned their lesson.

In referring to gramophone shares, I do not include those of H.M.V., Columbia or Victor shares. These stand in a class apart. Their movements are governed by many influences, not the least being the state of the New York market, where animated dealings are taking place in them, and my advices indicate that Wall Street speculators have a particular fancy just now for H.M.V. shares.

Keep Sound Industrials.

WHILE the tendency of rubbishy shares is likely to be downward, those of soundly established concerns of proved profit-earning capacity, are not likely to be affected to any extent. Such shares include Imperial Chemicals, Swedish Match, Bell's Asbestos, Radiation, and the big tobacco shares. The list is too lengthy to reproduce here.

Courtaulds, which I have been advising our readers to watch and buy on any reaction to 4½, have been almost there. My advice still holds good. Crittalls is another share worthy of attention when under 57s. 6d.

Harrods (B.A.) Hopes.

FROM a private source, I hear that Harrods (Buenos Aires) report, due next month, is likely to be very good. This explains the firmness of the 15s. ordinary shares at 23s. 6d.

Trend of Investment.

ALTHOUGH business in the Industrial market shows a general reduction there is still a good demand elsewhere for better class investment securities. I notice that investors still favour 5 per cent. War Loan, which is now a little above its redemption figure.

Longer-dated loans, such as Funding Loan and Consolidated 4 per cent. Loan also continue to attract investors who desire a long-dated stock. A correspondent makes an interesting comparison between the market values of British government stocks and those of English corporations.

Some of the latter, he points out, actually yield less than Government securities which, of course, are more national in character. The point to remember, however, is that local sentiment plays an important part in an investor's choice.

Local Loans: A Point.

My attention, too, has been drawn to the attractiveness of 3 per cent. Local Loans which, at the present price, yield £4 12s. 9d. per cent. as compared with the 4½ per cent. on the 4 per cent. Funding loan and the 3½ per cent. Conversion loan, while the 4 per cent. Consolidated loan yields £4 12s. per cent. There is an additional attraction in Local Loans in that the interest is paid quarterly, whereas in the case of the other stocks mentioned, the payments are made half-yearly. Incidentally, on most of the Indian Loans interest is paid quarterly.

Mexican Debt Rumours.

NOT much business has been passing in the Foreign section, and as the result of exaggerated reports of political trouble in Roumania, the 4 per cent. loan has weakened to under 47. There is nothing in the situation to cause undue anxiety and I still think the bonds are undervalued at anything below 55.

The question of the settlement of Mexico's foreign debt, I see, has cropped up again, and there is talk of a new agreement regarding the arrears of interest. From the point of view of British holders, the position is very unsatisfactory for they have no direct representation upon the International Committee of Bankers. This is purely an American body, but the Stock Exchange has taken the matter up privately, and has considered the formation of a strong committee to represent the interests of British investors.

The arrangements for the Bulgarian Loan are practically completed and the prospectus will probably be out within the next fortnight. I understand that the terms will afford a yield of over 7½ per cent. The existing 7 per cent. Bulgarian Loan at 90 returns just over 7¾ per cent.

Foreign Rails.

HOME Rails are as friendless as ever. I am afraid that holders must be prepared to see prices a little lower before the turn for the better takes place.

The dullness of the Foreign Railway market has been relieved by one or two outstanding features. One has been the firmness of Entre Rios following upon the chairman's encouraging speech last week on the traffic outlook. United Havana Ordinary stock has been outstanding with a further decline to below 50 on the poor results for the past year.

The immediate outlook is so uncertain that I hesitate to say stock is worth buying at the moment as a speculative lock-up. I should not be surprised to see it weaken further in the

present state of the market. Eventually the company should pull round and already efforts are being made to stimulate revenue in other directions by meeting road transport competition.

Guayaquil and Quito 5 per cent. Bonds, which for some years have been in the dumps, have been changing hands in the last few days at over 70, a price which compares with 27 last year. The market is now more hopeful than ever it has been, and believes that the present negotiations with the Government of Ecuador regarding the dividend arrears will reach a successful conclusion.

New York Speculates in Oils.

THE Oil share market has made so many false starts that I hesitate to suggest that the activity in oil shares in Wall Street is the beginning of the long-expected revival in this market. The buying of oil shares in New York is based upon the expectation of another rise in crude oil prices, but this view is not universally shared.

The outlook in the American oil fields is not sufficiently clear to justify a further rise; but it is true that the statistical position so far as the consumption of oil products is concerned, is improving.

For three months in succession the American demand has exceeded the supply. And there has been a marked reduction in stocks of both crude and refined oils in the United States. There is thus some basis for hopefulness, and as there is always a disposition in the market to discount favourable developments or a change in prospects well in advance, it would not surprise me to see oil shares taken in hand before the end of the year.

The Royal Dutch Company is issuing new shares at par, and subscriptions will be received in London by Messrs. N. N. Rothschild and Sons, from Monday next. These new shares will rank for dividend on the profits of the year 1929. In respect of the current year an interim dividend of 10 per cent. will be paid on the existing shares on January 10th.

Mines More Promising.

IN several directions the Mining Markets have livened up. Investors are now recognising the speculative possibilities afforded by some of the South African gold shares, and quite a number are being quietly picked up. The latest monthly returns are regarded as encouraging, and if the improvement in profits is maintained, we may see early next year a spell of activity in Kaffirs.

Meanwhile, Tin shares continue to be a most promising section of this market and the big group that was operating in the metal recently, has returned to the market. As a result of this support, the price of tin has been up to £230, the highest figure attained for several months past.

There is a feeling that the outcome of this support may result in tin reaching £250 a ton in the early future, and I feel confident that if this level is attained, we shall see a speculative revival in Tin shares.

There is, of course, nothing certain about it, and I cannot impress too strongly upon you that in the immediate outlook there is an "if" and an "and."

"FAREWELL MY COMRADES"

By R. H. MOTTRAM

Author of "The Spanish Farm," etc.

THE Peace talk to which we are now being habituated may or may not end merely in talk. But one fact does emerge, clear enough to the average civilian intelligence.

No war is ever like the one before it. No war is ever like that for which we prepare. But the next war for our generation is everywhere envisaged as being swift and dreadful, and fought by tiny highly destructive units—not against other units—but against the civilian population, by means of the activities of which alone, such units can be supplied and reinforced. So much so, that it is doubtful if the word "civilian" can any longer be used to distinguish the conscripted mass of clerks and factory and transport workers which we may at any moment be forced to become, from the military—the few individuals in aeroplanes, submarines or tanks—who will do the fighting.

Few of the millions mobilised in the War of 1914-1918 ever saw their adversaries, face to face, fewer still engaged in any hand-to-hand fighting. Next time the number will be infinitesimal. The progress of military invention recurs again and again in its one true vision, shock tactics leading by surprise to immediate decision. The prolonged battering of one individual by another, until the weaker or less lucky gives out, was always old-fashioned. Hence the aid of the gods, so constantly invoked to bring strife to victorious conclusion. For conclusion it must have.

Both Sides Lose.

STRIFE cannot continue. There is no such thing as a state of war, there are only moments of bellicose superaction. The best soldiers always worked for quick, cheap victory. Of what use, of what fame, are the exhausting, dragged-out struggles of the siege of Troy, the Peloponese, the Crusades, the Imperial Wars, or our own 1914-1918. No one wins. Both sides lose. The briefer the campaign the better. Marathon, Toulouse, Orleans, the Armada, Waterloo, Sedan, Cuba—campaigns of a few months—are the only ones that ever decide anything. Hence the obsession of the military mind by shock tactics.

Hit first, hit hard, hit so that your adversary cannot hit back because you have destroyed his strength (nowadays, his supplies) was always the one text of the conqueror, however buried in verbiage or cloaked by technicality. Thus the tribal or national wars in which whole peoples were armed and thrown into the mêlée have ever been superseded by improved shock tactics.

The latest refinements of these, the aeroplane, tank and submarine, are but the quintessence of the armoured knight, going faster and farther, and becoming more deadly, the final state of the chariot (the French actually call their tanks "*chars d'assaut*") and the modern edition of the ram.

The development of infantry fighting, against this strong, perpetual tendency, has been one of the redeeming features of the cult of Mars.

In the infantry alone, occurs that comradeship, that family feeling that belongs to the company or battalion, or equally to the ship's crew.

The Glorious Infantry.

IT is a sad thought, therefore, that this time the infantry battle has been definitely doomed by the advance of science. The infantry has survived so much. It emerged from annihilation by the chariot and the elephant. It



We shall never see again the long winding column-of-fours.

stood firm against the wild horseman of Pannonian Gaul. It learned laboriously how to shoot down, before he could bring his weight to bear upon it, the heavy-horsed knight of the Middle Ages.

It reached its best by the aid of firearms when the English line was the envy of Europe. The standards of our county regiments proclaim its history. The corporal's pike perfected its discipline. The genius of Wellington rendered it, by forming square, the one unanswerable checkmate to Napoleon's favourite master stroke, the converging of artillery fire, and the launching of massed cavalry upon a chosen spot in his adversary's dispositions. Yet it proved just as effective in the Soudan, eighty years later.

Its function was primarily defensive. Its business was to get to a certain place, whether there was a wall to hold or a redoubt to capture, and to stay there. It could go where horses and guns could not. It could, in its best, its bayonet era, carry its own supplies on its aching back. It was less likely to be split up into small specialised parties than other arms.



Imperial War Museum.

"Grotesque engines by air and land."

It tended to be recruited from some special district or under one known leader.

The End of a Tradition.

SEA fighting was but its marine counterpart, the boarders a storming party, who, once successful, might become a prize crew, otherwise garrison. Cavalry and artillery were always more spectacular, never so homogeneous. With what confidence did one learn, in 1914, that the Hertfordshire Fusiliers, the Rutland Light Infantry had gone overseas. They, one felt, would not fail, having the names of Blenheim and Salamanca on their standards. They did not. But they became transmogrified.

When, eventually one found oneself lying next them, they had been split up into companies that only occasionally saw each other, had been armed with strange engines.

The fatherly colonel no longer waved his sword in front of his "boys." The heroic drummer no longer showed them how to die. The comic quartermaster ceased to enliven the bivouac. The veteran sergeants had been replaced by people like ourselves. The truncated battalions had become mere targets for frightfulness. The survivors did not march home to the place of their enlistment. They were demobbed piecemeal. It was the end of a tradition.

THAT we shall never see again the thin, red line, the four-deep square is lamentable. But what is worse is that we shall never see again that long, winding column-of-fours, the field officers riding, the band ahead, the wagons behind, the colours in the middle.

What we shall see, if we live beyond the first ten minutes of the next war, is a long procession of grotesque engines, by air, land or water.

These new modes of fighting carry no banners, support no bands, can have no history, for they are as vulnerable as they are expensive.

The pen is mightier than the sword. It has conquered. It has defeated the regiment, and sunk the frigate. It may write off humanity as a bad debt.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

Defending a "No Trump."

IN my recent articles I have preached the maxim, "avoid changing suits," and I hope that I have by now succeeded in instilling it into the minds of my readers. There are times, however, when an exception must be made, and that is what I am now about to explain.

Needless to say, opening fresh suits up to weakness in dummy is a very different proposition to leading them blindfold up to the declarer. In the former case, the hand on the table is exposed and you can see exactly what you are doing.

Look Ahead.

In defence your object first and foremost should be the saving of the game, and against a "No trump" declaration at a love score, you require to win five tricks in order to do this. Now it often happens that you can see four for certain, but that not being sufficient, you must look about for a means of procuring the extra one. That is where so many players fail. They will not do this. When your side has already won three tricks, and you know that your partner can win one more if you return his suit, you should ask yourself before doing so what he will be able to lead once he gets in.

A Good Illustration.

Z	A	Spades	8, 4, 2.
	Y	Hearts	4, 2.
		Diamonds	Q, 9, 4, 3.
	B	Clubs	Q, Knave, 10, 7.

Spades Knave, 10, 3.
Hearts 7, 6, 5, 3
Diamonds 8, 7, 5.
Clubs A, 8, 2.

Score love all.

Z has declared "One No Trump" and A, your partner, has opened with the King of Hearts. Z, having won the third round of hearts with the Ace, then leads the King of Clubs and continues with the suit until eventually you have to play your ace. What is your correct lead now?

I can hear many of you saying that the obvious lead is a heart in view of the fact that you have been told always to avoid changing suits, but just stop to think for one moment. If you return the heart, your partner will certainly win the trick, but what is he going to do then? He will have either to lead a spade or a diamond in both of which suits your hand is worthless.

This, then, is a case in which you must ignore the rule of returning your partner's suit, and play the Knave of spades instead. You thus give your partner every chance of making a trick in the suit, and if he can manage to do so the game will be saved. Even if you never make the trick in hearts at all it does not really matter, as it is of no vital importance whether your opponents score "Three No Trumps" or "four," whereas it makes a vast difference if you can tie them down to two tricks only.

A Common Error.

There is one great difference between the defence of a no trump hand and that of a suit call. In the latter case you must make your winners whilst you can, but against a no trump it is often inadvisable to be in a hurry

to win tricks in your suit, when first it is led to you. It often pays better to give away the first trick, especially if you have no card of re-entry.

Assume that you have called "One heart" on ace, king, 10, 7, 2, and have been overcalled with "One no Trump." Your partner leads the 6 and dummy lays down 8, 5, 3.

It is evident that the declarer must hold both the queen and knave, and that you cannot prevent his winning one trick in the suit. Allow him therefore to win it at once, and then, when either you or your partner get in again, you can reel off four tricks. If, on the other hand, you clear the suit to begin with by playing out the ace, king and another, your partner, should he get in, may have not another card left to lead you. I may mention that this is a very common error.

A Bridge Story.

I have now got a little story for you. There was once an habitué of a certain card club, the type of individual with whom you are probably all familiar. Being a thoroughly bad bridge player himself, he did nothing but bully his poor wretched partners the whole time.

One evening, a very timorous youth paid his first visit to the club and, as luck would have it, he was unfortunate enough to cut as a partner the irascible old man! Needless to say he could do nothing right and invariably after every hand a perfect torrent of abuse was hurled at his head. The climax came at last. The opponents were playing a hand in no trumps, and at the critical point the poor fellow led a heart, which was about the worst card he could possibly have picked on. The result was that they thereby lost the game and rubber, and then the storm broke.

"Why on earth did you lead that heart? It cost us the game and rubber."

"I am terribly sorry," muttered the young man, "but I had not got a diamond."

"Who has said anything about diamonds? Surely you must have had a black suit of some kind in your hand, I imagine?"

That was just the last straw, and our young friend could really stand it no longer.

"Yes," he said, "I certainly had a black suit and I have got one still, but I am keeping that for your funeral!"

Then the party broke up.

Answer to Correspondent.

I have received rather a curious enquiry as to a point of law.

"At the beginning of a fresh rubber the cards had all been dealt, and the players had taken up their hands and looked at them. It was then discovered that they were not sitting opposite their proper partners, having forgotten to change their seats before the deal began. What happens?"

The decision of the card committee of the Portland Club is to the effect that after the deal has been completed the players must continue in partnership as they are sitting.

Mr. Jack Dalton will be very pleased to answer any questions as to Bridge which should be addressed to him c/o BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.

When do we start?

- Adelphi** : 8.10 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.15 (Ger. 6622)
- Aldwych** : 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 2304)
- Ambassadors** : 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 4460)
- Carlton** : 8.15 "Good News" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2211)
- Comedy** : 8.30 "The Mollusc" *Comedy*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30. (Ger. 8978)
- Court** : 8.15 "Fortunato" and "The Lady from Alfaceque"
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. (Sloane 5137)
- Criterion** : 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road"
Comedy
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3844)
- Daly's** : 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0201)
- Drury Lane** : 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30. (Temple Bar 7171)
- Duke of York's** : 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous"
"Historical" Tragedy
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0313)
- Fortune** : 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" *"Historical" Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7373)
- Gaiety** : 8.15 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2780)
- Globe** : 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 8724)
- Haymarket** : 8.30 "Alibi" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 6030)
- Hippodrome** : 8.15 "That's a Good Girl" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0650)
- His Majesty's** : 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0606)
- Kingsway** : 8.30 "Thunder on the Left" *Phantasy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 4032)
- Little** : 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2401)
- London Pavilion** : 8.15 "This Year of Grace"
Revue
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30 (Ger. 0704)
- Lyceum** : 8.15 "The Flying Squad" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7617)
- Lyric** : 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Gerrard 3686)
- New** : 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 4466)
- Palace** : 8.15 "Virginia"
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6824)
- Playhouse** : 8.30 "Excelsior" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 5162)
- Prince of Wales** : 8.30 "By Candle Light" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 7482)
- Queen's** : 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 9437)
- Royalty** : 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2690)
- St. James's** : 8.30 "The Return Journey"
Fantastic Play
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3903)
- St. Martin's** : 8.15 "77 Park Lane" *Farce*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30. (Ger. 3416)
- Savoy** : 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)
- Shaftesbury** : 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6666)
- Vaudeville** : 8.15 "Charlotte, 1928" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3815)
- Winter Garden** : 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 8881)
- Wyndham's** : 8.30 "To What Red Hell"
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 3028)

HOUSES AND PROPERTY.

FETCHAM PARK, LEATHERHEAD. Residence planned by well-known London architect. 4 Bed., 2 Rec., Bath etc. Garage. All services. Near Station. £2,490 freehold with grounds of 1 acre. Also similar house, £1,625. Percy Harvey Estates, Ltd., Dept. B, 3, George Stn. Chambers, E.C.2.

AT THE THEATRE



Mr. Percy Robinson.
Author of "To What Red Hell," the new play at Wyndham's.

"To What Red Hell." A drama of two families.
By Percy Robinson. (Wyndham's).

ON the first night of "To What Red Hell," the new play at Wyndham's, I sat next to a distinguished actress, who was on the tip-toe of enthusiasm about it. "This is the real stuff," she kept exclaiming (in, of course, a suitably subdued whisper that could not distract anyone's attention from the other actresses and actors on the stage). But while agreeing up to a point, this uncompromising ardour made me feel just a little uncomfortable. There were critical reservations in my mind to which it seemed impossibly ungenerous to give voice at the moment, especially as there is so much, from more than one point of view, to praise in the play. It is, undoubtedly, or most of it, what a pontifical colleague is fond of referring to as "good theatre." That is to say, it bristles with "situations"; it hits you in the eye—anyway, right up to the early part of the third and last act.

And if you are satisfied with being thus smacked, well and good; nor would I for a moment suggest that it is *bourgeois* to be *épaté* or, for that matter, that it is any occasion for shame to belong to the *bourgeoisie*. All the same, while discreetly and deservedly applauding the theatrical effectiveness of such a play, one would hesitate in acclaiming it as a play.

Emotional Smacks.

The gallery seemed immensely delighted with its emotional smacking; the actress's delight, perhaps, arose from a keen professional appreciation of the possibilities provided for administering emotional

MELODRAMA—

A Good Play without a Heart

BY MAITLAND DAVIDSON

smacks. Almost every one in the play, in fact, has what one might call a "fat" part. The policemen, for instance, who in a very strikingly staged opening scene discuss the fair-haired girl found dead in her bed in a dingy flat, with no idea at first that a murder has been done, and the shabby, sharp-tongued charwoman whom they cross-examine. The Irishwoman of humble birth but infinite respectability whose dearly-loved son—a good quiet lad who had quarrelled with the girl on the sudden discovery that she was a street-walker as well as a short-story writer (though she did both to support her poor old father)—is first suspected and then arrested.

The neurotic young man of a prosperous country-dwelling family who very soon reveals to us that he did the fell deed in a moment of drink-sodden madness; the father and the uncle who not unnaturally connive at concealment when he confesses, but eventually carry connivance rather far—all these characters the author (not to mention the producer) has underlined to a degree that makes them stand out vividly but almost unbearably, and to a very serious loss if not ruin of artistic proportion.

A False Note.

Right close to the start, after an admirable

first five minutes, a false note is struck in the badinage between the police inspector and charwoman—her name is revealed to be Pansy—which wins the easy laugh but plays the very Dickens with the drama as such.

Irrelevancy.

The author, by the way, seems to have a cherished but clumsily used store of barbs for the callousness of the law and its representatives—later on, when the wrong young man has been sentenced to death, he introduces into a scene of maternal agony exquisitely acted by Miss Sara Allgood—

Evidence? But haven't they eyes in their heads? Couldn't they see on his face he didn't do it?—

a totally irrelevant half-minute colloquy between two barristers just emerging from the Court, about a girl one of them proposes to take to Brighton. The incident may be possible, but it is an illustration of how far the author can wander from the right path in his straining after effect.

The Hysterical Young Man.

Again, from the moment when we first meet the young degenerate Harold in his father's country home, we have a feeling (excellently as Mr. Frederick Peisley does in the part) that even for a hysteric he doth protest too much. For dramatic purposes he would be an infinitely more telling figure if he did not talk quite so repetitively and on so high a key, whatever such a creature might possibly do in real life.

Then there's Uncle George, the novelist, with his man-of-the-world philosophy (again, capitably done by Mr. Robert Horton)—he has got to be given a hunch against capital punishment to stamp him, perhaps, with topical individuality, or is it to provide easy openings for allusions that touch his homicidal nephew on the raw? Even the wireless is arbitrarily called in to lend a hand. They are all sitting in the smoking room in Act II, when it is turned on.

Wireless Announcer: Kennington flat tragedy. The police have made an arrest.

Harold: They would! My God, they would!
And then the curtain.



Awaiting the verdict: An Old Bailey Scene in "To What Red Hell."
Left to Right—Miss Sara Allgood as the mother of the boy whose life is at stake, Mr. Paddy Dupres, as a priest, and Mr. Esmond Knight.

Mr. Robinson's curtains are good thumping ones, and I would not say for a moment that this or any of his others are not legitimate. What I would say is; (1) that he has undoubted talent in dramatic writing and skill in construction; (2) that it is a great pity he should not use these qualities better. For, frankly, in "playing to the gallery" he has deprived his characters of the breath of life and I am not sure that the gallery (despite first-night raptures) really appreciates such attentions.

And I cannot help recalling the very different treatment of a very similar subject in Mr. van Druten's "Diversion" at the Little Theatre—though, to be sure, the boy Mr. Maurice Evans plays had no epileptic history behind him.

Nearly First Rate—of a Sort.

On the other hand, taking it—as one should perhaps from the first, but for one's own enthusiasms—as the mere tinkling cymbals and sounding brass of melodrama, this play is very nearly a first-rate specimen on that humbler plane. Only very nearly, because by any canon the piece falls to bits about the middle of the last Act. Once hysterical Harold has posted his confession to the Home Secretary and shot himself, the thing is over and a couple more minutes should have rung the final curtain down.

That concluding scene, with Mrs. Nolan and her friends awaiting the strokes of eight that marked her son's execution, was an anti-climax when we all knew he would not die. And Miss Allgood's otherwise finely tragic speech was robbed of half its sting. Mr. Wallace Geoffrey, Miss Drusilla Wills and Mr. Frederick Leister are among many other actors who do well in this play without a "love interest"—though there is one "flapper" character whose impersonator has the most appallingly refined accent I have ever yet heard, even on the musical comedy stage.

For One Act Only.

"77 Park Lane." By Walter Hackett. (St. Martin's.)

That fatal last Act! Such is traditionally the eternal pitfall of the playwright, and it is said that some even take the precaution of writing their third acts first, so that they may at least be sure of not having exhausted the priceless juice of invention in the crucial last lap. But in "77 Park Lane" the original petrol gives out even earlier than that. True, the first act has three scenes, so that we might almost be justified in regarding it as a play in



Mr. Hugh Wakefield and Miss Marion Lorne drink a quiet toast amid the mysteries of "77 Park Lane."

itself; and indeed if there is anyone so epicurean of dramatic dishes as to want to visit two plays in a night, he could conceivably be visualised (if sufficiently well instructed) as collecting hat and coat at this juncture and faring forth, without serious loss other than pecuniary, to Play No. 2.

As for Act I, it opens in the most delightfully congenial after-dinner manner imaginable. Here are Mr. Hugh Wakefield and another—and when Mr. Wakefield is present he inevitably glorifies even a farcical atmosphere to something not altogether unsubtly amusing—perched on the top of a taxi. He has just come back from the Colonies to find Boat Race Night and an unexpected peccage awaiting him, and is determined to make an all-night celebration. He has had at least one over the eight, but being Mr. Wakefield is always the correctly dressed and chivalrous little gentleman. The taxi driver demurring to a round-the-clock programme on the ground of a jealous wife, he promptly buys the ancient vehicle (a fortune having accompanied the title) and the fun is due to begin.

Two Great Comedians.

It makes a promising start, for the first fare in his cab is Miss Marion Lorne, another comedian of the first water, and one whom we see far too seldom. They go at her behest to 77 Park Lane (which incidentally is his own town house, though no one knows he is back in England). People are seen mysteriously entering this house, which ought, of course, in its owner's absence to be empty, and eventually even Lord Trent, otherwise Mr. Wakefield, and his companion, go in. (He is still in the taximan's uniform which he had bought with the cab, but explains that he is in fancy dress, as if indeed in a piece of this kind any explanations were necessary.) Then there appear a dignified butler and a luxurious meal, and it gradually becomes

evident that the unoccupied ancestral mansion is being surreptitiously used as a gambling hell.

From that point, unfortunately, the piece becomes a crime play of only moderate interest, though the continued presence of Mr. Wakefield and Miss Lorne give it a certain indirect *cachet* it would not otherwise deserve. Some thirty odd other people appear in it, however, and it is well acted throughout by Mr. Boris Ranevsky, Miss Veronica Turleigh, Mr. Robert Holmes (villain in-chief) and others.

The Animal Man.

"Rampa." By Max Mohr. Translated by Susan Behn and Cecil Lewis. (Gate.)

The general public cannot see plays at the tiny Gate Theatre, near Charing Cross Station, by paying at the door, because it is run on subscription lines. On the other hand, the subscription is a very moderate one, and stalls are priced at about three shillings; further, the plays given there are always of interest and never *banal*, even if sometimes a little pretentious in their striving towards originality.

In other words, if you are really a drama-fan, your education is not complete until you have paid at least one visit there, so I make no apology for saying a few words about the piece with which this rather bravely enthusiastic little enterprise has just opened a new season.

The Rampa of the title is a seal hunter, loving open spaces, who is marooned in Greenland for twenty years and becomes practically an animal. Discovered by hunters, he is brought back to Europe; no one can bring him back to human life and two music hall comedians make him part of their turn, keeping him in a box by day. Finally, a doctor interested in psychology buys him for £2,000 and restores his human side, but at once he desires to go back to the freedom of his Arctic solitudes. The doctor refuses, but the doctor's wife, impassioned with his simple directness, takes him away with her to a harbour town. Still he frets for the far North, and by a supreme self-sacrifice she gives him leave and money to go, when he finds that he cannot quit her; she has given him too much for him to quit her, and by his own generous instincts he is again imprisoned.

What is the moral? The impossibility of freedom for a human being, I conjecture; it is only when he is an animal that he is free, and when he is free, he is an animal. Anyway, this is a vastly interesting play or study, especially well acted by Mr. Gravely Edwards, Miss Helena Pickard and Miss Frances Clare.

In our issue of October 19th the portrait on page 308 was inadvertently described as Enid Wilson instead of Enid Morgan.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN

THE NEW EMPIRE
OPENSBy Maitland
Davidson*"Trelawny of the Wells."* From the play by Sir Arthur Pinero. (Empire.)

Of course the ultra-conservative and the *laudatores temporis acti* will bewail the translation of the dear old Empire of Leicester Square into an American-owned cinema; doubtless they have already done plenty of it, for the affair has been going on a couple of years. But the main feature of the show with which the new house opened last night was so predominantly British, and the picture so delightfully and picturesquely alive, that I venture to predict a change of heart in many of the less obstinate cases.

It was a distinctly good move of the management to start with a film of such an established favourite as Sir Arthur Pinero's most popular and (deservedly) often revived *"Trelawny of the Wells."* The play, being itself a period one, as written, has not noticeably aged; for the same reason it successfully defies the modernisms of the screen, which, as applied to "old masters"—especially by American hands—so often give us the heebie-jeebies or spiritual squirms. I must add that the Jury-Metro-Goldwyn directors have shown on the whole most praiseworthy appreciation of values.

When I beheld as the initial caption "The sun was shining in London. Another annual event was the picnic of the Wells theatrical company" (I quote from memory) I admit there seemed an imminent danger that we were in for a course of that devastating sub-title humour found in some American films which is more fatally disturbing than a feather dipped in oil. But instantly the cloud passed. The momentary shock was over, and for the rest of the picture we were allowed to keep commendably close to the august original.

Some of the male characters certainly kept their hats on indoors in the presence of women more persistently than is the custom over here.

They clung to their headgear almost as determinedly as U.S. detectives do (if I am to believe what I see in plays and films from that otherwise reputedly chivalrous country). This was understandable perhaps in the old-time actors, who as "rogues and vagabonds" garrick of esteemed members of the Garrick Club and the Embassy may have been psychologically impelled to live down to their reputation. But would Sir William Gower, who was, after all, a real gentleman, though a hard one, have kept his quaint beaver glued to his old head when he sat down in the rooms of his son's *fiancée*, albeit she was an actress?

Additions to the Play.

However, these be small matters. The general impression is one of lightness and brightness, immensely aided of course (as was and is the play) by those bygone costumes, the hoops and flounces, the tiny parasols, the stock ties and tight trousers. We start with some jolly bits that naturally couldn't appear in the play—good staircase vistas in the theatrical boarding-house where they are preparing for the picnic, and then a glimpse of woodland when the wagonette breaks down and Arthur Gower, lending aid, is struck all of a heap by the charms of Rose Trelawny. And so to the theatre—a box whence Arthur leaps on to the stage after the piece is over to declare his love, and later on the supper party with its farewell speeches.

Here the film gives us an effective novelty in the advance of the solitary figure of Sir Arthur Gower from the back of the stalls (the party here is given on the stage) to enjoin a period of probation. At the house in Cavendish Square (excellently depicted) the play is more closely followed, as indeed it is from now onwards; and these scenes (to a conservative) are among the best, including as they do all the old incidents and even Sir William's celebrated "Have we no chairs, Trafalgy? Have we no chairs?" Right at the close there is a sudden but not unwelcome excursion into colour.

My favourite among last night's actors was Mr. O. P. Heggie, an altogether satisfying Sir William, while Mr. Ralph Forbes makes him a comely and attractive grandson. Miss Norma Shearer is charming, if perhaps a shade over-restless as Rose, and Mr. Owen Moore a quietly efficient Tom Wrench. It is interesting to note that these actors hail respectively from Australia, England, Canada, and Ireland.

A feature of this comfortable new house (which seats 3,500) is that the prices are not only low but graduated in a novel way. From noon till 1 p.m.



A He-Man Hero: Mr. George Bancroft as a stoker in "The Docks of New York" at the Plaza.

you can buy any seat for 1s. 6d.; thence till 5.30 back rows of the circle will be 1s. 6d. and the rest 2s. 4d.; after 5.30 the prices are 2s. 4d. and 3s. 6d. I am told that this idea of charging less in the afternoon has already been adopted in every big city but London, and there is much to be said for it. On the rare occasions when I have visited the movies in the afternoon I have seen a good many empty seats.

Pictures of "Low Life."

"The Docks of New York." Paramount film. (Plaza.)

"What shall we do with the drunken sailor?" asks a popular sea-shanty, and the answer would appear to be "put him in an American film." I have met an astonishing lot of these intoxicated mariners on the screen lately, and have been lost in admiration at their capacity to (1) knock out all and sundry males with one blow of their salt-encrusted fists (2) attract shoals of attractive film actresses to their somewhat unappetising arms.

Among them is one Bill, a stoker appearing in a picture called *"The Docks of New York"*—could you imagine a more dully chosen title?—which is at the Plaza this week and may quite likely be kept on there for another. Real rough stuff, as you see him in the stoke-hold all covered with black grease, and the same when he comes ashore, though he plunges in at the docks and rescues a would-be suicide light o' love who turns out to be Betty Compson—that isn't her name in the picture, but I am afraid she is rather the unmistakable film-star all through. Even when just pulled out of the water she is all fluffy. Still, the girl is very comely.

The two have a rowdy semi-mock midnight marriage in one of those dockside "speakeasies" that I am also getting to know so well, performed by a *pukka* parson but without a licence—isn't that just the least bit surprising? But it makes a capital scene.

Other adventures follow, with a sort of a sordidly happy ending. Apart from some admirable photography, the story has vivid incident of the typically sensational sort, and gains distinction from the fine acting of Mr. George Bancroft in the unusually individualised character of the stoker.



A Pinero film: Sir William Gower (Mr. O. P. Heggie) comes to call on Rose Trelawny (Miss Norma Shearer) in the screen version of "Trelawny of the Wells" with which the new Empire opened its career as a cinema yesterday.



Photo

Arc de Triomphe.

Donald McLeish

"ARMISTICE"

By JOYCE E. BOYD

quiet sorrow, for there are not many tears, and in their silent pride in their nationality.

A white-haired clergyman delivers his sermon. He, too, has seen war, and speaks with sympathy and understanding of those that are gone and of England. Quietly

they sit, some gazing with troubled eyes at the altar, as if there, in the shadow of the Cross, they find their comfort, others living again those days of turmoil, oblivious of the years that have passed.

So, presently they rise, and stand in reverent awe, numbers of sad-faced men and women—mostly women—honouring and sorrowing for their dead in a foreign land, yet one with the Mother Country in that hour, knowing that then, too, the mighty Lords of Great Britain are gathered at the Cenotaph paying their tribute.

LIGHT is creeping over Villefranche Harbour. Away to the right the clouds are massed together, rank upon rank, like the Armies of the Dead returning in this hour of half-light to the Armistice they never knew. The sky is palest primrose where Cap Ferrat looms dark against the horizon, and in the harbour a white yacht rides at anchor. A bell tolls the hour, and over all lies the twilight peace of dawn.

Silent Pride.

EXILES from home, to Nice we go, to share with the little community of British men and women that poignant silence of Memory.

The English Church is packed. A brooding solemnity hovers over the darkened aisles, and it seems that there must surely be others here than these sombrely clad people with their Flanders poppies and their pathetic array of medals. There is dignity in them, in their

Land of Hope and Glory,
Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee who
are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall
thy bounds be set;
God who made thee mighty,
make thee mightier yet.

(From "Land of Hope and Glory.")

Joy that is England.

THEN, when the service is over, and the people turn to go, the organ peals forth "Land of Hope and Glory," and shoulders are straightened and heads held high, heavy hearts are lifted, and there is a lump in the throat, of pride that each one individually can share in that "God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet," and of joy that it is England who is mighty, and that we are hers, and indeed a noble heritage is ours.

Ah! "What do they know of England who only England know?" Not till we are absent at a solemn time like this, not till strange faces are on every side, and a strange language in our ears, do we realise how much our country means to us, and how we would give all for her, die for her, as these others did, that, in the name of Jesus, she should be mightier yet.

Seemingly safe with teeth so white

YET...



Pyorrhoea

Ravages 4 out of 5

Many people, while in the heyday of life, are relegated to the background — unwilling spectators who have surrendered health to Pyorrhoea.

This grim enemy attacks the unwary. Although teeth may be clean and white, gums break down. Pyorrhoea poison moves through the system, often causing stomach disorders, anaemia, and neuritis. Its toll is 4 persons out of 5 over forty, and thousands younger.

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*The Abomination of Desolation.*

MY comrades died in the cellars and rubble of this village, which was destroyed and made foetid by the German guns way over the hills shutting in the marshy valley. I had come here on a pilgrimage, arriving at the *estaminet* at twilight of a day of wind and rain—the grey Somme rain that used to make the ears of the mules droop lower and lower, until, perhaps, they stumbled and dropped, to rise no more out of the knee-deep mud.

It was not pleasant, the new *estaminet*; the floor was of composition made to look like marble; the mirrors behind the bar had the tawdriness of new, factory-made things; the “oak” panels of the chair-backs were of American pressed paper. However, here I would stay for the night, and leave the wraiths in the rain and darkness outside.

The large bar was lit by a petrol lamp, making more pale the faces of young men and women dancing to the blare of an automatic American hurdy-gurdy. On the door a notice was hung: “Grand Anglais Jazz-Balle every Sunday Night. Wellcome.” Although the hot smoky air nearly choked me, I was cheered by that “wellcome.”

“A Mad Englishman.”

IT seemed to be a little tardy; but during a break in the demand for drinks some minutes later I managed to edge myself through the dancers to the landlord. My wet and bedraggled appearance caused merriment among the crowd of youths.

“Another mad Englishman walking over the fields!” they said; they who had been little boys begging from the troop trains, “Souvenir cigarette, souvenir biskeet,” when the “mad Englishman” was fighting in this very place.

The landlord was suspicious. Why did I walk in the rain without a coat? Hadn’t I got a coat? Did I come from Bapaume, where perhaps I had been seeking work, like so many immigrants, in the brick factory? What had I got in my pack? Had I money for a bed? I longed to curse him violently, as once a colonel leading his battalion out of battle to “rest” had cursed me when my horse bumped into him during the nightly transport congestion (and I remember I put him under arrest; immediately disappearing anonymously into the rainy darkness!)

I showed the landlord my money—the

THE VALLEY

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

Author of “Tarka the Otter,” “The Pathway.”

dirty, creased, tattered paper money of the district. It satisfied him, and he invited me to drink and dance. There were Italian plasterers in the throng, who were earning, I learned, from 40 to 80 francs a day. While I was speaking to one from Fiume, a pale thin French youth with long hair lunched up, flung down a hundred franc note, and yelled for drinks all round. Most of the men had rum, which cost half a franc a glass—about twopence in English money.

I learned from the important whispers of the landlord’s wife that the benefactor was the son of a millionaire, who had made his “pile” since the war by buying for “cash down” the shattered buildings and sites, and rebuilding with the generous reparation grants later on. His speculations were fortunate for himself; now he owned over fifty houses as well as the only two butchers’ shops—a flourishing monopoly, buying old cows at 4 francs a kilo, and selling beef at 12–16 francs a kilo. He had three motor-cars, and his son was drunk nearly every night.

The Lost Part of a Man.

I COULD not enter into their fun; I was entirely a foreigner among the living, and half a foreigner to myself—a man who had lost part of himself, and could not find it again.

For years the lost part had lurked in the marsh, seeing wraiths of men in grey with coal-scuttle helmets and big boots, wraiths of men in khaki, always laden and toiling, wraiths of depressed mules sick with fatigue and mud-rash, walking in long files up to the field guns, wraiths of howitzers flashing away their shells with stupendous cork-screwing hisses upward, wraiths of pallid flares making the night haggard, while bullets whined and fell with short hard splashes in the sinister swamps of the Ancre.

I could not sleep in my damp bed. The moonlight in the open window showed the dark patches on the ceiling under the leaking roof, plastered walls, the floor boards bare of carpet or any furniture. The dancers seemed to be walking about in the road all night; but at

two o’clock the hurdy-gurdy ceased its blaring mechanical jazz; the last unsteady steps and confused voices went away down the brick-

rubble road, and I heard the frogs in the swamp again.

Still I could not sleep. Was there a demoniacal influence in the marsh, materialising out of the harsh, ceaseless croaking among the

stumps of the dead poplars? The perpetual and restless spirits of old cruelty and hate and despair wandering among the reedy shell-holes, among the crumbling wheels of sunken guns, and the brown wire in the long grass? The young green had grown again, hiding the old bitternesses, but the desolation was still there.

Those frogs! Millions of muttering percussions as the cold-blooded creatures sent out their ghastly cries. No white gun flashes lit the walls of the room, the trains from Lille to Amiens rolled noisily past the window; a star moved across the curtain space, seeming to look into the room curiously, before sinking under the horizon, then it became unaccountably lonely in that room, and glimpses of the past returned with unavailing sadness.

In the Valley—Nothing.

THE dugouts of Y-ravine had subsided, the dry-rotted timbers broke with a touch; the pistons and mainshaft and cylinders of an aeroplane rusted in the grasses, with rifle barrels and holed helmets, and burst minenwerfen cases. Those dreaded oil-drums of the minnies! Rust and mildew and long tangled grass and frogs. The Ancre flowed in its chalky bed, swift and cold as before, gathering its green duckweed into a heaving coat as of mail, and drowning the white flowers of water-crowsfoot. Only one thing of all our work remained—the wooden military bridge over Mill Causeway.

When I awoke next morning the wraiths were gone; but the grey Somme rain still drifted across the grey downs. What was to be found in the Valley then? Nothing. For we put into things what we feel, and if we feel nothing, then there is nothing. I was impatient for the Amiens train, longing to be home; to see again the lanes, the sea, the barns, the hills, the eyes of my wife, the smile of my little boy watching the “coo-coos” going to be milked—the new part of myself, overlaying, but not renewing, the wraith of that lost for ever.

FUR, FIN *and* FEATHER

FIELD TRIALS

By L. C. R. Cameron

WHAT is almost a new sport, or at any rate a new and most alluring form of an old one, is coming more and more to the front with the great increase in the number of field trials for all kinds of gun-dogs that are now becoming common in every part of the country. By their means pointers, setters, retrievers and spaniels of every breed have come back to that estate in which our forefathers installed their progenitors in the early days of "shooting flying," but of which the introduction of *battue* shooting in days when Albert the Good was a power in the land threatened to rob them permanently.

As in the old days of shooting over dogs, whether on the high moors, over the stubbles or in covert, the sport at field trials is less concerned with the head of game accounted for than with the way in which that game is found and retrieved by the gun-dogs which are the *raison d'être* of these events. Where their ancestors, or perhaps themselves in earlier life had the pleasure of watching the work of a brace of pointers or setters or at most a team of Clumber spaniels, followers of the field trials of the present day may enjoy the pleasure of seeing numbers of the best bred and most skilfully handled gun-dogs performing their especial tasks in the shooting-field under every variety of test condition.

Widespread Interest.

Beginning in England with the Devon and Cornwall Pointer and Setter Society's meeting at Powderham, and in Scotland with that of the Cocker Spaniel Club at Castle Douglas, trials were held during the past month in many widely-separated districts in both countries; from Cornhill-on-Tweed and Dumfries for retrievers only to the meetings held in Yorkshire, the Eastern Counties in Norfolk, and the Western at Sherborne as well as in the Midlands, Cheshire and Sussex, returning to the north for the trials of the Northumberland Retriever Society and of the Scottish F.T. Association at Alnwick and in Berwickshire.

The fact that more than fifty of these trials have been advertised to take place during the present season, extending to mid-January, is evidence of the widespread interest now taken by the best type of shooting-man in the work of his dogs. They almost rival coursing meetings in popularity among men who shoot, their main object being identical, in that it is in the testing of the merits of the dogs rather than in the killing of the game that the interest resides. As the guns are selected from amongst the best shots in the land, and the trials take place over every type of country, the tests are genuine ones, while with dogs of such uniform excellence as are competing this year there is hardly the proverbial "dog's chance" that any wounded birds or lightly-hit runners will remain unretrieved.

Syndicate Shooting.

One could wish this were as true of many of the shoots rented by syndicates of town-made and town-bred persons, who never having in early life been in a position to follow the sports of the field have found that it was too late to learn to ride to hounds or to acquire the

patience and skill requisite for fly-fishing, and so have taken in increasing numbers to the sport of the gun; with no great benefit, it is to be feared, to shooting.

Ignorant, for the most part, of natural knowledge, as of the rudiments of sport and its unwritten code, they are in the hands of the farmers from whom they lease the sporting rights, and in those of the new breed of keeper that has sprung into being since the war. Their chief aim is to secure a sufficient head of edible game of all sorts to cover at least a portion of the expense of the shoot and of the cartridges they fire in the course of the season. Beyond a bird and a brace of rabbits occasionally to the lessor, to keep him in a good temper and ensure that he will not wink at local poaching, they market all the game shot, it being seldom that a guest is complimented by the gift of so much as a hare, even when he has contributed by superior marksmanship to filling the bulk of the bag, as not infrequently happens. The members of the syndicate are usually debited with any game they take home, at a fixed price!

Unsportsmanlike Methods.

This class of sportsman is not of much service to sport in general or to the countryside they particularly affect. They will seldom go to the additional expense of providing themselves with really good retrieving dogs—a pennywise proceeding that loses them a good proportion of wounded birds every shooting-day. And it is to be feared that some of them are not above employing decidedly unsportsmanlike methods of increasing the bag upon occasion.

A guest at one of these shoots told me a few days ago that at the end of the afternoon the guns were marshalled round a big bare field, and that the keeper and beaters brought into its centre in bags a number of pheasants caught up on the boundaries of the shoot (as likely as not belonging to the syndicate's next-door neighbours) and turned them out and kicked them up for the "sportsmen" to kill! It seems almost incredible, but there is no reason to doubt its having occurred; and that at a period when to hunt a bag-fox would be to incur the censure of sportsmen and anti-sports alike, were any M.F.H. temerarious enough to do so.

Some Promising Puppies.

The Isle of Thanet bids fair to become a serious rival to what coursing journalists of the old school were fond of terming "the classic plains of Altcar," as a venue for the sport of the Leash. The "sough" system has been employed there as at Altcar, so that the hares, after having afforded a good and fair trial to the dogs slipped, can save their scuts and avoid the risk of exposing their pursuers to those long and gruelling courses that so often penalise a greyhound unnecessarily and cost him his chance of winning a subsequent and possibly final course. The hares on Thanet are stout, and sufficiently numerous to have provided three days' sport with only three drives for the whole meeting.

The principal interest was in the puppies of the year bred in the South of England, who may be expected to figure in the Waterloo



Southern Counties Gun Dog League's Retriever Trials at Cowdray Park. Countess Howe with her Labrador "Banckory Ben."

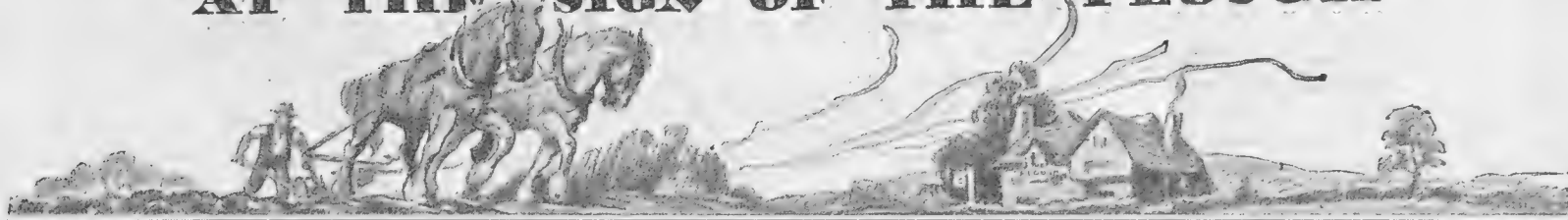
Cup. Of these, undoubtedly the best were Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's Welsh Citizen and White Canary, brother and sister by Gold Harp, Mr. M. Hale's Happy Gift, and Messrs. Bradley and Ellis's British Empire, a Jovial Judge puppy. All except Happy Gift were dividers, but she was only beaten by White Canary after defeating Gamble Only, divider a fortnight before at the Lowther meeting of the Whinfell Stakes with Lord Sefton's Syme. If all goes well with them we should see more of these puppies later in the season.

Waterloo Cup Candidates.

The Netherby Cup was the event of principal interest at the Border Union, Longtown, meeting on the same dates. Several ex-Waterloos were seen out, but none of them greatly distinguished themselves, and the winner proved to be Major Milne's Grille, after raising flags against Heswall, Wilbeum, Wise Councillor, Tinman and Bassoon. The weather in the North was all against sport, and the true form of most of the puppies was probably not exhibited in consequence. In fact the Bitch Puppy Stake ended after the first ties in a long division between the eleven runners left in; while there were eight dividers at the conclusion of the first ties in the Dog Puppy Stakes. Little light, therefore, was thrown on possible future performances of the greyhounds engaged: although Mr. Rank's Red Ruffle, Lord Tweedmouth's Trivet, and Lord Sefton's Scissors among the bitches, and Lord Lonsdale's Light Body and Lawyer's Fee among the dogs all showed promise.

Next week will give us the first meeting of the Altcar Club, on November 14th, 15th and 16th, when doubtless a number of probable Waterloo Cup candidates will be seen out for the first time this season, and some clearer idea of their prospects in the coming event that so often throws quite a long shadow before may be tentatively arrived at.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



By E. T. BROWN

A FIRST instalment of the long-overdue relief to farmers is to be made on December 1st. It will be remembered that in the last Budget the railways were to be accorded a relief in rates on condition that they passed on that relief in their charges for freightage to customers. It was further ordained that, of the total of approximately £4,000,000 relief granted, one-fifth should be in respect of selected agricultural traffic.

Mr. Guinness, the Minister of Agriculture, states that in view of the state of unemployment, the Government has decided to antedate the scheme by ten months for certain depressed industries, including agriculture, and that the benefit will start on December 1st.

The reduction which will be in the neighbourhood of 10 per cent. on present charges will operate in the case of livestock, feeding stuffs, manures, potatoes and milk.

This, while it can only be considered as a foretaste of the estimated total relief of £800,000 a year to be granted to agriculture, will no doubt be appreciated by farmers as an earnest of the Government's concern, and taken together with the better season just enjoyed may do much to put them in better heart than for a long time past.

Health of British Livestock.

The health of our livestock interests everybody. It interests the producer, the middleman and the consumer. The public demand for food of the highest purity in every case is bound to be reflected in the quality of our livestock, for purity in meat and milk is only possible when the animals are healthy.

This aspect of the question has its counterpart in the added value of disease-free stock. We are accustomed to regard tuberculosis affected meat or milk as dangerous to health. The public authorities have the power to take whatever steps may be thought fit to ensure public safety in this matter. But if meat or milk is supposed to be free from the infection what happens, we may ask, to the cattle, especially the milkers whose inability to pass the immunity test is known, and what is to be done to get rid of infected animals?

No Breeding from Diseased Stock.

So far as I can see, there is only one way of doing this. That is to limit breeding to disease-free animals. We have pedigree records, combined with milk records, giving value to a herd. Why not now combine with these the health record? The public demand for the purest milk and meat opens up valuable opportunities for the enterprising breeder, the man who can produce the health record, to perform a service to his country with profit to himself.

Of the eventual profitableness of the project there can be no doubt, as those who have done it can testify. The disparity in the prices between the ordinary and the treble-recorded stock is so great, owing to the strong and increas-

ing demand for the best, that soon inferior stock will not be possible even as a gift.

Help for Agriculture.

Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., is rapidly becoming one of our national institutions. The manufacture in this country of many of its products—including synthetic nitrogen—is a national asset in time of peace. In the event of war it is of even greater importance and has given this country a form of security which it has never before possessed.

What is of chief interest at the present time, however, is the long-sighted view it is taking

function it is to help farmers by whatever means lies in its power. Thus, if any adviser thinks that the right course for a particular farmer on a particular field is to apply a fertiliser manufactured by a competitor, he has the strictest possible instructions to advise accordingly.

Research is being undertaken on all manner of subjects that have no bearing on the products manufactured by the company but have a bearing on the economic returns obtainable by the farmer.

All this is an entirely new departure for a commercial firm, and as such deserves every possible credit. Agriculture is often told by politicians "to work out its own salvation." Here is an agricultural firm with the vision to realise that increased prosperity for agriculture—rather than increased immediate sales of its own products—is the only sure way to permanent prosperity for itself.



"It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done."

of its obligations to agriculture. From the first, it has not been content merely to sell fertilisers but it has conceived as its aim the betterment, by any possible means, of the agricultural industry, knowing full well that only by the increased general prosperity of the industry can a ready sale be forthcoming for any of the materials used in the production of foodstuffs.

Disinterested Research.

To this end it has established an Agricultural Advisory and Research Department, whose

No Control of the "Iron Cow."

Any grading and marking scheme for fresh cream would not touch, but would actually aggravate, the injustice of the existing position. It would put the vendors of genuine cream to additional expense and, in the absence of statutory control of the "iron cow," would enable unscrupulous vendors of reconstituted "cream" to sell their product under a national mark ostensibly reserved for fresh cream.

An essential preliminary to any grading and marking scheme is the enactment of the Bill introduced last Session on behalf of the National Farmers' Union to control the production, distribution and sale of reconstituted and synthetic cream. The Bill would have become law but for the ill-advised action of the Ministry of Health. It is to be hoped that it will not meet with similar obstruction in the new Session of Parliament.

Ear Cockle in Wheat.

Farmers would do well carefully to examine their seed wheat to make quite sure that it contains no "ear cockles." These are small black or brown objects, easily seen in the seed sample, about the size of a wheat seed, though rather thicker and rounder.

Each cockle is full of ear worms, and when it is sown the pests escape into the soil and make their way to the neighbouring wheat plants, into which they bore. These plants may, in consequence of the invasion, become slightly distorted in growth, but in general they show no serious symptoms of disease until the ears of corn are produced during the following summer. Then it is found that, in place of wheat kernels, there are ear cockles, which are, of course, both valueless in themselves, detrimental to the wheat sample, and centres for future disease. It is very important, therefore, that no ear cockles should be sown and wheat supplies affected should be rejected for seed purposes.

THE lay-out of the small-holding or allotment plays a very important part in both the quality and the quantity of the crops. It is unwise to grow the same crop on the same piece of ground two years in succession. It is a well-known horticultural fact that different crops make entirely different demands upon the soil. Some require a large amount of one kind of food; others thrive better when this special form of plant food is only present in the soil in small quantities.

Potatoes do not need too much manure, but they take heavy toll of potash. Beans, celery, and onions require a rich soil which has been deeply dug. Roots like a fairly rich soil, but too much animal food is harmful, and consequently they should follow a crop the ground for which has been well manured and deeply dug. Members of the cabbage family do not take much potash from the soil, but they require lime in abundance.

The Four-Course.

THIS is why a crop rotation should always be followed. The four-course is the most simple. In this case, the vegetable plot is divided into four equal areas, A, B, C and D. Plots A and B will have been thoroughly dug and manured the previous autumn; plots C and D will still be fairly rich, as they will contain a considerable amount of plant food left over from a previous manuring. Plot A should carry potatoes; plot B beans, celery, onions, and peas; plot C roots, such as beetroots, carrots, parsnips; and plot D various greens,

THE SMALLHOLDING AND ALLOTMENT

such as cabbages, cauliflowers, and winter greens.

In the following season the beans, etc., will be transferred to plot A, the roots to plot B, the greens to plot C, and the potatoes to plot D. The next year another shift will be made round, so that the roots will be on plot A, the greens on plot B, the potatoes on plot C, and beans, etc., on plot D. During the fourth year the greens will be put on plot A, the potatoes on

plot B, the beans on plot C, and the roots on plot D. In the fifth year the original cropping plan will be carried out.

RHUBARB and seakale are almost invariably forced, but few gardeners seem to realise the fact that there are many other crops which, if sown or planted now and given the shelter of a frame and the warmth of a hotbed, will be ready several weeks before crops sown in the open in the normal way are fit for use. Among them are potatoes, carrots, lettuces, turnips, spinach and radishes.

Onions and broad beans should also be sown in boxes, not to be reared to maturity under glass, but in order that they may be put out in the open as well-developed plants at a time when most gardeners are sowing their seed.

The Elusive Winter Egg.

ANYBODY can induce their hens to produce eggs during the spring and summer. It is only the experienced poultry-keeper who can secure an abundant winter egg yield. Good management is an essential factor towards this end. The hens must be properly fed, well housed, and encouraged to take plenty of exercise. Early hatched birds are the only ones that can be depended upon to lay during the winter months. Those brought out in May and June are very unlikely indeed to lay before the following February or March.

It is among the heavy breeds that we find the most prolific layers. The Orpingtons, Wyandottes, and Rhode Island Reds are among the best.



A fine bed of Onions on an Allotment.

THE TALE of YOUR DOG By Michael Chance

III. Correct Feeding.

CHOCOLATES, plum cake, pastry, sugar and acid drops as articles of diet are unsuitable for dogs. This may appear a foolish and unnecessary statement, but who of us has not witnessed some unfortunate animal being tempted by one or other of these horrors?

To feed a dog, even occasionally, on such so-called dainties is to molly-coddle him, and no one who molly-coddles a dog can claim to consider his interests, least of all understand him.

Only the other day I saw a friend of mine, a golden Retriever (essentially a sporting and an outdoor dog), being put to bed completely enveloped in blankets. If ever a dog shrugged his shoulders and lifted his eye-brows, that dog did.

Poor Devil of a Dog!

Correct feeding is as essential as discipline, and comes under that heading. Certain things are beneficial to the dog himself both as regards food and behaviour, others are taboo.

If a dog runs wild, or smells unduly doggy, or scratches himself in public, many unthinking people will exclaim irritably, "Damn that dog!" What they should exclaim, of course, is "Damn that owner!" Poor devil of a dog!

How can he help being smelly if he is given insufficient exercise and fed on too rich food? Do you blame him for itching for a good satisfying scratch if his skin is perpetually kept in

an overheated atmosphere? Remember that he wears the same underclothes all the year round; therefore they must be well aired.

Regular Meals.

The tendency with dogs, as with us, is towards overfeeding. Puppies and whelping bitches, of course, must be fed three or four times daily, but a normal, full-grown dog should not have more than one meal a day. Opinions vary as to the best time for this meal, but there are no two opinions as to the necessity for giving it regularly at the same hour.

Some owners prefer an evening meal with a small quantity of dry biscuits in the morning; personally, I find that a dog has a healthier appetite between mid-day and 1 p.m., and for the sake of his teeth I give him a consolation supper of dry biscuits or a bone in the evening. As a general rule, dogs of Alsatian size or larger should have about 6 lb. daily; the Retriever and Greyhound size, 3 lb.; Bull Terriers, Airedales, etc., 2½ lb.; Fox Terriers, ¾ lb.; smaller dogs, ½ lb.

The amount given must naturally be regulated according to the dog's exercise and condition, and the above figures are suggested on the assumption that no tit-bits are handed out at all hours of the day!

Correct Food.

The correct meal for a dog is meat (raw),

bread (or biscuit) and vegetables in equal quantities. Where broken biscuit is used, Osoko or Melox are the best, and can be given dry or moistened with boiling water. In the spring the proportion of vegetables should be increased.

I wish owners would realise how undesirable gravy is; it heats and thickens the blood and is fattening. A good plan is to let your dog have a good sized uncrunchable bone permanently handy; by chewing on it he forms saliva, which is an aid to digestion.

Dogs, who, generally speaking, have more sense than we have, sometimes appreciate a change in diet. They usually enjoy boiled rice, but owing to its constipating effect it must not be given regularly. Sheep's heads, cows' heels and "lights" (especially the latter) are delicacies that must also be given sparingly, and they must be well boiled. Heart may be an occasional dish, but not liver which is dirty.

In addition to gravy (which I have already condemned), porridge, corn meal and maize meal should be avoided like the plague on account of their overheating properties.

Try to feed your dog with even more care than you feed yourself; he can't tell you what suits him or what gives him a pain. But he is just as susceptible to a decent meal at a reasonable time as you are. Let his food be varied and let it be fresh; and, above all, always at the same hour.



By "Harborough"

Manners Makyth Man—and Woman!

THERE has been a good deal of comment already this season, just as there has been in past seasons, about the regrettable lack of manners on the part of those who go out fox-catching, and the bulk of the ammunition has been fired at that section of society known as the Bright Young. It deserves all and more than has been said about it, but I doubt whether its manners are worse out hunting than they are when not out hunting, and it is not the only section which merits the spray of the wrath of M.F.H.'s, field masters and others, because there are some of the Dull Old who are almost as bad.

Half of it is due to ignorance and to the offenders not having grown up with fox-hunting and been properly broken in their younger days. They do not mean to offend: it is simply that they do not know any better. There are some young rotters, of course, who ought to know, and who have been told often enough, but believe that the earth and all that is therein was made for their delectation, and that M.F.H.'s are only part of an entertainment provided for their special amusement, just like a jazz drummer or a waiter at the Ambuscade or some other famous place where people shake down the good food by dancing between courses.

All the very numerous misdemeanours have been recounted so often that I do not think I need catalogue them; but some I should like to emphasise most particularly. One of them, a quite common one, is taking a short cut to a covert which is about to be drawn, arriving there before hounds, and then starting to smoke and tell your friends all the latest yarns about your and their friends. A fox is a very knowledgeable animal, and he knows to a nicety how much these things help him. He knows what a fickle thing his scent is, and he understands when he sees about two squadrons of Bright Young gaily careering towards his abode, that his traditional foe, the hound, cannot be far off—so he takes measures appropriate to the situation and probably steals away unobtrusively, leaving a twenty minute old line for his pursuers.

Smoke and smoking horses also greatly aid in foiling the real "smell" which is necessary if the fun which is always possible, is to be obtained. If under such circumstances, M.F.H.'s get purple with temper and threaten to take hounds home, it is very excusable.

There is another thing one sees so often, and that is the quite unmannerly way in which people will not wait till someone—a hunt servant quite often—who has got down to cut a bit of wire, has had time to remount. I saw this happen twice last season with a very well-known pack of hounds; not a thousand miles from Bicester, and I thought the M.F.H. was very forbearing in what he said.

When hounds are running, and someone gets a peach of a fall, it is the really good Samaritan who pulls up and goes to the rescue, instead of leaving it to someone else who has

not got a seat in the front rank of the stalls—but to pull up may not be quite so obligatory, though I think when the casualty looks a really bad one, most of us would. I remember with gratitude this having happened when I was concerned one day with the Fernie, but even though it was a collar-bone and a horse more or less on top of me, I did not expect to be succoured, as my right hand next astern had a really good place, and hounds were carrying a great head at the time. The good Samaritan, however, jumped off and let his horse go and pulled me out. Manners makyth man!



Captain Edmonstone is the new joint master of the Fernie, in succession to Lord Stalbridge. He used to be in the 9th Lancers and is the son and heir of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bt.

The Fernie.

HARBORO' is throwing down a distinct challenge to Melton this season, and I hear that there is hardly a hunting box to let anywhere. H.R.H. the Duke of York has taken Naseby Hall for the season, and intends to divide his time between the Fernie and the Pytchley, so presumably H.R.H. has some things in his stable that can really jump, for I should say that these are the two stiffest countries in all England to cross. You certainly need a high class timber-merchant in the Fernie country to transport you over those

new ash rails, of which they are so fond, and with which the hunt (per Major Massey, most excellent of secretaries) provides the farmer to replace the wire.

Lord Beatty, who has a house in the Quorn country, "Brooksby," is also coming to High Leicestershire, and I hear he has taken Dingley, and there are some more deserters from the north also, so I believe. The new joint with Lt.-Col. Harold Wernher, is Captain Archie Edmonstone, formerly a 9th Lancer. He is a first-class man to go, and also keen on the hound side of things, so that the good work his predecessor, Lord Stalbridge, began, ought to be carried on.

Lord Stalbridge worked wonders in this kennel with those S. and W. Wilts hounds of his, which he brought on. They were badly needed, for there was not a great deal of much use in the kennel when he came, and it needed reinforcing badly. Caliph was one of his star turns as a stallion. As the reader may, or may not know, when Sir Dick Sutton handed over this part of the then Quorn territory to his son, Dick Minor, it was said that the reason was that he knew the fences would break him of his habit of pressing on hounds. Things have not altered a lot since then.

The New Belvoir Masters

THIS is the first season in which the Duke of Rutland's hounds have had a joint mastership, and some people have been speculating how it is going to work with Mr. C. F. Tonge, late Master and huntsman of the Newmarket and Thurlow, hunting hounds on the Lincolnshire side, and Mr. Peter Ackroyd as his joint. Tongue, the new professional huntsman, takes the Leicestershire side. Tongue comes from a plough country, Essex, a very different proposition to the Leicestershire grass, but I hear he knows all about it, and that not the least of his recommendations is that he is a man who understands that the best place to catch foxes is in the kennel. The greatest star in the field is of no use if he does not recognise that it is the work indoors which produces the best results out of doors.

I have not seen the Belvoir since that great hunt we had with them from Clawson Thorns on January 9th, 1926, because my duties (and my pleasure) have taken me all over England to so many other packs. That was during Captain Marshall Roberts' mastership, and Nimrod Capell was his huntsman. I hear that the new régime has done a good bit of topping and tailing, but this always happens at the commencement of any new reign. Nimrod has gone to the Holderness, and I wonder how he is going to like the entirely new surroundings, the plough and those uncompromising yawners they call "drains" up Yorkshire way. Mr. Peter Ackroyd is a brother-in-law of the Warwickshire Master, Major Norman Huttenbach, D.S.O., who has made a good success in that (to me) most fascinating region.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

The Conduct of Misconduct.

THE learned President of the Divorce Division is repeatedly questioning the quality of evidence of misconduct presented to him, refusing decrees if the evidence (especially of the "hotel" kind) appears to him fictitious or arranged. Naturally he is actuated by the worthiest of motives, but sometimes the worthiest of motives serve only the most worthless of purposes.

No one can be blind to the fact that there are "arranged" divorces. We hear of them in books and plays, at debates and dinner-tables.

But not merely as food for fun; rather as representing a serious feature of life in a world like the present. For apparently, it isn't generally speaking your frivolous and vicious kind that resorts to deception—that sort usually has no need or desire to bother about such methods. No, more often than not those who set out to cheat the law do so on earnest, "ethical" grounds.

Nowadays—happily or unhappily—Philosophic Thought out-distances the Law. There are moral doctrines in circulation whose length, breadth and depth are not compassed by Acts of Parliament. And so to subterfuge.

There is, for instance, the widespread creed that divorce should be obtainable for other reasons than adultery; for intemperance, insanity, even mere incompatibility. And there are situations where the "third party" is a young girl with conscientious scruples against going to the man until he be free. Or instances where an innocent husband is chivalrously willing to assume the burden of guilt to save the offending wife from the brunt of public exposure.

In all these cases the persons possessing such opinions, scruples or generous instincts consider that the worthiness of their reasons justifies them in resorting to the fiction of presenting their claims for divorce in the only guise that the law will recognise.

Where there's a Will.

They may or may not be justified. But the question is how far should the courts go to suppress the practice?

Now it has long been laid down that where it is proved in evidence that a man and woman have spent a night together in a bedroom "misconduct" will be assumed. So that if evidence of that kind is presented to a Judge surely he has no reason, on private suspicion, to repudiate the time-honoured assumption. So long as a hotel servant is a creditable witness the Judge should accept his or her word and duly act upon it.

Of course, if the evidence is patently unreliable, that is another thing. But what good is going to be served if too strict an insistence is made on the "quality" of misconduct evidence?

After all, if it merely comes to a matter of adequacy, a question of degree, then those who want to get round the law will merely see to it that the required degree or adequacy is in future forthcoming. The attitude of the courts will be taken to mean: "If you must deceive us, mind you deceive us well!" And Judges will have a little more of their time occupied in hearing evidence that covers several nights and several places.

(Being the Journal of a Budding K.C.)

By "WOOLSACK"

Which means that the well-to-do ethicist will have the advantage over the poor one. A rich man will be able to run across to Paris and put up a really first-class, watertight case (the very suggestion of a Parisian atmosphere should do the trick—although people can be as ethically blameless in Paris as in Wigan!); while a poor individual must pinch and scrape to secure evidence that should be good enough to pass the court.

The Other Alternative.

Of course, there is another way out for these pseudo-sinners. That is for them to go away and sin in earnest.

"We do not think you have sinned," in effect says the court, "Go thou and sin properly." A nice thing for the law to force citizens to commit adultery against their better inclinations!

But if the Legislature seriously wishes to assure that the spirit and not the letter of the law be obeyed, then it can pass an act providing that evidence of misconduct must be continuous.



"POLICEMANNEQUIN PARADE." ("I do not think that the uniform of police-women is generally admired by anyone" A witness before the Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure.)

of not less than six months duration, and with a known and cited co-respondent. Failing that it seems it were better for a Judge to accept the virtues of a moral code of which he may not approve, than demand the vices of a code of which he does.

Perverved Principles.

While on the topic of divorce, there was that case a week or so ago which brought to light another anomaly in the new Legitimacy Act. It was the first instance (at least of wide publicity) of the working of that wretched proviso whereby children born of parents, either of whom is married to some third person, are expressly excluded from the Act.

Really an unworthy provision this; contrary to the very spirit of the Act! Why, those people whom circumstances may have prevented from regularising their union are just the ones who most deserve these newly granted benefits!

As it is, a couple with nothing to prevent them from marrying, but who prefer to contract an illicit alliance, may (if they ever decide

to marry) legitimise the offspring of that alliance, while a couple who were debarred from marriage because of one of them being tied, say, to a lunatic, will be denied that saving grace.

Doesn't that rather sound like putting a premium on wantonness and irresponsibility? Or, at any rate, giving a preference to persons of such a class.

What makes the matter worse is that the provision in question is no mere accident of careless or inefficient drafting. It has been inserted in the Act consciously and intentionally. With malice aforethought, one might say!

If not malice, then a certain mean ungenerousness of mind. Certainly, it seems that the minds of those responsible for this amendment could not have been moved by any wide sense of charity or kindly graciousness. It is as though they said, plainly, "If we cannot throw out this Bill, whose principles we dislike, then we will alter it so that the principles are perverted." That, obviously, is the result.

The Law of Betting Slips.

Why is it that Statutes of latter years seem to be constructed with holes riddled in them large enough to drive the proverbial coach-and-horses through? Either the modern draftsman is inferior to his predecessors, or the personnel of Parliamentary Committees hasn't the same acumen as of yore.

The latest specimen of moth-bitten legislation apparently is that which purports to deal with the new regularised status of racing. Already, it seems, the Law of Betting slips!

First of all, the Racecourse Betting Control Board found itself faced with contradictory legal opinions as to the extent of its powers. Then comes the "Tote" Appeal case of the Stadium Club, the decision of which—unless it is taken to the Lords and upset there—gives one to think!

If the Stadium Club case stands what effect is it going to have on the Betting Tax?

If the Totalisator (or Pari-Mutuel) happens to become popular in this country—and it well may, with a large portion of the betting

public—and every club has a machine installed, and perhaps special clubs for its use be formed, then a large proportion of the hoped-for revenue from betting will be lost. The Tote, so to speak, will reduce the tax to a tiny tot!

Couldn't this have been foreseen? The intention of the Finance Act, 1926, was to tax "betting," not bookies. Money was to be abstracted primarily from persons who bet, and not essentially from the "commission agents" who assist them. True a live bookie may also be a "better," but what about the mechanical "commission agent" who isn't? And the Tote was in existence when the Act was framed.

Is Petticoat-Police Policy Proper?

Do we really need women-bobbies, however sweetly uniformed? They're needed for women delinquents, it's said. But the sort of female that gets drunk hardly merits soft consideration—and often requires a hard manly handling. While park morality doesn't seem to have improved since the advent of Roberta. Wouldn't police-matrons and court-missionaries suffice? An end to women-boobies!

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

THE REV. G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

"Woodbine Willie"

I AM a parson and I am going to write about religion. I feel, therefore, that I ought to begin with an apology.

If I were a journalist, a novelist, a dramatist, or a professor of physics I would, of course, be able to speak with authority, but as a parson I am more or less disqualified from the start. To begin with I am closely connected with what is called organised religion. That is a serious handicap. *Vox populi* which, if it is *Vox Dei*, is in these enlightened democratic days the only recognised authority upon what *Vox Dei* is or is not, has decided that organised religion is a failure. I might indeed plead, as an extenuating circumstance, that as a parson of the Church of England I stand, not for organised, but for completely disorganised, religion. Alas, I feel sure that my plea would not be accepted. Public opinion has decided that, if organised religion is a failure, disorganised religion is a scandal and a disgrace.

A Painfully Plain Parson.

At any rate I am not a Bishop. That would be the last straw. If I had attained to the Episcopate the most I could possibly hope for from the almighty man-in-the-street would be a kindly patronising smile. Between you and me—don't let it go any further—the reason why I am not a Bishop is that I am not good enough, don't know enough, and am far too big a fool like most other men. In spite of the fact that I am a parson, I am a plain man, painfully plain. I don't know anything about anything. I have always lived in cities. I am wholly sophisticated, and demi-semi-educated. I hope that these very real democratic qualifications may have some weight as against my collar, which indisputably buttons at the back.

As a painfully plain parson I can also plead that I have honestly endeavoured to find out what sort of religion would really suit and satisfy the average man and woman. I am bound to confess that my conclusions are bewildering. I find first of all that there is a very widespread demand for freedom, freedom of thought and of feeling. Religion must be natural, spontaneous, unfettered by authority, free from dogma and from set creeds. Dogma is to many equivalent to the devil. At the same time it is demanded that religion should be plain, simple, easy to grasp and comprehend. Now these two demands bowl me out completely.

Truth Without Trouble.

It seems that every one is to think for themselves, and arrive at the truth without the trouble of thinking. Truth without tears is required. Well, let us be clear about that to start with. The thing cannot be done. I remember a young American student who came to me and said that he wanted to be religious, but that he desired also to keep an absolutely open mind and think it all out for himself, taking nothing on trust.

My reply was severe, but because I said it kindly, salutary. I said: "My son, it is an excellent thing to think your religion out for yourself, given three conditions. One, that you have the necessary apparatus, a keen and cultivated brain. Two, that you can acquire the raw material, a sufficient knowledge of the facts. Three, that you have the patience, and you will need enormous patience, for it is a tremendous task you undertake. If, as I



ON THE NEED FOR A CHEAP RELIGION

suspect, you have none of these qualifications, my advice to you is to do as you are told." That may appear brutal, but it is the brutal truth.

Nine out of every ten of us are totally unqualified for thinking our religion out for ourselves. We must either take it very largely on trust, or do without. The assumption that underlies the popular demand for Truth without tears appears to be that religious Truth, the truth about God, and the universe, and the purpose of our human life is quite simple and obvious for any one to see. Unfortunately that is not the case.

Value of Dogma.

The universe is mysterious, tremendous, tragic, comic, beautiful, ugly, glorious, shameful, tender, cruel, sublime, ridiculous, awful and immense, and the Truth about it is all of that. It is anything but simple and obvious. If you try to think out God for yourself, casting aside as worthless all that the saints and sages have through tears and bloody sweat thought out concerning Him, you will probably arrive at a God as little as yourself, and you may be quite sure that that God will be a lie. The value of Dogma is that it sums up, and is the symbol of, a great religious tradition. It gathers round it all that millions of noble men and women who have striven, suffered, and passed on have thought and felt about God. Dogmas do not grow in a day, they are the result of the ages. Rightly regarded and properly used they are not fetters to, but necessary foundations of, our thought about God.

The Christian creed, for instance, bids us think out the meaning of our lives, and of the universe in which we live, in the light of the sublime tragedy and triumph of the greatest life that was ever lived on earth, and of all the wealth of human experience that has gathered round it. In saying that creed we are lifted out of our own narrow limited experience, and brought into contact with the great host of men and women who have sought and struggled towards the light. It thus fulfils

for us what is the first necessity of a true religion; it takes us out of our own littleness into the immensity of things. It does not provide you with Truth cut, dried, and ready-made, but it gives you a light by which to seek it.

Wanted—A Cheap Religion.

If in that light you proceed to do your own thinking about God, and life, and death, and what comes after, you may not arrive at the final truth—none of us ever do—but you will, at any rate, be saved from the hundred and one petty, vulgar, mean lies about life by which you are liable to be trapped and deceived if you have no star to guide you. You will not, for instance, suppose that God and the Universe exist to make you comfortable and prosperous. You will not imagine that times are changed and that men can now win the crown of life by carrying a cushion instead of bearing a cross. You will know for certain if you keep the tragedy and triumph of the Christ before you that there is no good cheap religion. And that is a great thing to know, for that is what I am reluctantly driven to believe the average man demands to-day, cheap religion.

He wants a religion which it pays to believe in, a nice, good-natured, comfortable God who gives much, asks for little, and does not interfere with golf. He must give him peace and not interfere with pleasures. He must keep him straight but not too straight when it is pleasant or profitable to go a little crooked. He must be a common-sense God who is a good conservative and upholds the British constitution. Above all, He must be a sportsman. O blessed word that more than charity covers a multitude of sins.

The One Great Rule.

The first and great commandment must be, "Play the game." What the game of life is, what goal we are meant to play for, and what rules we ought to play by, all the really great religious questions can be shelved and put on one side, so long as you play the game.

It sounds well, and means as much or as little as you like, and that is very satisfactory. Sporting cant is a refuge from the storm of thought and a very present help in trouble. Pleasant platitudes are a good substitute for the terrible counsels of perfection which Christ set up like rebel flags upon the ramparts of the world.

*A little more love, a little less creed,
A little more help, a little less greed.*

Could any thing be nicer? A little God, a little heaven, a little earth, for little men with little minds. You can have it if you want it, and you can have it cheap. But it is all lies, and if you have a soul at all, in time it will turn you sick. A real religion would shatter it to pieces. It would first force you down into the dust to realise your own nothingness in the presence of the wonder of the majesty of God, and then raise you from your knees the free-man of a universe as splendid and as awful as the silence of the stars.

Next week BRITANNIA'S
Pulpit will be occupied by
the Rev. Ernest J. Barson.

LEND ME YOUR EARS

THE SCHUBERT CENTENARY

THESE are two functions at the beginning of November, in which music always plays a prominent part; the Lord Mayor's Show and Armistice Day. I am writing without knowledge of what music will be played on these two days but, to judge from experiences of the past, native music will not play as important a part in them as should be the case. With regard to Lord Mayor's Day naturally it is not a matter of such great importance, for Lord Mayor's Day is not exactly a national function, and there are so many who refuse to regard it seriously, but look upon it rather as an opportunity for more or less witty gibes. All the same there is no reason why the music played by the many bands which accompany the procession should be French, Italian, Slavonic or Russian, or music drawn from Viennese light opera or from negroid sources.

Surely, of all music fitted for this particular day in the year and this particular city of London, it should not be necessary to look beyond Elgar's "Cockaigne." The march-like section is eminently suited to open-air performance. It is a curious thing, by the way, that no British composer has ever been inspired by the national game to write a Symphony Poem. If he had, what would have been more suitable as a tribute to our cricketing Lord Mayor?

With regard to Armistice Day the intrusion of foreign music is less excusable. This country is as rich as any other, if not the richest in the world, in music suitable for such devotional occasions. The very qualities of the race which perhaps make our secular music perhaps less beautiful than that of other countries tend to make our religious songs better and stronger. It is sincerely to be hoped that no one will ever renew the suggestion made some years ago that the most fitting musical celebration of Armistice Day is Brahms' Requiem. The works of Purcell alone would surely provide music enough to suit any moment of the Great Day.

Schubert Celebrations.

We are now within a week of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Schubert, and celebrations of the Centenary are going on in every part of the world. As I foretold they would be, they are disappointing in the sense that they are not helping us in the least to improve our acquaintance with the music of Schubert that is not too well-known, or to become acquainted with music which has been allowed to moulder on the shelf. The Royal Philharmonic Society's performance of one of the Masses is an honorable exception. Sir Henry Wood has played one of the less known Symphonies and Professor Bantock conducts one at Queen's Hall on the 23rd.

In connection with the Centenary, Messrs. Ernest Benn have issued Mr. Richard Capell's exhaustive study of Schubert's Songs. It is a work full of shrewd criticism illumined by graceful fancy with a background of solid knowledge. His study of the various poets who inspired Schubert is full of instruction. He points out

By A. Kalisch

in a way that is both new and true how and why Schubert was the first of the great composers—in a German speaking country at any rate—who really brought the best literature and the best music of the day into close touch. The detailed analyses of the principal songs, arranged more or less chronologically, will be of lasting value.

It is true Mr. Capell occasionally considers too curiously, and gives Schubert credit for deep thoughts and imaginings which were probably far from his mind in his moments of rapture. Mr. Capell gives due weight to Schubert's amazing fertility and versatility, which has never been equalled, and perhaps never will be equalled, and he never fails to be mindful of the fact that Schubert, in his songs at any rate, was a son of the people, almost a peasant nature. He deals carefully and acutely

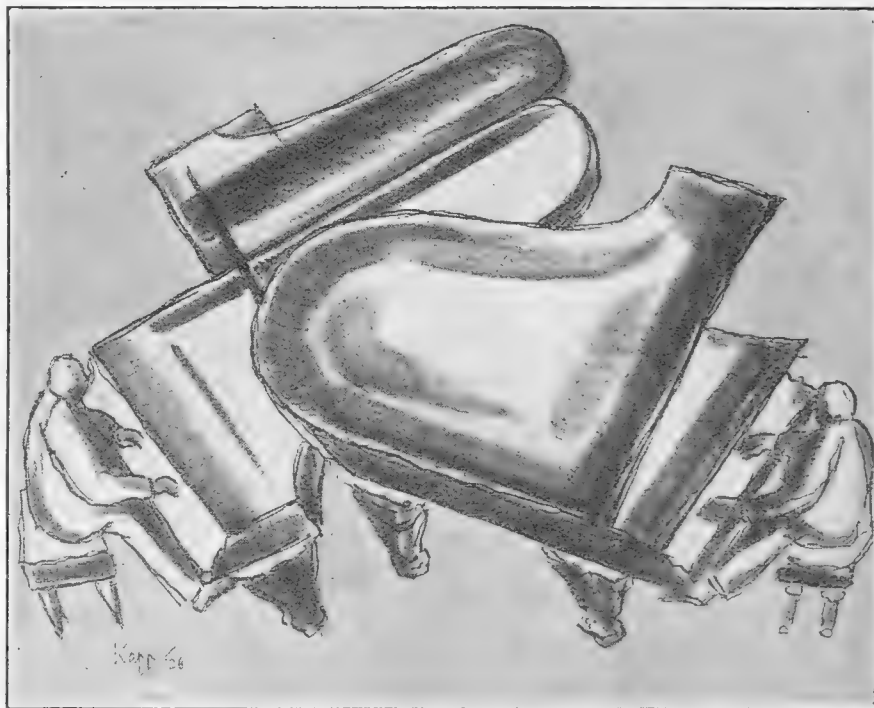
is, for this year of grace, unusually melodious. It is, perhaps, not quite fair to say that Grieg, Sibelius and Strauss figure largely in its pedigree. Its relation to them is rather more accurately described when we say that they are its godfathers. Atterburg is a Swedish musician in the forties, who has studied in Germany and has written several symphonies. Its first performance in England was announced for last night by the Hallé Orchestra in Manchester.

Schubert Records.

It goes without saying that the number of Schubert records issued in the last few months is almost infinite. His Master's Voice has paid a worthy tribute to the memory of Schubert by issuing the complete record of the "Müllerlieder" cycle, sung by Mr. Hans Duhan, the well-known Viennese singer, which are as good as any which have been published. He makes

splendid use of a somewhat light baritone, and his renderings are on a high level both intellectually and vocally. Leo Slezak has also made records of "Der Neugierige" and some other songs, and Madame Elena Gerhardt has also sung several numbers of "Die Winterreise," accompanied by Coenraad van Bos.

Hermann Finck's diverting arrangement of Schubertian scraps which he calls "Schubertiana," has also been very well recorded by the Columbia Company. He has conducted a very lively performance, and it will afford a good many people a certain amusement in trying to identify the less known melodies he has included, whereas, of course, everyone will recognise the Unfinished Symphony, the Serenade, and bits of Rosamunde.



Two Pianos, by Kapp.

with the various subjects which at various times fascinated Schubert, and his remarks on the fact that Schubert but rarely deals with higher patriotism or martial emotions—and that he is less successful when he does—are valuable. What he has to say about the right way of interpreting Schubert and the proper relations between the pianist and the singer is well worth pondering. To sum up: a very good book. But how many singers have a mind as subtle as his?

Record of Prize Symphony.

The Columbia Company has issued a record of the Symphony of Kurt Atterburg, which has won the first prize in the competition organised by that company in connection with the Schubert Centenary. It is played by the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. The work is in three movements, of which the first is vigorous and dramatic; the second is a somewhat gloomy slow movement which at first hearing is a little repellent, but gains very much on further acquaintance. The Finale has tremendous rhythmic vigour, and at first hearing makes the strongest appeal. Taken as a whole, the work

Symphony Concerts.

To-night, two days after the last concert of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Hamilton Harty will conduct the Hallé Orchestra at the third of the B.B.C. Concerts. This will give us a good opportunity of comparing the two orchestras. It is not without interest to recall that last year Manchester was very chary of admitting that they had much to learn from the German players. It is a pity that London has no good grounds for taking up the same attitude.

I am reminded in this connection of an after-dinner speech I once heard from a very eminent literary man, who said that the difference between music and the other arts was that when it had once been heard the sound floats away on the stream of time and is forgotten and cannot be recalled, which strikes me as perhaps the silliest thing a distinguished orator has ever said. If it were true, how could anyone have any kind of standard with regard to music? This, however, is by the way.

The programme of the concert to-night consists of three Symphonies, and these three-Symphony programmes generally draw the largest audiences of the season at Manchester.

THE WEEK ARTISTIC

PAUL NASH, whose paintings are now on view at the Leicester Galleries, is a leading artist of the modern English school. He is a painter of symphonic landscapes in delicate colours, a John Sell Cotman of to-day. There are collectors who have not yet bought any of his pictures; but there is no collector who, having bought one, has not bought, or does not want to buy, another.

The War Generation.

Paul Nash belongs to the generation of English artists who were about twenty-five when the war broke out, and who had just begun to attract the attention of critics and collectors when they closed their studios and went into the army. Of that generation he is now, at the age of thirty-nine, an outstanding figure; and if there is any painter under forty in this country who is a great artist he is assuredly the man.

Why?

Each generation of thinking mortals, anywhere, at any time, has a group-outlook on life which is different from the group-outlook of its fathers, and which is destined to be different from the group-outlook of its sons. That group-outlook includes an attitude to art which is shared by thousands of people who are not artists, but who look to artists to express and develop it. The artists who can do this are never numerous. The country that can produce six in any generation has done very well indeed. England to-day can, I think, produce the half dozen; and of these Paul Nash, in my judgment, though not the most flamboyant, is the best.

Exquisite Architecture.

The group attitude to art of Paul Nash's generation in England can be summed up in the classical creed "Architecture is the Mother of the Arts." His pictures are exquisite architecture. They interpret the architecture of still-life and landscape, and most frequently of landscape in autumn and winter when nature sheds her frills and flounces and bares her opal-tinted limbs while shivering mortals shake the camphor from their furs.

Paul Nash lives in the country, miles from a telephone. He uses his eyes at all times and seasons. But he does not use his eyes alone. He uses his mind also. He does not look and copy. He looks and tries to understand. The wood and tangled undergrowth that to the plain man is without plan or coherence, Paul Nash perceives as a synthesis of mutually related forms, colours and recessions. From a mantelpiece with looking-glass above that in our eyes seems drab and commonplace he extracts the architectural dignities of a Greek temple. In a garish landing-stage for pleasure steamers he sees an arabesque that has the delicacy and ingenuity of an Arabian vault. In a pond at the end of a meadow with a dome of trees above it he sees the symmetry and grace of the Taj Mahal.

Pictures Not Kangaroos.

A picture is not a natural object like a flower, or a tree, or a kangaroo. It is an artificial



Oxenbridge Pond, by Paul Nash.

PAUL NASH

Painter of Symphonic Landscapes

By R. H. WILENSKI

product of the mind of man. An imitation in oil paint of the appearance of one or more natural objects in some effect of light is not a picture. It bears the same relation to a picture that playing scales bears to composing a sonata. A pianola can play scales better than any mortal; a photograph can make better imitations of natural objects in some effect of light and shade. But a pianola cannot compose a sonata nor a camera create the pictures of Paul Nash.

For Samlesbury Hall.

Interpretation in place of imitation is also to some extent the distinguishing feature of Sir Charles Holmes's pictures of Lancashire landscapes and industrial buildings for Samlesbury Hall, which are now on view at Colnaghi's Galleries. Sir Charles, who retires this year from the directorship of the National Gallery, is twenty years older than Paul Nash. He belongs to the generation of Wilson Steer and Sickert, but he did not start to paint; if I remember rightly, till some twenty years ago; and he based his art on the combined study of the landscape paintings of the old masters and of the group-attitude to art of thinking men about that date. For this reason his water-colour drawings always stand out as live creations in the mixed exhibitions where he

shows them; and his oil paintings, particularly of industrial buildings, are characteristic of the age.

The pictures which he has recently produced for Samlesbury Hall all depict scenes in the region between Blackburn and Preston. He has accepted the rose-red chimney stacks and yellow sandstone mill "lodges" and weaving sheds as material for decoration, and at the same time he has felt that to record their disposition is to record an architectural aspect of English landscape that is destined soon to disappear. For, as in this age of electricity tall chimneys are no longer built, and those that stand will soon be felled, the appearance of Lancashire industrial landscape will be entirely different within fifty or perhaps even within twenty years.

Lifeless Arts and Crafts.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the Royal Academy is gloomy and lifeless, because the Arts and Crafts Society is the champion of a lost cause—the cause of handicraft. We live at a time when machines are capable of producing work of extreme delicacy; and the intelligent artist-craftsman should not make things by hand but design things to be made by machines. An Arts and Crafts

show that would be living to-day would contain nothing but scale drawings and designs. But for that, of course, the artist-craftsman would require a great many more ideas. The new ideas in the present exhibition at Burlington House could be set down in six or a dozen drawings each of twelve inches square; but the exhibits based on them, and on some twenty or thirty old ones, fill four large galleries at Burlington House.

We need, and need badly, the designs of artist-craftsmen for the objects of daily use. We need men with the inventive powers of Chippendale, who designed hundreds more chairs, tables, and beds than were ever carried out. But we do not need hand-made bric-à-brac which belongs to a past era and which incidentally is also quite preposterously dear.

The Arts and Crafts Society's obsession with handicraft is, moreover, unfortunate because it encourages manufacturers to regard the artist-craftsman as an amateurish and unpractical footler. Whereas in point of fact the few designers with ideas at this exhibition would be valuable assets to manufacturers in their several fields. Staite Murray should be a highly paid designer-manager in a great pottery. David Evans is worth £2,000 a year to any firm making garden ornaments, and if the firm put down a few thousand pounds in advertising him as their monopoly he would be worth to them half as much again.

Paul Nash himself—who is a brilliant designer of textiles—or Miss Phyllis Barron or Miss Enid Marks—would convert a textile factory that was languishing for lack of designers into a concern with a reputation for ideas. But, of course, everything made from their designs would have to be sold as such. For designers of consequence have not been content to remain anonymous since the dawn of the Italian Renaissance five hundred years ago.

The Causation of Cancer.

DESPITE persistent work in hospitals and laboratories all over the world, the cause of cancer remains as yet undiscovered. It is not even known if cancer has one or many causes; if, that is to say, eventually one agent or factor will be found to underlie every case of cancer, just as infection with the tubercle bacillus underlies every case of tuberculosis, or if different causes will be found to operate in the production of different cancers. But, in the course of research aimed at solving this problem, much information has been accumulated about the nature of cancerous growths, and about some of the agents and conditions that are favourable and about some that are unfavourable to their development. It is now known, for example, that cancer, at its beginning, is a local disease which, at this stage, can be treated effectively by surgical or other locally applied remedies. But it does not remain local and the public should realise that though every cancer passes through a curable stage this stage may not last long. It is also known that certain chemical and physical agents, such as tar, shale oil, arsenic, and soft X-rays, may by their irritant action on the tissues of the body predispose them to become cancerous, and that the removal or control of such irritants in certain industries serves to diminish the liability to cancer of the workers engaged in them. Finally, it is known that certain agents, notably radium, destroy malignant growths and are likely therefore to be increasingly used for this purpose in the near future.

Radium and Cancer.

IN 1911, when the Radium Institute was founded in London, the application of radium to the treatment of cancer was in its earliest experimental stage. At that time very few people had any practical knowledge of the treatment, and many of those who tried it were animated not so much by a hope that it might do good as by a disposition to try almost any expedient that would not do positive harm. Since then seventeen years have passed, seventeen years of observation and research, trial and error, disappointment and achievement; and to-day radium is justly regarded as one of the most important agents at our disposal for the treatment and cure of cancer.

Sceptical Doctors.

A COMPARISON of the type of case sent to the Radium Institute a few years ago with those sent to-day affords most striking evidence of the changed attitude towards radium treatment. At first the bulk of doctors were sceptics, and quite rightly. They hesitated to adopt a new treatment of unproved value when there was actually available a treatment—namely, surgical operation—with an increasing percentage of cures to its credit. They sent to the Radium Institute only the most advanced cases—the cases, that is, which were beyond the surgeon's art. Advising resort to radium was little more than a forlorn hope; it meant that all the usual resources of medicine and surgery were exhausted and nothing but this new and mysterious agent gave even a shadow of hope.

Unexpectedly, however, radium began to pile up quite a heap of successes. Even in the apparently hopeless cases it often checked the disease and ameliorated its symptoms; occasionally it caused the cancerous growth completely to disappear. Under the influence of these experiences a tendency began to show itself to submit cases at earlier and earlier stages

YOUR HEALTH



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of the disease to radium treatment, even at stages when surgery could still hope to be effective. Mistakes were undoubtedly made, and radium was sometimes prescribed in cases better left to surgery. But the possibilities and limitations of any new treatment can ultimately be determined only by experiment and observation; and experiment and observation have been more than justified by the achievements of radium therapy in the past few years.

What Radium Can Do.

TO-DAY we know that in certain favourably situated cancers, especially of the womb, mouth, throat, breast, and skin, irradiation is so effective in causing removal of the malignant growth that it seems likely to replace surgery as the treatment of choice. Even when operation is advisable there are circumstances in which irradiation before and after the event is beneficial; in which, indeed, it may enable the surgeon to achieve success with a smaller operation than would have been necessary without its aid. Again, in cases too far advanced to be operable radium can be successfully employed as a palliative. And, finally, it has the incalculable advantage that patients do not fear it as they do the knife, and are therefore likely in future to seek advice at an earlier stage of their malady than they do at present.

Operation may, even though all goes well, keep a patient in bed for two months; irradiation, which is safe and practically painless, keeps him from his work for about a fortnight. These considerations naturally weigh very much with patients, and further encroachments of irradiation on surgery are to be welcomed if only on the ground that they present a less dreaded treatment and therefore encourage the earlier seeking of competent advice.

Not a Panacea.

ON the other hand, radium is not a panacea. The tissues of the body and of tumour growths vary considerably in their response to irradiation. Some malignant growths are so sensitive that they can be destroyed by doses of radium which leave the neighbouring healthy tissues unaffected. Others, more radio-resistant, can be treated only at the risk of destroying surrounding tissues as well as the tumour; and a few forms of cancer are scarcely affected at all. The present position of radium therapy is therefore as follows: radium skilfully applied, and to the appropriate cases, obtains results that a few years ago were entirely beyond the reach of any known method of treatment. The range of its applicability, moreover, is extending, and extending rapidly. But to pretend, as a certain writer in the Press did recently, that irradiation is at the present time the treatment of election of all forms of cancer is a cruel and wicked deception of the public.

The Radium Shortage.

THE problem to-day is to get enough radium for our growing needs. The fact has to be faced that, quite apart from the scarcity of radium in nature, an artificial scarcity has been created by the fact that the world trade in this substance is virtually a monopoly. M. and Mme. Curie discovered and isolated radium in 1898. Their work was naturally repeated in a number of laboratories, which then proceeded to isolate radium on a small scale at about £2,000 a gramme. That was when a number of sources of supply were available. Now there is only one effective radium ore-field, controlled by a Belgian company operating in the Congo, and to-day the price for a gramme of radium stands at £12,000. It is a little unusual for large scale methods to result in increased cost of production; so perhaps the cause of this curious discrepancy in price must be sought elsewhere. In any case a situation has arisen in which it has become imperative to explore every possible source of radium, with a view to ending the existing monopoly and ensuring a cheaper product.

Every year the Radium Institute has to turn away thousands of suitable cases through lack of the requisite amount of radium for their treatment. Radium, fortunately, can be used again and again, that is, in a long series of cases, without losing its special qualities; it disintegrates so slowly that even after 1,600 years it still retains half its effectiveness. But at present prices radium costing about £1,500 is tied up every time a single case of breast cancer is treated. For a few days, it may be even longer, that amount of radium is available for no other purpose. With radium at pre-war price six cases could be treated at exactly the same outlay.

A Suggested Remedy.

WHAT are we to do in face of the increasing demand for radium not only in this country, but throughout the world? The financial resources of the hospitals are clearly inadequate; and even although the increasing demand should compel the Congo ore-fields to produce radium on a larger scale, there is no guarantee that the price will fall; indeed, judging from the past, the price may rise. Mass production (in the Congo) is very bad for radium and for those who need it.

At this moment a Government Committee is enquiring into possible deposits of radium in England and the British Empire. There is reason to believe that a quest for new deposits will be fruitful; though whether in a degree sufficient to break the existing monopoly is still doubtful. One thing is certain: if the best use is to be made of radium its distribution for purposes of treatment must be limited to those who can best use it. Radium therapy is a highly technical process and should be under the control only of those who have learned to employ it. Special radium centres, as at hospitals or institutes, and each staffed by the appropriate experts—surgeon, physicist, radiologist, pathologist, etc.—would seem to be necessary to secure the most economic use of the present limited supply. Such centres would doubtless do the bulk of the work themselves, but, in addition, they would, each in its own area, grant or lend radium to practitioners competent to use it. To arrange and organise such centres would not be difficult. To bring them into effective action, however, is another matter, for, at the moment, the factor essential to meet the situation is wanting. In a word, there is not enough radium to go round.

THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE

By

SIR CHARLES CHEERS WAKEFIELD, Bt.,
C.B.E., LL.D.

LIFE becomes ever more complicated. The luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next. There was a time when our food and our clothing were home grown and made. The housewife was a Jane of all trades!

Now we have arrived at a point where, in any English household, there is scarcely a part of the globe or a type of modern machine production which has not contributed to its sustenance and comfort. For good or ill, the old conception of home as a sort of domestic stronghold, factory and workshop in one is rapidly going. The Englishman's home is no longer his castle; it might be described as his base. Letters will find him there, but most of the time he is elsewhere, feeding himself or taking his pleasure in the twentieth century manner.

Similarly, when the Englishman surveys the world his thoughts do not flow in quite the simple and guileless way that sufficed two or three generations ago.

It is instructive to study our attitude towards our overseas partners in times gone by. At the height of the dominance of the Manchester school of political thought, in the middle of last century, the eventual separation of the self-governing Colonies from the Motherland appears to have been an idea accepted with equanimity! To-day, we do realise in a vague way that the question of our relationship with the now adult nations overseas should be paramount in the national councils.

An Imperial Brotherhood.

THE problems affecting the welfare of the British Empire are no doubt practical, but in a sense they are largely psychological. Their solution, that is, depends in some measure upon the degree of "awareness" of the Empire, its achievements and possibilities, which can be induced amongst its citizens. We have amongst us to-day a network of propaganda, educational and news-providing agencies, but the ignorance of our people upon Imperial matters is even now far from dispelled. It needed no less a calamity than the Great War to arouse in us a sense of Imperial unity.

When the history of our times comes to be recorded in its true perspective, the judgment of the wise men of the future may well be that the most lasting benefit to the British people from that tragic struggle was that their consciousness of a world-wide brotherhood under the Union Jack for the first time became clear and universal.

The geographical position of Great Britain and her natural preoccupation with European problems made it easy, formerly, for those of her people interested in world politics to become European rather than Imperial in their outlook. This limited vision was only partially affected by the "little wars" which marked the concluding decades of last century. The South African War marked the beginning of a better understanding of the fellowship of Empire. The generous loyalty of our brethren overseas was then so splendidly demonstrated. Even

in that case, however, the reactions nearer home gave our policy a strong European bias and to some extent obscured the significance of the voluntary co-operation of the other Dominions in the prosecution of the war.

With the coming of the twentieth century, Chamberlain, Kipling, and Rhodes—among others—began to draw our vision towards wider horizons, and a growing consciousness of the greatness of the British Empire as a commonwealth of free nations blazed into patriotic fervour in the crisis of 1914.

War Memories Not Enough.

THIS week we celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Armistice. In remembering with mingled pride and sorrow the heroism and self-sacrifices of our gallant dead we shall renew our grateful recollection of the magnificent comradeship of the Imperial forces drawn from every portion of the Empire by no other motive than the desire to share with us the fight for freedom.

War memories, however, must in the nature of all things human gradually recede until, at last, a generation arises for which the great struggle is a matter of history rather than of poignant experience. War memories, therefore, although they renew our faith in the underlying soundness of the men of our race, are not the sole or the best foundation for the progress of the British Empire in a world which, in time of peace, is perhaps more complex than when at war. We must realise in the peaceful daily life of Great Britain and the overseas Dominions the full potentiality of ties the firmness of which was so dramatically made manifest in the years 1914 to 1918.

Buy Imperially.

THE two main agencies which make for Imperial unity are trade within the Empire and the conscious cultivation of what may be termed Imperial self-respect—the psychological element in the problem.

As to the former, the post-war decade which is now nearing its close has seen remarkable developments. Great progress has been made in the volume of actual goods exchanged between Great Britain and the Dominions. Moreover, the splendidly enlightened work of the Empire Marketing Board during the past year gives promise of great things in the near future. The Board's exhibits were the outstanding feature of the recently held Canadian National Exhibition, for its activities are carried on throughout the Empire.

An appeal is being made to the popular imagination, and the success which has already been achieved in increasing the demand for Empire goods proves that publicity of this kind has enormous practical value. The innumerable products of the Empire, natural and manufactured, are increasingly familiar objects in our shops and in the domestic larder. We are realising to-day that trade does not merely follow the Flag; it is the Flag.



Active and progressive trade expresses and ratifies the affection which exists between kindred peoples separated by thousands of miles of ocean and desert. That affection, in fact, cannot be better expressed in any other material way under the normal conditions of peace between nations. To foster inter-Imperial trade is the modern form of Empire-building.

And now as to the psychological aspect of the problem. We need to pay more attention to the creation of a proper pride in Imperial achievement. As all who have travelled must know, in formal observance of Empire Day and other anniversaries, the Overseas Dominions far surpass the Motherland. That is not in itself surprising, and; fortunately, the younger generation at home is being taught to take more interest in Imperial affairs, which promises well for the future. Nevertheless, there is every reason why we in England should year by year show by a truly national celebration our pride in the British Empire. Why should not Empire Day be a universal holiday throughout the Empire?

"Tell the World."

APART, however, from loyal observances, Great Britain could give a much clearer lead to the rest of the Empire, and to the world, if only more capital were made of our achievements in every department of life. We lack the showman's genius, and in a way that is a very good thing; but our modesty is overdone and must be overcome if we are to express and embody the ideals of a united Empire.

An example of our lack of imagination which has had most serious consequences, I believe, is in regard to aviation. Without in any way deeming the achievements of other nations, we are entitled to point out that as far back as 1919 British pilots had crossed the Atlantic in both types of machine. There was a fever of practical enthusiasm for British aviation just about then which we have somehow failed to develop to full advantage.

We seem in danger of forgetting the wonderful work of Alcock, Hawker, Ross Smith; and in recent times it has happened that service pilots have returned from truly remarkable flying tours and have crept back home almost without recognition. Such men should be honoured, not merely or primarily for their own sake but because in that way only can faith and enthusiasm be crystallised and practical progress made possible.

We must, to an extent, be prepared to "tell the world." "A great empire and little minds go ill together," and the greatest gifts of imaginative genius and vital energy can worthily be employed to promote the welfare of the Empire and its constituent nations.

Books of the Week

Legends of War and Peace: By Douglas Jerrold

The Reign of the House of Rothschild. Count Corti. (Gollancz. 25s. net.)

The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. Vols. III and IV. (Benn. £2 2s. the set.)

Versailles. Karl F. Novak. (Gollancz. 15s. net.)

THE legend of the omnipotence of rich bankers flourishes in the congenial soil of plutocracy and the legend of the power of politicians in the equally congenial soil of a professional bourgeoisie. The legend of the impotence of every one who is neither rich nor *homme de bureau* is peculiar to the intelligentsia who have so brilliantly identified an eight-hour day with blind fate, marriage with penal servitude and duty with the slave mentality.

Count Corti, I suspect, saw through the legend of the Rothschilds before he had finished his book, which forms a record of conscientious opportunism perhaps unequalled. Through the history of the Rothschild family in the heyday of their power from 1830 to 1870 runs only one consistent thought—the price of *rentes*.

The rest is a voluble desire to put the most variegated complexion on a series of perfectly straightforward transactions. The desire for peace, for instance, is an ever recurrent topic, but there is no evidence that any Rothschild ever refused to finance a war. Why, indeed, should they?

The central figure of the book is James Rothschild, head of the Paris house. "*Rentes* stood at 59.25," he wrote on the 14th of February, 1831. "... I am satisfied. *Rentes* have fallen a lot to-day," he wrote a day or so later. "My dear brother" (a day after this), "I am sending a courier because *rentes* have risen." Again, on the 13th of March, "prices are, thank God, beginning to rise, and we closed at 53.70." But on the 9th of April he was "sorry to see *rentes* rising so much." By June things were better: "I am very pleased. ..."

James writes: "*Rentes* opened at 60.70." A little later things were less comfortable. "*Rentes* are rising and falling," but "the Almighty will turn everything to good purpose." By August, however, the Almighty had failed to show his hand sufficiently clearly: "I haven't quite got the courage and I don't want to run any risks or I would buy. ..."

The interesting feature of Count Corti's book is its frankness. Revolutions, wars and dynastic changes left the Rothschild family obsequiously unmoved. In the interests of peace, the idealist bankers supported the iniquitous King of

Naples, the brilliance of the second empire, the sober inefficiency of the third republic. The Rothschilds fulfilled their obligations scrupulously but neither reigned over nor very substantially influenced the politics of Europe. The makers of the nineteenth century in Europe were Cavour, Napoleon III and Bismarck. None of these men were ever deflected by a hair's breadth from his course by any banker, however eminent.

To turn to Colonel House's always voluble reminiscences is to dispel another legend. Colonel House was the man to whom, in the troubled years from 1914 to 1918, statesmen repeated the confidences that they wished him to repeat.

When he had all the cards, as during the last year of the war when the Allies depended on America for men, money and munitions, he played them well.

At the peace conference, the Colonel had no cards, for America could either sign the peace or not. She could not renew the war. And the gallant Colonel went on with the same optimism making formulas and urging concessions and never quite understanding why the tongue which was so magical in 1918 was quite ineffective a year later.

He made a host of friends. But he did not make the peace. The only interesting revelation is the Wilsonian threat of a competitive naval programme if the British did not unconditionally surrender the right of blockade. The British refused and the threat of the great apostle of freedom has been fulfilled.

Dr. Novak in his look "Versailles," naturally sees the peace treaties in a less complacent light. Here again the interest flags because the ultimate causes are neglected. There are also several errors of fact. Marshal Foch did not press for the continuance of the war, and Mr. Winston Churchill was not sent to Paris (when Mr. Lloyd George was in England) to breathe fire and slaughter but to discuss technical points. The causes of the peace were not the weakness of this or that politician but the history and character of peoples. Wrongs had been done and they had aroused passions.

The explanation is unromantically simple. It happens to be true—of all nations. What Dr. Novak forgets is that the ultimate condemnation of any policy is the vengeance it excites.

It is a doctrine which condemns Kaiserism and Czarism alike. We trust it may never be called on to condemn the new and more enlightened democracies either of Europe or America. But for their leaders the lesson is writ clear. Once you have antagonised a nation you cannot control it with words. Bismarck, not Wilson, made the Peace of Versailles.

This Week's Best Books

Novels: Highbrow.

Ten Years Ago. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net. To be reviewed.

Gallantry. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

Trench. By BRUNO FRANK. Knopf. 7s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.

Novels: Middlebrow.

Show Girl. By J. P. McEVROY. Brentanos. 7s. 6d. To be reviewed.

The Pulse of Darkness. By EDWARD NOBLE. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

The Triumphant Prodigal. By WYNDHAM MARTYN. Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.

Maidens Three. By CURTIS YORKE. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

Pin Dust. By MARGERY MAITLAND DAVIDSON. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. To be reviewed.

Biography, History, Reminiscences.

Townshend of Chitral and Kut. By ERROLL SHERSON. Heinemann. 20s. net. To be reviewed.

The Petty-Southwell Correspondence. Edited by the MARQUESS OF LANDSDOWNE. Constable. 24s. To be reviewed.

The Pillow Book of Sei Shonagon. Translated by ARTHUR WALEY. Allen and Unwin. To be reviewed.

An Elizabethan Journal. By G. B. HARRISON. Constable. 31s. 6d. To be reviewed.

Personal Experiences of Religious Fanaticism. Edited by RAY STRACHEY. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d. net. Mrs. Strachey, whose powerful novel, "Shaken by the Wind," will be remembered, has edited a selection of extracts from her grandmother's diary giving actual incidents of the excesses of fanaticism in various sects.

It's Smec. By GEORGE SHELTON. Benn. 5s. net. Entertaining reminiscences by George Shelton, who has been called "the one and only Smec."

The Collected Papers of Paul Vinogradoff. Edited, with a memoir, by LADY VINOGRADOFF. Oxford Press. 42s. net. Corrects a number of fugitive papers by the great authority on mediæval law, economics and institutions.

Essays, etc.

Selected Essays and Addresses. By the late VISCOUNT OF CLOAN. John Murray. 6s. net. To be reviewed.

Portage, Wisconsin and Other Essays. By ZONA GALE. Knopf. 7s. 6d. Miss Gale, a well-known American writer, here presents an extraordinary vivid collection of "small town" life sketches.

Politics.

Conservatism and Peace. By the RT. HON. LORD CECIL OF SELWOOD. Philip Allan. 12s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.

Representative Forms of Government and "Indirect Rule" in British Africa. By the RT. HON. LORD LUGARD, G.C.M.G. Blackwood. 5s. net.

Science.

Creation by Evolution. A consensus of present day knowledge as set forth by leading authorities in non-technical language. Edited by FRANCES MASON. Macmillan. 21s. net.

Travel.

Unfathomed Japan. A Travel tale in the Highways and Byways of Formosa. By HAROLD and ALICE FOGHT. Illustrated. Macmillan. 21s. net.

Angolan Sketches. By G. A. BARNES. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

Poetry.

Ballads and Poems. By ALFRED NOYES. Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net. To be reviewed.

Travelling Standing Still. By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. Knopf. 10s. 6d. net.

Music.

A Miniature History of Music. By PERCY A. SCHOLLES. Oxford University Press 1s. paper and 1s. 6d. cloth. Mr. Scholles's vigorous style is well known and the present booklet, which covers the history of music from Bartok to Stravinsky, can be warmly recommended.

Schubert's Songs. By RICHARD CABELL. Benn. 15s. net.

Illustrated Books.

Bright Young Things. By LEWIS BAUMER. Methuen.

In Red and Black. By BERT THOMAS, with an introduction by EDGAR WALLACE. Methuen.

Children's Books.

Nora is Five. By LADY BELL. Benn. 1s. net. A verse and music calendar.

Sea Magic. By C. W. BEAUMONT. Illustrated by Wyndham Payne. John Lane. 7s. 6d.

A Garland of Roses. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Illustrated by René Bull. Methuen.

Annabelle Epps: Her Book. By EILEEN DE MANCHA and H. O. G. STEVENS. Illustrated by Denis Cowles. Cassell.

RADIO REFLECTIONS

FRAME AERIAL CHARACTERISTICS

RADIO has been much in the public eye recently, and a good many listeners may have been horrified to learn that the source of their enjoyment—broadcasting—may have caused hindrance to the answer to an S.O.S. appeal from a distressed vessel.

It is claimed, and rightly I think, that if a ship's transmitting gear is in order and the tuning is reasonably accurate there is ample separation between the shipping wave-lengths and those of the broadcast bands for any possible interference to be avoided.

Even the average broadcast receiver should be sufficiently sharply tuned easily to differentiate between such signals—though, as a matter of fact, many of them are not. But receivers designed especially for working on the shipping band, situated on other ships and on shore stations, should undoubtedly be free from any drowning tendency from broadcast transmissions.

The trouble, if trouble there is, is more likely due to flatly tuned, antiquated ship's transmitters. Those of us who have the misfortune, from the radio point of view, to live on the coast know the reverse difficulty with which we have to contend—that of eliminating irritating morse signals which appear to be scarcely tuned at all, so wide is the band over which the interference is felt.

In course of time no doubt all spark ships' transmitters will be replaced by modern apparatus with which both transmission and reception is sufficiently sharply tuned to be practical, but until such time I am afraid there is little for us to do but grin and bear the interference.

In some cases the directional properties of a frame aerial may be made use of to eliminate a particularly harassing signal, but it depends on the compass bearings of the situation and the relative positions of the wanted and unwanted transmitters.

Frame Aerial Characteristics.

In spite of the considerable extent to which the use of the frame aerial has grown, with the development, first, of the supersonic heterodyne type of set, and later with that of the multi-stage screen grid high frequency amplifier, there are still many users of radio sets who are not at all clear on the properties of a frame—or, for that matter, of an open, outdoor aerial. In regard to the latter I am repeatedly asked by various correspondents whether the ordinary aerial has any directional properties at all, and, if so, which is the best method of erecting it in relation to a particular station.

Theoretically, there is a slight advantage in permitting the open end of the aerial to point towards the broadcasting station, but in practice the advantage is scarcely measurable. In any case, the cheapest of modern sets has a range covering quite a number of different stations, and as all of them cannot lie along a straight line produced from the line of the aerial, the advantage, if any, would be nullified.

With a frame, however, conditions are different, but it is not generally realised that the directional properties of a frame aerial are most critical and advantageous when applied to elimination rather than to reception. The aerial may be rotated through quite a considerable arc without materially affecting signal strength from a powerful, nearby station, but there is a definite point at which signal strength is at a minimum. The signals may even be eliminated altogether, but it will be found that the slightest

By **ROBERT W. BEARE**

movement of the aerial on either side of that extremely critical point brings them back again, and very little further turning of the aerial allows them to build up almost to full strength again.

A common misconception in regard to the use of frames is that they have a useful turning angle of 180 degrees. Since, however, it matters little which side of the aerial is pointing towards the station to be received, the practical angle of movement is obviously only 90 degrees.

I should seriously advise anyone who is troubled with interference to experiment with a frame aerial. It is easily made, a 2 ft. square carrying twelve turns of wire, each turn spaced from the next by $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. sufficing. The two



The "De Luxe" Portable Halcyon Cabinet Model.

ends of the frame winding are connected to those points which normally carry the aerial tuning coil connections, this coil, of course, being removed from its socket. A frame aerial is by no means a cure for every radio ill, but it is certainly very effective with many forms of interference.

Radio Train Control.

Another matter of public interest in which radio has been mentioned as possibly affording a solution of present troubles is the railway signalling system. We who have followed the

possibility that its adoption is being seriously considered in belated connection with the alarming series of railway disasters which have recently taken place.

H. T. Eliminators.

"Which is the best form of high tension battery eliminator to buy?" How I wish I could answer that apparently simple query, which is oft repeated in my daily post! There are three kinds, as a matter of fact, each of which has its own advantages—and adherents. The amazingly rapid growth in the popularity of eliminators embodying the Westinghouse metal rectifying device focuses attention upon its no-trouble characteristics. There are no moving parts, nothing to wear out, and nothing to attend to, and I can say from experience that the arrangement is thoroughly practical, either for H.T. eliminations or for battery charging purposes. The rectifier is, I believe, guaranteed for twelve months, so that even though the average user has not yet had time to discover for himself whether the claims as to durability are justified, he is safe financially. But my experience is that the claims are justified.

Then there is the liquid rectifier, from which also I have had long and perfectly satisfactory service. Against the advantage of relative cheapness and simplicity there is the trifling offsetting disadvantage that the cells of the electrolytic rectifier need occasional "topping up" with distilled water to make good losses due to evaporation. Since the majority of people are fully cognisant of the care required by every electric accumulator, and since the care of a liquid rectifier is identical, the objection is not serious.

And finally we have the valve rectifier. I have had a low tension charging device, using valves for the rectification of the A.C. mains current, in constant daily use for nearly a year, and still the valves are carrying on. There is no reason, therefore, why a similar arrangement should not be equally satisfactory for the supply of H.T., and, in fact, it is quite impossible to say that any one of the three different types of apparatus is definitely "the best."

"Portable" Quality.

It is a common criticism of portable wireless sets to say that it would be unreasonable to expect the same quality of reproduction from a small loud speaker contained within the rest of the "works" within the cabinet, as from a full-sized external speaker, no matter how well the set itself might be performing.

That, apparently, is another of those theoretical objections which are not sufficiently justifiable to be noticeable in actual practice. A portable set, with which I have had some experience lately, definitely challenges the statement, and I must admit that the tone, fullness and faithfulness of the loud speaker output of the Halcyon cabinet model is well up to the standard which we expect from any good modern separate loud speaker—other, perhaps, than one of the moving coil type.

The set in question is one of the kind which is equally suitable as a permanent home receiver for transportation from room to room, or for use in conjunction with the car. It is a five-valve with considerable range and sufficient volume, and as the speaker is a full-sized Celestion unit its remarkably good performance is explained.

If your radio won't work, write to BRITANNIA about it.

Mr. R. W. Beare will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. All letters should be addressed to him, c/o BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

development of the science are aware that for many years radio control of signals, or even of the locomotive, has been possible, although maybe not on a practical basis. Now, however, with a better knowledge and better component parts such control is so far within the realm of

THE BRITANNIA SHORT STORIES. No. 3

THE STRANGE CASE

of MR. ANATOLE PICKERING

By CLAUDE HOUGHTON

(Author of "Neighbours," etc.)

MR. ANATOLE PICKERING sat up in bed and surveyed his man, Duncan, with considerable perplexity. The latter, having placed his master's breakfast on a little table by his side, was standing at the foot of the bed, staring at Mr. Pickering with an expression in which curiosity and suspicion were evenly represented.

"It's Tuesday," Mr. Pickering repeated, "of course it's Tuesday."

"It's Wednesday," replied Duncan.

Mr. Pickering poured out a cup of tea. "You're evidently not yourself, Duncan. It's Tuesday. Lord Putnam dined with me last night."

"He dined with you the night before last. The whole point is this: where were you yesterday, and what did you do?"

"But I tell you—"

Duncan thrust a copy of *The Times* under Mr. Pickering's nose. The latter glanced at it, put down his tea-cup hurriedly, and went slightly pale. "Good heavens, it is Wednesday! Then where was I, what did I do—"

"Yesterday!" Duncan interpolated. "Exactly!"

They stared at each other. The telephone bell rang. Duncan handed the instrument to his master. "It's Mr. Fitzjohn," he said.

Mr. Fitzjohn was an old friend of Mr. Pickering's. For many years it had been their custom to lunch together every Tuesday. Mr. Fitzjohn asked Mr. Pickering to explain why he had not turned up yesterday.

"But wasn't I there, Maurice?"

"You were not, Anatole," was the reply. "Where were you?"

"We're trying to find out," said Mr. Pickering weakly. "In the meantime, I apologise. You are certain that to-day is Wednesday?"

"There is abundant evidence of that fact," Mr. Fitzjohn's tone was icy.

Mr. Pickering handed the telephone to Duncan. "He's annoyed. He's rung off."

"I think I'd better tell you one or two things about yesterday," said Duncan.

"It would be very good of you," replied Mr. Pickering. "I am most interested in yesterday, because I have no recollection of it whatever."

"It was a cold March morning," Duncan began. "It was raining when I got up and the wind was in the east. I came into this room at nine o'clock as usual. You were not here."

"Not here!" Mr. Pickering started so violently that he upset his tea. "Not here! Do you mean that I had gone out?"

"Naturally. You had gone out without a hat or an overcoat, and you wore a grey flannel suit which you have not worn for years."

"You're not joking," said Mr. Pickering nervously.

"Have you ever known me make a joke?" Duncan looked at his master severely.

"No, never. Of course not. I apologise."

"Now, the point is," Duncan continued, "when did you return?"

"But don't you know?"

"If I knew, I should not ask," Duncan replied in his best legal manner. "You had not returned by midnight. I gave you up then and went to bed."

"But all this is quite terrifying!" explained Mr. Pickering. "Things like this don't happen! It's ridiculous!"

BUT Duncan was not impressed by these exclamations. He pursued the line of his inquiry with ruthless logic. "When I entered this morning, this room was in disorder. Your clothes were scattered about the floor. Your shoes were white with dust, although it rained yesterday. There were some primroses in your buttonhole. And you were smiling in your sleep."

"Primroses . . . smiling," muttered Mr. Pickering. By this time he was seriously alarmed.

"Finally," said the inflexible Duncan, "it is necessary to relate that at two o'clock this morning I heard some one singing. The song was followed by a dance. The sounds came from this room."

Mr. Pickering stared at his man for at least a minute.

"Do you suggest, Duncan, that first I sang and then I danced at two o'clock this morning. Have I ever sung? Do I ever dance?"

"As you remember nothing concerning yesterday, your statement that you did not sing or dance cannot be accepted as conclusive. The material point is: where were you yesterday?"

"I do not know, Duncan. The last thing I remember was saying good-night to Lord Putnam. I went down to see him out. We stood together on the pavement for a minute. His last words were: 'The country's gone to the devil, Pickering, but it will just last my time; thank God!' Then he hailed a taxi and drove away."

"We are not concerned with the events of Monday: we are investigating the mysteries of Tuesday. Do you still affirm that you are ignorant of your whereabouts and actions on that day?"

"Entirely!"

"Then it's very serious indeed. Why, for all you know, you may have committed a murder yesterday."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Pickering, "impossible! Quite impossible!"

"Why?—You don't know? You don't remember anything. It's clearly a case of loss of memory."

"But can a man lose his memory for one day, Duncan?"

"This is what we have to find out. Or, rather, we must discover whether anyone else ever has. You have—there's no doubt about that. You'd better telephone Dr. Greatorex."

"You telephone him. I'm too upset. Let

me have a look at those primroses." Duncan handed him a double-breasted grey flannel coat. A small bunch of primroses was in the buttonhole. There was a silence.

"Have you smelt these flowers, Duncan?"

"Certainly not. Why should I?"

"Well, do—to oblige me." Mr. Pickering handed him the coat.

Duncan raised the flowers to his thin hawk-shaped nose. An exclamation broke from him.

"Well?"

"Their perfume is unbelievable." Duncan sniffed the flowers again. He reeled slightly and put the coat down hurriedly. He looked at Mr. Pickering severely. "You've not been meddling with black magic, have you?"

"Certainly not! Black magic! Nonsense!"

"You cannot be certain since you don't remember."

"Ring up Dr. Greatorex," said Mr. Pickering irritably.

DUNCAN picked up the telephone and gave a number. A moment later he said: "That is Dr. Greatorex speaking? I am speaking for Mr. Anatole Pickering. Yes, he is quite well, thank you, sir. He is excessively sorry to trouble you, but the night before last he had an argument with Lord Putnam which culminated in a bet. Yes, sir, as you say, an argument with his lordship usually does culminate in that manner. The point in issue was this: can a man lose his memory for one day? Mr. Pickering was certain that you would know. I beg your pardon! You once knew of such a case? Really! And the man in question never remembered the events of that day? Most peculiar. Mr. Pickering has won his bet. Allow me to thank you in his name."

Duncan put the receiver down. "It has happened before. Dr. Greatorex encountered a similar case some eight years ago."

But Mr. Pickering was regarding Duncan intently.

"You told Dr. Greatorex several lies. What justification have you?"

"Did you wish me to tell him that you were out all yesterday, hatless, in a flannel suit? That you returned in the early hours with a buttonhole of unearthly primroses? That you sang and danced at 2 a.m. this morning?"

"No. You are right. I apologise."

"And now what do you propose to do?"

"I shall get up and go on precisely as usual."

"Very well," said Duncan. "And you admit that to-day is Wednesday?"

"I admit it, but I shall go on precisely as usual."

"That is, if Tuesday will let you," said Duncan.

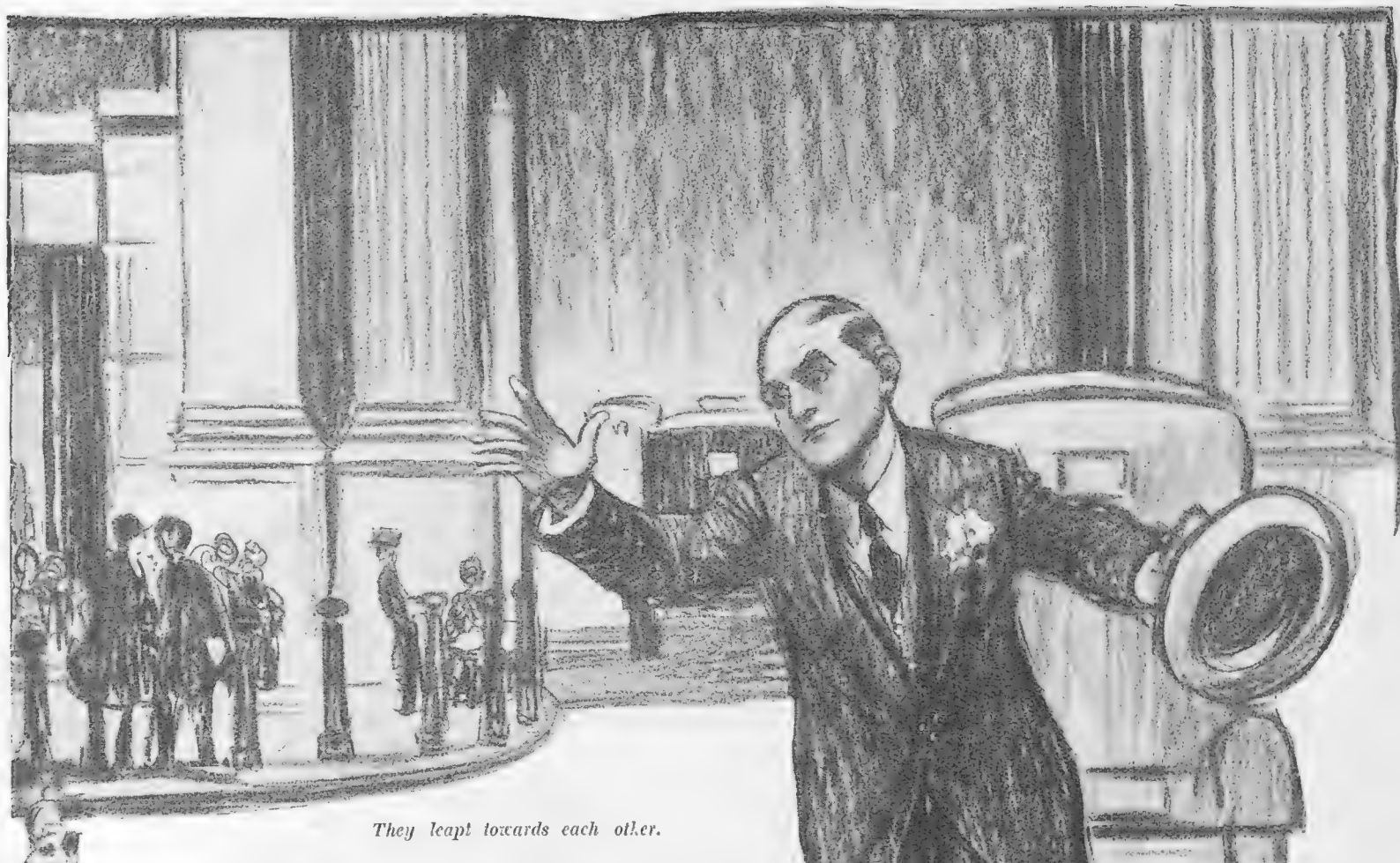


Mr. Pickering ignored this sinister suggestion. He rose, had his bath, and was snored by Duncan, in conformity with long-established custom. . .

MR. PICKERING and Duncan were eccentrics; each recognised it and each had a perfect understanding with the other. Their present relationship had existed for over ten years. Each had ability, yet neither did anything.

Mr. Pickering had been brought up by a maiden aunt, who had been devoted to him. In course of time, he became a barrister. Then occurred his tragedy. He was late for his first brief. He never recovered from the shock; he never accepted another brief and he never did anything else. Then his aunt died and left him a comfortable income.

Shortly after her death he encountered Duncan. Duncan was leaning over the Thames embankment, staring at the passing tugs, Mr. Pickering went up to him and said: "Why do you stand here, staring at the river?" Duncan had replied that only two things interested him: listening to cases in the Law Courts and gazing at the Thames. His reference to the Law Courts inspired Mr. Pickering to confide in him. He explained how he had been late for his first



They leapt towards each other.

brief and that he had never done anything since. Duncan had said that he quite understood.

Now, Duncan was the only person who had quite understood. Everyone else had been very impatient with Mr. Pickering. But Duncan quite understood. Mr. Pickering, there and then, had taken a great fancy to him. They had lunched together. Duncan had very little money, but he did nothing as he wanted to retain the illusion that he was a great man.

Eventually they had decided to take a maisonette near Adelphi Terrace. Duncan learnt to cook and soon became so expert that Mr. Pickering nearly died through eating too much rich food. So it was arranged that Duncan's art should be reserved for special occasions and normally Mr. Pickering lunched and dined out. Duncan spent his time listening to cases in the Law Courts, or staring at the river from his sitting-room window. They understood each other. They only differed on one subject—women. Mr. Pickering was romantic about women. Duncan loathed them. These facts had been established during the one and only conversation that had occurred between them on this subject. No argument had taken place; they had a respect for each other's eccentricities. . . .

Mr. Pickering turned to Duncan:

"I shall wear that grey flannel suit to-day," he announced briskly.

"Very well, wear it. What about the primroses?"

Mr. Pickering hesitated. "I shall wear them in my overcoat," he said at last. A minute later he was ready to go out. "Now, let me see, have I got everything?"

Duncan handed him his walking stick and three ten shilling notes. Mr. Pickering allowed himself thirty shillings a day pocket money. If he had anything over when he returned at night, he put it into a large box. He drew on this hoard for emergencies. Without saying another word, he went downstairs and out into the street. It was a sunny morning; the Thames sparkled, the town looked spic and span. Mr. Pickering felt very pleased with himself—the day was before him, he had no

programme, and consequently he felt a thrill of adventure. He loved London with a curious passion. It enthralled him to watch the life of the city, to note its different moods, to lose himself in its immense labyrinth.

When he reached the Strand, he paused. Gradually he became aware of a subtle and intoxicating perfume. It translated him to another world. What could it be? Then he remembered the primroses. He glanced down at them. How magnificent they were! He had never seen such primroses. With an effort he forced himself to remember his surroundings. He looked to his right and caught a glimpse of the clock outside the Law Courts. He began to walk rapidly in the opposite direction. He made it a rule to avoid the Law Courts. He walked fifty yards, then a lady stopped him.

"Please forgive me for troubling you, but I think I must have lost my way. Could you direct me to the Law Courts?"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Pickering. "You will find them on the left-hand side. And let me advise you most earnestly not to be late. If, on a certain occasion, I had driven to the Law Courts instead of walking to them, my whole life would have been entirely different."

The lady looked at him a little surprised, smiled, thanked him, and went her way. Mr. Pickering walked on. For some minutes he lost track of his thoughts. When he discovered them again, their nature surprised him. It was a most peculiar sensation; he seemed to be listening at the key-hole of his own brain.

Thus, one of his thoughts seemed to be saying: "She had a beautiful mouth, small and exquisitely curved." Who could that be? Of course! the lady who had asked him the way to the Law Courts. Yes, her mouth was beautiful, he had noticed it at the time. But then he heard another thought say: "It was like *her* mouth. The rest of the face was quite different, but the mouth might have been *her* mouth."

Mr. Pickering stopped. His mind was making a comparison between a stranger and someone else—some other woman. Who was this other woman? He did not know, he could not remember. And yet he must know her—how otherwise could his mind establish comparisons? He stood motionless, a victim to great perplexity. Really it was odd, very odd indeed, and somehow he

felt convinced that this new problem was related to the mystery concerning yesterday. He evidently could not shirk it—where had he been yesterday? What had he done?

MR. PICKERING decided to have a cup of coffee. He had eaten no breakfast, he would enjoy a cup of coffee and a cigarette. He entered an exclusive confectioners and seated himself in exquisite surroundings which patronised him with quiet dignity. An elegant lady appeared in due course. Her atmosphere suggested that she was there quite by accident, but that, as she was passing, she really did not mind taking his order.

"A cup of black coffee, if you please," said Mr. Pickering. He was too awed to look at the lady. Five minutes later she returned with a little gold cup and saucer on a black lacquer tray. She placed the tray noiselessly before Mr. Pickering and vanished. But he had noticed her hands. They were fine, sensitive hands, rather narrow with long delicate fingers. He had never seen such perfect nails. Her hands quivered before his eyes, as if they were etched in white fire. He kept seeing the little rhythmical movement they had made when she had placed the tray before him. Once again his thoughts began to tick out comparisons. They were like *her* hands. They were exactly like her hands! Could it have been her? He had not dared to look at her face. But who was this woman who haunted his imagination? Who was this woman who was so perfect that the

greatest perfections of other women served only to remind him of her? Mr. Pickering's heart began to beat violently.

He rose hurriedly. He was beginning to feel very nervous, and he hoped that the noise of the traffic and the movement of the streets would dispel his imaginings. He handed the immaculate lady one of his ten shilling notes. He watched her slender fingers take it, then, greatly daring, he looked at her face. No, she was not the other one! There was no doubt as to that. She had borrowed the hands of the other one; and the lady who was going to the Law Courts had stolen her mouth.

Mr. Pickering took his change and went out, greatly disturbed. He wandered down Bond Street. He was acutely aware of the scent of the primrose, and everything round him was vague and spectral. The noise of the traffic seemed very far distant. And then, for one quite dreadful moment, he thought he saw right through a very stout gentleman who was standing at the corner of Piccadilly. Almost simultaneously he discovered that he could not remember his own name.

Really things could not go on like this! He looked round him.

A WOODLAND scene had taken the place of Piccadilly. A light breeze stirred the feathery green foliage; shadows tripped over the damp moss; in some far thicket a bird sang. A boy and a girl were playing together, and he knew that the boy was himself. He turned to look at the girl—and found that he was staring at the Ritz Hotel.

"Now this won't do," said Mr. Pickering loudly. "This won't do at all. I'll soon settle this nonsense." He took a card from his case and went up to a policeman.

"I've left my glasses at home, Sergeant. Will you be so good as to read the name written here?"

"Mr. Anatole Pickering, sir."

"Of course, of course! Mr. Anatole Pickering. I am much obliged to you."

He walked towards Piccadilly Circus, but before he had gone many paces he remembered who the little girl was. He had played with her when he was a boy. Yes, yes! He remembered the house where she had lived—a quaint old house with a great rambling garden, full of surprises, rather eerie at dusk. What strange eyes she had! Eyes which always seemed to be looking at something he could not see. And her little mouth . . .

"Good God!" shouted Mr. Pickering.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" An irate and military looking gentleman was speaking to Mr. Pickering. "Were you addressing me, sir?"

"Certainly not, sir," rejoined Mr. Pickering. "I said, 'Good God.'"

The military gentleman muttered something and walked away, very erect. . . .

The mouth, the hands! They were hers!—they belonged to the child he had known when he was a boy; the girl who one day had left the quaint house and disappeared. Yes—they were hers! Mr. Pickering wanted to shout. So it was she who had haunted him all his life. He had always been conscious of a loss which he could not define; he had always been aware of some one who seemed to come between him and any woman who had attracted him. The little girl he had played with when he was a boy! Mr. Pickering suddenly had an insane desire to leap into the air.

What was her name? Never mind, he would remember it later. Now he understood why he loved wandering about London. He was looking for her: yes, every day, everywhere, he was looking for her. And yet it was only to-day that he had remembered her vividly. Perhaps it was because, years ago, he had given up all hope of finding her that her image had grown dim. He had regained his most precious memory. But—but yesterday he had lost his memory!

Mr. Pickering suddenly began to sing and broke into a dance. Fortunately he was near the Duke of York's statue, and his performance was only witnessed by certain members of the Athenæum Club, not one of whom believed his eyes for a single second.

"But I was with her yesterday! We were together. Yes, at last I remember! She is now a woman, an incredibly beautiful woman."

Mr. Pickering shouted these remarks to the statue of the Duke of York, and naturally received no reply. "I saw her yesterday. We told each other all that had happened since she drove away from the great house. She told me her life, but I can't remember what she said. And I told her mine, and as I was telling it, I didn't believe a word of it. It was all nonsense. Nothing has happened since she drove away, and the great gates were shut for ever. And her eyes are the same, they still gaze at something which only she can see. Good heavens! she must have given me these primroses."

AT this juncture Mr. Pickering fell down the remainder of the steps which ran from the Duke of York's statue to the Mall. This event seemed to him quite normal and entirely natural.

"WHEN WE ARE DEAD."

By Henry Baerlein.

*When we are dead I fear we must
Lie for long ages in the dust;
Our resurrection is a boon
That will not happen very soon.*

*Oh, once again before the light
Goes out, before the wings of night
Surround me, let it be my lot
To be tied in a lover's knot.*

*And it must be one that is fair
With eyes of the soft, moonlit air;
As for brunettes they frequently
Have somehow disagreed with me.*

*Young people who are full of zest
Like what is passionate the best,
Their souls are lyric and fall back
At intervals upon the rack.*

*And I, not young, and—truth to tell—
Not being a together well,
Would like of love to feel the joys,
But with a minimum of noise.*

From "Heine: The Strange Guest"
(Geoffrey Bles.)

A gentleman came to his assistance. When they faced each other, the stranger cried: "Good gracious, Anatole, what do you mean by falling about like this?"

"I haven't the privilege of your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Pickering with immense dignity.

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the other. "You know very well that I'm Maurice Fitzjohn, and that you broke your luncheon appointment with me yesterday. You're an old humbug, that's what you are, nearly forty years of age, tumbling about as if you were a little boy."

"What is my name, sir, tell me that?"

"You!—you're Anatole Pickering, a man of great gifts who's too damned lazy to do anything. Ah! you old rascal!" Mr. Fitzjohn poked Mr. Pickering in the ribs. "I'm off now and mind you turn up next Tuesday, and don't try any of your nonsense with me."

Mr. Fitzjohn disappeared. Mr. Pickering was convinced that he had encountered a well meaning lunatic. He walked in the direction of Buckingham Palace. He couldn't have lost her again. She was quite near him, he would see her any moment now. All his life he had had to be content with hints of her. Yes, only hints; a note in a voice; the glimpse of a fore-

head like a crescent moon; the echo of a laugh which held the music of the sea. Hints of her, memories of her, prophecies of her! But never, anywhere, eyes like hers. No, not anywhere. Never a hint of their glory, never a glimpse of their mystery.

Yes, it all came back to him now. How stupid to have forgotten! Of course, it was because he had been thinking of her that he had been late for his first brief. Had all men known her once? Was it necessary to forget her in order to be a worldly success?

But—to forget her! Mr. Pickering began to laugh, he laughed till he cried. Forget her! The idea was supremely ludicrous. What had the world to give if she were forgotten?

"The world only exists because of her." Mr. Pickering shouted the words. The sentry in the box outside Buckingham Palace regarded him with mild curiosity. Mr. Pickering removed his hat, made the sentry a sweeping bow, and passed on his way.

HIS eyes filled with tears. Ah, if only all the happenings of the years could fall from him! If only once again he could steal through the great gates, slip into the rambling garden, and call her by her secret name! If only once again she would run towards him with her perfect hands outstretched to greet him! If only she would look at him with those eyes which saw behind the heavy veil! Ah, God, to be there again, to be children again! to watch the silver lances of the rain falling through the leaves! to wait till twilight crept into the garden; to take each other's hands when the shadows deepened!

"Why should I go on living any longer? I have learnt the secret of the green earth."

Mr. Pickering addressed these remarks to a Dachshund, whose thoughtful forehead indicated that he was familiar with abstract speculations.

"I've made my will," said Mr. Pickering. "I've left everything to Duncan. People say I'm nearly forty. That's all nonsense. My life has consisted of a few days. All but one were spent in a garden—the exception was yesterday."

The Dachshund waited politely to see if he would continue. As Mr. Pickering said no more, the Dachshund waddled off . . . slowly.

"The world only exists because of her," he whispered. "She's quite near me. It's strange how certain I am that she is near me." He bent his head and smelt the primroses in his buttonhole. "They are her thoughts," he muttered.

He arrived at Hyde Park Corner but was unaware of the fact. He was singing softly to himself. It was the same song as the one he had sung at two o'clock that morning. He looked at the passers-by. A great wave of sympathy swept over him; he felt very sorry for them and terribly fond of them. He wanted to say good-bye to each one of them. He wanted to ask them to forgive him. He felt he had wronged them.

He paused on the kerbstone. Then slowly, as if in obedience to some absolute command he raised his eyes and gazed at the island a few yards from him. Two eyes were fixed on his, eyes which had seen the end of the world.

"Fenella!"

"Anatole!"

They leapt towards each other.

EVERYONE agreed that they died instantaneously.

But the constable on duty wasn't at all satisfied. He believed that they had entered into a suicide pact. "They simply ignored the traffic," he said. "They behaved like—like—well, two children playing in a garden, as you might say."

Nobody noticed that each was wearing a little bunch of really remarkable primroses.

Kapp-28



The Pact

They have no pact to sign — our peaceful dead.

Pacts are for trembling Lords, & heads grown grey.
Ten million graves record what youth has said,
And cannot now un-say.

They have no pact to sign — our quiet dead

Whose eyes in that eternal peace are drowned.
Age doubts & wakes, & asks if night be fled;
But youth sleeps sound.

They have no pact to sign — our faithful dead.

Their's ~~was~~ is a deeper pledge, unseen, unheard,
Sealed in the dark, un-written, sealed with red;
And they will keep their word.

They have no pact to sign — our happy dead

But if, O God, if we should sign in vain,
With dreadful eyes, out of each narrow bed,
Our dead will rise again.

Alfred Noyes

THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES

ON Armistice Day, during the two minutes' silence, we honour those who gave their lives in the Great War. Presumably, however, they are now happy and at peace. Monuments in stone commemorate their sacrifice all over the Empire, but what better memorial could there be than a firm resolve by every citizen of the Empire to care for the dependents of those who fell, and a determination that those who survived broken in mind or body, should not want?

The British Legion and kindred societies do a great deal; nevertheless, it is an undeniable fact that there are still several thousand disabled men, willing and anxious to work, who are unable to find employment of any kind. The effect of mutilation is not by any means merely physical; the moral effect is incalculable and only understood by those who have suffered themselves. What a disabled man wants is occupation to take his mind off his infirmities, and to make him feel that he is not useless and done for; doles and charity, however well-intentioned, are not a satisfactory substitute. Only concerted action can solve this really serious problem, for it is obviously impossible for private firms to handicap themselves with incapacitated hands in these days of fierce competition, even with the best will in the world. It was always the same story as illustrated by a verse written in the seventeenth century:—

God and soldiers men adore,
In times of war and not before,
When peace is come and all things righted
God is forgotten and soldiers slighted.

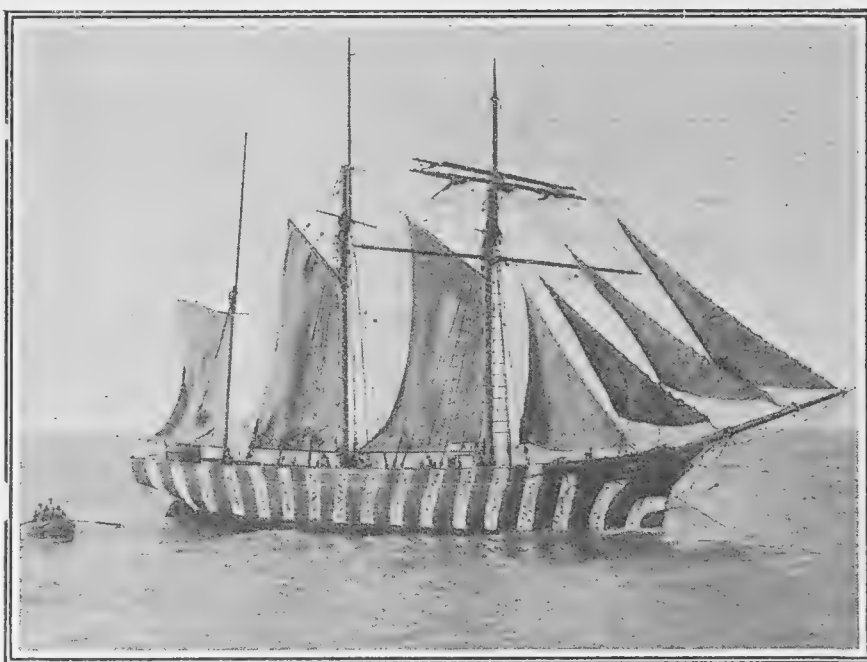
"Mystery Ships."

Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, who has just published a thrilling account of his adventures while hunting submarines, was not the only Q-boat commander to win a Victoria Cross. The gallant New Zealander, Sanders, was awarded the cross for his epic fight with U 93. It was said that it was due to the report of the rescued U-boat commander that Sanders' gallantry was brought to light. His ship, the *Prize*, was on fire, and only the combined efforts of the rescued German prisoners and the unwounded members of the Q-ship managed to get her into port.

As soon as he had recovered from his wounds, Sanders insisted on venturing out in the *Prize* again, although Lord Jellicoe offered him another command. His persistent gallantry was his undoing. U 93 had not sunk, after all, but had managed to limp home. Henceforth Sanders and the *Prize* were marked down for destruction. After a desperate fight with a large U boat, the *Prize* disappeared with all hands one August night. The enemy had waited for the moon, when under-water craft have it all their own way, and settled the matter once and for all with a well-aimed torpedo.

Pension Anomalies.

The Canadian Government has reassessed and raised to the post-war rate the pensions of



One of the "Mystery Ships"; a "panic" party pulling away. (New Era Film.)

"BROKE IN THE WARS"

By MAJOR LLOYD JONES

all ranks of its regular Forces who were prevented by age or infirmity from serving in the Great War, provided that they had served in any previous campaign. Is it too much to expect the Home Government to follow this lead? The disabled professional service man, living on a pension fixed about the time of Queen Anne, has been desperately hit by the increased cost of living.

The British Legion has raised the question of co-ordinating the national system of the award of pensions with the object of preventing the anomalies and injustices which have arisen since 1914. Unfortunately, in practice, the matter rests almost entirely in the hands of the permanent officials of the civil service, who have never shown a disposition to sympathise with the point of view of invalided fighting men. On the contrary, it would be futile to deny that the Home civil service disapproves of professional soldiers and sailors on principle, and on occasions has exhibited a covert hostility towards this class, which they consider is tainted with what they are pleased to term "militarism." Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, even if he happen to be a worn-out fighting man?

"Wigan and the Services."

The authorities at Wigan, apparently labouring under the same delusion as the ostrich, have forbidden the use of any books dealing with the Army, the Navy, or the Royal Air Force in the local schools. Perhaps the music-hall comedian has not given this interesting industrial centre sufficient publicity of late.

While they are about it, they had better include the Bible in their list, for I seem to remember a good deal about soldiers and fighting in both the Old and the New Testaments. Was there ever a healthy child born who did not love to read about soldiers and battles? All the efforts of canting hypocrites

will not prevent the rising generation of Wiganites from reading history, which consists chiefly of national struggles. The way to inculcate a peaceful spirit is to teach the real truth about war. "Nothing is so sad as a defeat except a victory."

"The Royal Airvy."

The decision that in future an Army intelligence officer attached to the Royal Air Force shall be designated "Intelligence Liaison Officer," reminds me that the R.A.F. have made several interesting experiments in seeking suitable titles for the various ranks of the service. At one time, it was seriously suggested that such terms as Eagle, Hawk, Falcon, etc., should be used for the various officer grades. One of the most descriptive titles, however, was that of Dental Squadron Leader, which may or may not still exist. It seems a pity that some word cannot be coined to describe the Royal Air Force. We have the Navy, and the Army, so why not "Airvy"? Perhaps some correspondent will make a suggestion?

Reserves.

Battles and even wars are decided by reserves. He who has reserves still unused at the critical moment is the victor. This important fact is seldom appreciated by the civilian population, though in Continental countries, where everyone has served for a short period, there is certainly less misapprehension. For this reason it is impossible to overestimate the importance of keeping the British Mercantile Marine up to strength, and to see that, as far as possible, its members are British. The same applies to that little known force, the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, for these two organisations supply the British Navy with men in times of emergency.

In the same way, it is essential to create a large reserve of pilots for the Royal Air Force,

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

November 10th.—C Battalion, Royal Tank Corps (3rd Light Tanks). Old Comrades' Association, Reunion and Dinner, 6.30, The Restaurant Frascati, Oxford Street, W.1. Apply Frank F. Marsh, "Roffens," Goldsworth Road, Woking. Members may bring friends.

November 11th (Armistice Day).—The Rifle Brigade Association, Annual Memorial Service, at Regimental Memorial, Grosvenor Gardens, at 10.30 a.m. Write Hon. Sec., 130, Bunhill Row, E.C.1.

November 15th.—12th Divisional Dinner, Café Royal. Write Capt. A. D. Terry, Swilland Manor, Ipswich.

November 20th.—Royal Tank Corps. 10th Annual Dinner, Trocadero Restaurant, 7.30 for 8 p.m. Apply Glyn Mills and Co. (Holt's), 3, Whitehall Place, S.W.

December 8th.—Q.M.A.A.C. (Old Comrades' Association). 9th Annual Dinner, Georgian Restaurant, Harrod's, at 7 p.m. Tickets, 6s. 6d., from Ex-Service Women's Club, 5, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

MY antipathy for the disgusting form of secret association goes back to my youth. Long before, at the Socialist congress of Ancona in 1914, I had presented my point of view to my comrades. That point of view had obtained a complete triumph, in spite of the strong opposition of the Mason-Socialists.

Later, in Fascism, I made a similar gesture of strength. I obeyed the categorical command of my conscience, and not any opportunism. My attitude had nothing in common with the anti-Masonic spirit of the Jesuits. They acted for reasons of defence. They, after all, are almost completely unknown in their organic structure as a religious caste. For my linear, methodical and coherent course of policy the hate of the Masonic sect persecutes me even now. Masonry of that type has been beaten in Italy, but it operates and conspires behind the mask of international anti-Fascism. It fails utterly to defeat me. It tries to throw mud at me, but the insult never reaches its mark. It machinates plots and crimes, but the hired assassins do not control my destiny. It goes gossiping about my weaknesses, and the supposed organic afflictions of my body, but I am more alive and stronger than ever. This is a war without quarter, in which I am a veteran. Every time that I have wanted to cauterise difficult situations in the Italian political life, every time that I have wanted to give a sincere, frank and loyal moral rectitude to the personnel in politics, I have always had against me our Masonry! That organisation, however, which in other times was very powerful, I have beaten. Against me it did not and never can win. Italians won this battle for me. They found the cure for this leprosy. To-day in Italy we breathe the open air; life is exposed to the light of day.

WHEN Bonomi fell, the King consulted many minds. I, too, was called twice to the Quirinal, his official palace where conferences are held. Obvious reasons forbid me to make known what I said to the Sovereign.

This political crisis took on abnormal aspects. We groped in the dark. The number of men in the political field who were fit to fill positions was quite restricted. They looked toward Orlando, then toward De Nicola, but nobody wanted to accept the responsibility of forming a Ministry under the prevailing conditions. They were obliged to go back to Bonomi, who fell for the second time on the "via crucis" when he presented himself again at the Chamber. New consultations and new suggestions were made. Always the same names were given; Orlando, De Nicola, Bonomi. The picture presented was of the same helplessness which has afflicted so many democracies and has made many countries able to vie with each other in the humiliating and derisive boast that they have had more governments and ministries



MY LIFE

By

Benito Mussolini

than years of existence! The same requirements were asked of leadership—to be able to compromise principles and sometimes even integrity, to barter and negotiate with palavering artistry and to seek at least the making of a new shaky structure which would perpetuate the whole depressing system. This system might appear dear to the heart of doctrinaires. It was quite another affair in practice.

THE "Popular" or "Catholic" Party, following its bad political instinct, which caused it to be ultra-conservative under cover and revolutionary in the street and in Parliament, vetoed any Giolitti return. The posture of the "popolari" was quite unique. Unfortunately they controlled a strong group in the Chamber. While they refused to accept the responsibility of power, they blue-pencilled Giolitti, denied support to Bonomi. They rendered the composition of any Ministry well

nigh impossible even as a make-shift. In spite of consultations the same names always came to the surface. It was a stagnation which comes finally to weak democracies. It was tearing to pieces political logic, common sense, and, unfortunately, also Italy herself. At last the Facta Ministry was formed. This mediocre selection of a member of Parliament, closely bound to Giolitti, was made as the only anchor of safety in an absurd extravaganza. Every day we went one step lower on the stairs of dignity. Nevertheless, in these circumstances, and because Facta undertook a burden that nobody else wanted, I did not hesitate to declare in my paper that the new Cabinet, colourless as it was, might function to some good purpose. I was prepared to say that it could represent, if nothing else, a will to go on; at least in the affairs of ordinary routine administration. It is bad enough to suffer a Government which creates nothing; it is even worse to suffer a system of politics which cannot even create an administration of itself!

FACTA was an old parliamentary veteran, and I feel sure he was a gentleman stamped out by the old die. Respectful towards the third-rate political morals of the men of his age, he had only one devotion. That was for his teacher, Giolitti. Facta had been a discreet Minister of the Treasury in other times. He had not, as even his friends said, the strength and authority needed to draw up a Ministry in a serious moment. He had to face the gas and smoke of the struggle between parties, of the pretensions of the "popolari," of the growing strength of Fascism, and, finally, of a delicate international situation abroad.

It was in just such ways that the old "Liberal" Italy, with its petty dealing with problems, its little parliamentary pea-shooting, its unworthy plots in corridor and cloak rooms, ante-rooms and sidewalk cafés, for puny personal power, its recurring crisis, its journalistic blitherings, had nearly broken Italy. Italy with its struggling co-operatives, its inadequate rural banks, its mean and superficial measures of economy, its incapable and improvident charity. Italy in the guise of the humble waiter, with napkin on arm to wipe others' mouths at international conferences. . . Italy, prolific and powerful. Italy, like a mother able to supply, even for foreign ingratitude, laborious sons able to make fruitful other soils, other climates, other cities and other peoples!

Such was her leadership; such was her plight!

FACTA was the man who fully represented that old world. Facta was the first to be surprised that he had found suddenly so many admirers. He often said that he failed to understand why he should be at the head of the



The March on Rome. Blackshirts from Milan at one of the barricades.

Italian Government. This timid member of Parliament forgot that all these people around him who gave him by their mouthings a sensation of strength and influence, were only the survivors of an old Liberal democratic world, incapable of living, out-dated, clinging, shipwrecked—to the last compromising for safety. But Fascismo, the powerful machine, was already in motion. Nobody could step into its path to stop it, for it had one aim—it was to give a government to Italy. In these days there were some attempts at Fascist secession and schism. I removed them with a few pen-strokes and a few other measures. I was troubled far less by mistaken disaffections than by one single grave incident in Fiume. There a renegade Italian, Zanella, nursed and nourished an ignoble anti-Italian plot. The Fascisti imposed banishment upon him. This evil representative of the autonomists and of the Yugoslavs was obliged to leave the unhappy city which without Italy would never have been able to put its lips to the cup of peace. At this time, too, Charles of Hapsburg died, after having tried vainly twice to seize again the crown of Saint Stephen. The Nemesis of history completed its work and took away from the Hapsburg line the last possibility of its ever coming back. In Italian history this reigning house had always exerted a most unfortunate influence. It had been eternally adverse to our solidarity.

WITHOUT attracting deep attention or intelligent public interest, living this way and that, up and down by alternate hopes and crises, optimism and weary despair—came the Conference of Genoa. And on the first of that May the so-called Festival of Labour was celebrated. The only distinctions given this festival were unfortunately an increased outburst of Socialist and Communist attacks. Even the anniversary of the declaration of War, May 24, was saddened by blood. Solemn celebrations were held throughout Italy but in Rome the Communists dared to fire at the parade which was doing honour to Enrico

Toti, the Roman who, besides his life, had hurled his crutches against the enemy. One person fell dead, and there were twenty-four wounded. As if that were not enough, the Alliance of Labour, a hybrid coalition of all the anti-Fascist groups, proclaimed a general strike.

It was too much! The Government did nothing! Without hesitation I ordered a general mobilisation of the Fascisti. I affirmed on my word of honour that we would break the back of this Red attempt. "We are sure to smash this bad beast once for all," I declared. Considering the timid behaviour of the middle classes and of the Government, only this virile decision, taken with full determination, and full responsibility, served as a cold douche for the Socialists

Fascismo, the powerful machine, was already in motion. Nobody could stop it, for it had one aim—to give a government to Italy.

and the Reds. The Fascist mobilisation came like lightning, and on the same day the strike ended. While the public streets, squares and fields were put in order by the energetic intervention of the Fascisti, the usual intrigues went on in Parliament. There was a perfect oscillation of plans and programmes. These ranged from proposals of a dictatorship to collaboration with the Reds! In the general political debacle there came, on July 12th, a statement from the Minister of the Treasury, Peano, which marked for me the maximum of our anxiety.

THE budget of the nation had a deficit of six milliards and a half. It was a terrific figure for Italy—a situation impossible for our

economic structure to bear. To errors in foreign and domestic policy was now added financial chaos. Facta had demonstrated in every way his incapacity with record-breaking speed. I made a speech in Parliament on July 19th, 1922, in which I withdrew the votes of the Fascist group from the Ministry. After having demonstrated the equivocal position of the Socialists, who wanted to collaborate with the Government so that they might blackmail it better, and of the "popolari" who wrongly considered themselves supreme rulers of the situation—I said these clear and sharp words to the Premier himself:

"I tell you that your Ministry cannot live—it is unbecoming from every point of view. Your Ministry cannot live, I might better say vegetate, or drag its life along, thanks to the charity of all those who sustain you." I went on then to examine the disheartening mistakes of the Facta policies, and I concluded by asserting that Fascism, by getting away from the Parliamentary majority, had accomplished a "gesture of high political and moral modesty." "It is impossible to be part of the majority," I added, "and at the same time act outside, as Fascism is now forced to act."

These words excited a brisk stir of mumbles, exclamations, and comments, which went to a higher pitch when I added:

"Fascism will make its own decisions. Probably it will soon say if it wants to become a legitimate party, for that means a Government party, or if it will instead be a party of an insurrection. In the latter case it will be unable any more to be part of any governmental majority. Consequently it will not be obliged to sit in this Chamber."

I GAVE warning in that way, not only to the dying Facta Ministry, but also to any other new government. I had put up the signboard of my intentions, and so I declared in the open where I stood. On that day the Facta Ministry fell. And immediately they began to grope in the dark again, trying to find a successor. Orlando, Bonomi, Facta,

Giolitti. . . These were the names mouthed about. By a process of elimination the name finally chosen upon was Meda's. He was the Popular Party deputy from Milan, and the chief of the "popolari" deputies who kept under their power any Ministry with their secret sinister tactics. Meda, who had already been a Minister, made his gesture of refusal and renunciation because of fear. That was our paradox—nobody in Italy, amid this so-called strength of the constituted order, which included priests and radicals, wanted or was able to assume responsibility of power. Whatever "Liberalism" and "Democracy" had claimed for power, at least now, nobody would touch the treasures.

The Socialists in this situation cheerfully blackmailed the nation, while the Fascisti were silently preparing the yeast and the bread, the will and the weapons for an insurrection of national dignity. While the conferences to find ways out of the crisis went on slowly, at the moment of inability to constitute a Government there came about in Italy an almost inconceivable situation. All the strength of the Left Party, not only those openly subversive, but also the organisation of the Labour Confederation, the Socialist parliamentary group, the Democratic groups, and the Republicans, staged a general strike all over Italy. Its character was typically and solely anti-Fascist. It pretended to save the liberty of the people, threatened by Fascism! This galaxy of political elements, despicable riff-raff, these inert, wasteful, hopeless forces which in the past had massacred every liberty and trampled in every way open to the imagination on our morals, our peace, our efficiency, and our order, could not have done a more illogical, a more unjust, a more offensive and provocative act toward Fascism and the Italian people.

THESE days, marked by these sinister happenings, were days in which I made irrevocable decisions. Our development began by degrees, from a political and a military reserve strength, to that which was to bring us in the end to the March on Rome and the conquest of power. As an answer to the anti-Fascist provocation, I ordered another general mobilisation of the Fascisti. The council of the "Fasci Italiani di combattimento" was ordered to sit permanently. The Fascist technicians were to be brought together to continue the work in the public services. The "squadrismi" were to disperse subversive organisations. The Fascisti of Milan assaulted the *Avanti*, which was considered the lair of our opponents. They burned the offices once again. They occupied the street car depots. They carried on the public services actively in spite of the declared strike. To crush a strike, the Government was powerless, but a new strength had been substituted for the Government! The Fascisti, well armed, occupied the electric stations to prevent acts of sabotage. It was necessary to destroy forever all the nerve centres of disorder, and I, Mussolini, and my Fascisti did it. In Milan alone three young Blackshirts lost their lives. Of these, two were university students. We had many wounded boys. The trial of strength had been successful. The enemies of Italy were shaken. They tossed responsibilities back and forth in foolish oratorical and literary battles. The life of the people had come back to normal rhythm. Fascism had revealed a capacious strength, and was able to dominate our Italy of to-morrow, not only in the sense of mere force, but in determination, fundamental wisdom, character and unselfish patriotism.

OUR antagonists were defeated, confused and humiliated. The *Corriere della Sera*, the serious and in some ways admirable Milanese newspaper, which had always used its

circulation as a speaking trumpet for the spirit of moribund middle-class mediocrity, had given in the past a sort of halo to Filippo Turati, the Socialist leader. Now it felt that it was necessary to give a bit of space to recognise the right of Fascism to participation in the Government. The unsettled crisis went lumbering along.

I was again called by the King. I had some interviews with Orlando. One after the other all the prospective combinations fell apart, and were put aside like old rejected things. So, wearily, they came back to Facta. He sent one of his emissaries to me and asked me under what conditions the Fascisti would accept places in the new Government.

I sent back word by the messenger that Fascism would ask for the most important offices.

I WAS urged to take a position in the Cabinet—but how absurd! Naturally I had to stay out of the coalition so that I could maintain freedom of criticism, and, if need be, to take action. My claims, however, for Fascist representation were judged immoderate. The ill-starred Facta Ministry was launched without us, but as the ship took the water it was greeted solely by a nation which muttered its contempt and its indifference. Friends and enemies looked alike towards Fascism. It was the one element that took interest in the life of the Italian people. I had made up my mind to lead the Blackshirts myself. I already had crystallised my determination to march on Rome. The situation admitted no other solution.

I called to Milan on October 16th a general who had specialised in fitness and was saturated by real Fascist faith. I made a scheme of military and political organisation on the model of the old Roman legions. The Fascisti were divided by me into "principi" and "triari." We created, after conferring with the high leaders, a slogan, a uniform, and a watchword. I knew the Fascist and anti-Fascist situation in every region of Italy perfectly. I could march on Rome along the Tyrrhenian Sea, deviating toward Umbria. From the south the compact formations of Puglia and Naples could join me. The only obstacle was a hostile zone, centred in Ancona.

I called Arpinati and other Fascist lieutenants, and ordered them to free Ancona from Socialist-Communist domination. The town, which was known to be in the hands of the anarchists, was conquered by manoeuvres carried out in perfect military fashion. There were some dead and wounded. That could not be helped. But now the remnants of the anti-Fascist forces were destroyed. Anti-Fascism was now concentrated in Rome, it was driven back to its barracks, on Montecitorio where Parliament sat!

A NEW sunshine broke over the multitudes of our provinces. We could all breathe with full lungs. The brave effort of Fascism was now rising with the flood tide to its full efficiency. Critics of reputation, historians of wide world fame, studious people from every part of the earth, were beginning to regard with interest the movement which I had created, had dominated, and was now leading toward Victory. In some editorials, against representatives of the sceptics, I wrote: "Fascism is to-day in the first stage of its life: the one of Christ. Don't be in a hurry; the one of Saint Paul will come."

I was preparing then, every minute, the details of the conquest of Rome. I was certainly not moved by any mirage of personal power, nor by any other allurements, nor by a desire for egotistical political domination. I have always had an altruistic vision of life. I have groped among dark theories; I groped not to relieve myself, but to bring something to others. I have fought, but not for my advantage, indirect

or immediate. I have aimed for the supreme advantage of my Nation. I desired finally that Fascism should rule Italy for her glory and her good fortune.

I CANNOT, for obvious reasons, discuss all the measures, even some of the most simple, that I took in this period. Some are political and secret in character. The *Popolo d'Italia*, my paper, without attracting too much attention from outsiders and my enemies, had become the headquarters of the spiritual and material preparation for the March on Rome. It was the hub of our thought and action. The military and the political forces both obeyed my command. I weighed all the plans and proposals. Having made my own, at last I gave the necessary orders. Then there began extensive preparatory manoeuvres, such as the occupation of Trento, of Ancona and of Bolzano—places which might threaten our strategy. I wanted information as to the state of mind of the Fascisti; to test their efficiency and their determination. Accordingly I made four important speeches in different parts of Italy. In those speeches I set forth the policies of to-morrow. I defined the ultimate goal of Fascism. I stated it candidly. It was the conquest of power. I didn't want to ingratiate myself with the masses. I have always spoken with naked candour, and even with brutality, to the multitudes. That is a distinct contrast to the contemptible courtship made for their favour by the political parties of every time and every land. Fascisti meetings which I attended were held in Udine, in Northern Italy, in Cremona, in the valley of the Po, in industrial Milan and in Naples, the centre of Southern Italy. I wanted to be personally acquainted with the spirit of those districts, each with a nobility of its own. I was acclaimed as a conqueror and a saviour. This flattered me, but be sure that it did not make me proud. I felt stronger, and yet realised all the more that I faced mountains of responsibility. In those four cities, so different and far one from the other, I saw the same light! I had with me the honest, the good, the pure, the sincere soul of the Italian people!

I assembled the Central Committee of the Fasci Italiani di Combattimento—the Fighting Fascisti—and we came to an agreement on the outlines of the movement, which was to lead the Blackshirts triumphantly along the sacred roads to Rome. Speaking in those days at the Circolo Sciesa of Milan, I said to my trusted men that we finally had come to the "sad sunset of Liberalism, and to the Fascist-dawn of a new Italy."

AND now we were on the eve of the historic march on Rome—Eternal City. Having completed my survey and estimate of the condition in the provinces; having listened to the reports of the various chiefs of the Blackshirts; having selected the plans of action and determined in a general way upon the most favourable moment, I called together in Florence the chiefs of the Fascist movement and of the squads of action. There were Michele Bianchi, De Bono, Italo Balbo, Giuriati, and various others. Someone at that quiet conference suggested the mobilisation of the Blackshirts for November 4th, the anniversary of the Victory. I rejected that proposal, for it would have spoiled a day of commemoration by introducing the element of revolutionary activity.

It was necessary to give our movement the full advantage of opportunity and to make it sparkle and detonate. It was necessary to weigh, besides the military aspect, the political effects and values. We had to consider, finally, the painful possibility of a violent suppression, or a failure, owing to some slip in all of our plans. We were obliged to deter-

mine beforehand all the hows and whens, the details of the means, with what men and with what aims the Fascist assault could most wisely be launched.

THE Fascist meeting in Naples, which was advertised as our second great Congress, with its display of discipline and of speech-making, served to hide the beginnings of the real mobilisation. At a fixed moment the squads of action of all Italy were to be in arms. They would have to occupy the vital nerve centres—the cities, the post offices, the prefectures, police headquarters, railroad stations, and military barracks.

Detachments of Fascisti were to march along the Tyrrhenian Sea, toward Rome. The same movement was to take place on the Adriatic side, from which direction the strength of the low Romagna, Marche and Abruzzi districts was to be launched on Rome. That plan necessitated that we should free Ancona from the Socialist-Communist dominion. This had been done. From middle Italy the squadrons already mobilised for the meeting at Naples were also to be directed upon Rome. They were supported by groups of Fascist cavalry under the command of Caradonna. The moment the Fascist mobilisation and campaign was decided and actually put into operation, martial law, the stern rules and orders of Fascism, both for officers and privates, were to be enforced.

The political powers of our "National Directorate" were turned over to a military quadrumvirate of action in the persons of Generals De Bono, De Vecchi, Italo Balbo and Michele Bianchi. I presided over the quadrumvirate and I was the Duce (the leader), and had the ultimate responsibility for the work of the four men—a responsibility for which I was fully pledged not only to the Fascist, but to Italy.

We selected as general concentration headquarters the town of Perugia, the capital of Umbria, where many roads flow to a centre and from which it is easy to reach Rome. In case of military and political failure we could, by crossing the Appennine range, retire to the Valley of the Po. That zone in any revolutionary movement of history has always been properly considered the keystone of any situation. There our domination was absolute and undisputed. We selected the watchword; we fixed the details of the action. Everything had to be reported to me—in the offices of the *Popolo d'Italia*. Trusted Fascist messengers wove webs like scurrying spiders. All day long I was issuing orders. I wrote the proclamation which was to be addressed to the country on the eve of action. We knew from very faithful, unforgettable friends that the army, unless exceptional circumstances arose, would maintain itself on a ground of amiable neutrality.

AT the historic Congress at Naples, after my opening speech, which traced the outlines of the Fascist action in the State, and assigning to Naples the title Queen of the Mediterranean, the general discussion continued in academic tune, without a definite aim, except that of gaining time. The leader in that dissembling and sham discussion was Michele Bianchi, one of the quadrumvires for the march on Rome. At that time he had already revealed a notable political mind. De Bono and Balbo, who had great authority over the squadrons of action, joined the general headquarters in Perugia.

I went from the adjourned Congress back to Milan. During the trip I saw many friends and was able to make additional preparations. I had important conversations on that particular drive which had to be organised in Milan, as in other centres of the Lombardy district. In order not to arouse the suspicion of the police, for I was always surrounded by spies, I assumed the attitude of an indifferent person without a worry or trouble in the world. In the evenings I went to the theatres. I pretended to have a great spirit of activity in my editorial writing and newspaper management. But like a bolt out of the blue, when I knew that everything was ready, I addressed from Milan, through the *Popolo d'Italia*, and by means of independent publications and through the correspondents of all the Italian newspapers, my proclamation for Revolution signed by the quadrumvirate. Here is the text of this memorable document:



Mussolini with the Fascist chiefs at the taking of Rome.

"Fascisti! Italians!

"The time for determined battle has come! Four years ago at this season the national army loosed its final offensive, which brought Victory. To-day the army of the Black Shirts again takes possession of that Victory, which has been so mutilated, and marching on Rome brings Victory again to the glory of that Capitol. From now on "principi" and "triari" are mobilised. The martial law of Fascism is in force. By order of the Duce all the military, political and administrative functions of the party management are taken over by a secret Quadrumvirate of Action with dictatorial powers. The army, the reserve and safeguard of the nation, must not take part in this struggle. Fascism renews its highest homage to the Army of Vittorio Veneto. Fascism, furthermore, does not march against the police, but against a political class both cowardly and imbecile, which in four long years has not been able to give a Government to the Nation. Those who form the productive class must know that Fascism wants to impose nothing more than order and discipline on the Nation and to renew progress and prosperity. The people who work in the fields and in the factories, those who work in the railroads or in offices have nothing to fear from the Fascist Government. Their just rights will be protected. We will even be generous with unarmed adversaries. Fascism draws its sword to cut the multiple Gordian knots which tie

and burden Italian life. We call on God and the spirit of our five hundred thousand dead to witness that only one impulse sends us on, that only one passion burns within us—the impulse and the passion to contribute to the safety and greatness of our Country."

"Fascisti of all Italy! . . .

"Stretch forth your spirits and your fibres like Romans! We must win. We will!

"Long live Italy! Long live Fascism!

"The Quadrumvirate."

AT night there reached me the first news of a bloody crashes in Cremona, Alessandria and Bologna. Our lives were suddenly plunged into an ardent atmosphere of revolution. News of the struggles which took place in the various cities, sometimes exaggerated by the imagination of reporters, gave a dramatic touch to the revolution. Responsible elements of the country asserted that as a result of this movement there would at last be a Government able to rule and to command respect. The great mass of the population, however, looked out astonished, as it were, from their windows. Not one of the subversive or Liberal chiefs showed himself. All went into their funk-holes. They understood quite thoroughly our time had come. Everyone felt sure that the Fascist struggle would end victoriously. I could sense this even from far away. The air was full of it. The wind spoke of it. The rain brought it down. The earth drank it!

I put on my black shirt. I barricaded the *Popolo d'Italia*. In the livid and grey morning Milan had a fantastic and new appearance. The solemn and sudden silences gave one the sensation of certain great hours that come and go in the course of history. Battalions of Royal Guards scouted the city and the monotonous rhythm of their feet sounded ominous, echoing in the almost deserted streets. The public services functioned on a reduced and meagre scale. The

assaults of the Fascisti against the barracks and on the post offices were the causes of fusillades of shots. This gave to the city a sinister echo of civil war. I had provided the offices of my newspaper with everything for defence against attack. I knew that if the Government authorities desired to give a proof of their strength they would have directed their first violent assault at the *Popolo d'Italia*. In fact, in the early hours of the morning, I saw machine guns trained upon my offices and on my own windows. There was a rapid exchange of shots. With my loaded rifle I went down to defend the doors. The neighbours had barricaded entrances and windows and were begging for protection. Bullets whistled around my ears. A major of the Royal Guard finally asked for a truce—to speak with me. After a brief initial conversation, we agreed that the Royal Guard should retreat two hundred metres and that the mitrailleuses be brought away from the middle of the street and placed at a street crossing, about a hundred metres away. With that sort of armistice the day of October 28th began!

A further instalment of Benito Mussolini's story of his life will appear next week

THE TRAVELLER

WINTER SPORTS By A. H. D'Egville

*What will it COST?**(Alpine Ski-Club, British & Swiss Universities Ski-Club)*

I FIRST started winter sport in 1910. That is a long time ago and things have changed a good deal since then. Winter sports, as we know them now, were in their infancy in those days and are still developing at a rapid pace. Organisation has improved a thousandfold and the standard of the various sports has advanced tremendously. Perhaps it is we who have progressed the most, at least in ski-ing, a sport we only began a few years ago in real earnest. Since then we have defeated the Swiss Universities twice out of four times on their own ground.

The first thing people ask when they are contemplating a visit to the snows for the first time is, "What will it cost?"

Now, first of all, winter sport need not be expensive and the way to calculate the cost is as follows.

A Reasonable Price.

Comfortable rooms and excellent food can be obtained from £4 4s. to £7 7s. a week anywhere, if you apply now. This fee includes breakfast, lunch and dinner. Some hotels include tea, but not all. Some make an extra charge for the upkeep of rinks, bob-runs, luge runs, etc. Then you must allow for extras, such as drinks, tips, hire of sleighs, skis and luges, fares on the local mountain railways, and I always allow ten pounds a week to cover everything. Calculating a second class fare to almost anywhere at £12 all in, a three weeks' holiday will come, roughly, to £42 from door to door.

Now, understand this, it can be cheaper by staying in small hotels and inns, and if you have a large party this is one of the most enjoyable ways of doing it, as you can occupy the whole place and go out to any parties or dances at other hotels you like.

Remember that the snow conditions improve as spring gets nearer. That is to say, February is better than January, and January than December.

The Christmas rush is to be avoided, if possible. Parents, of course, have to choose that time on account of school and university holidays, but otherwise, choose a later date and be comfortable. If early holidays must be taken, choose a high resort. Also remember that there are one or two places in Switzerland and Austria and many in Scandinavia where winter sports, especially ski-ing, can be found as late as May. This time of year is ideal. The days are long and the sun during the day very hot, and shirtsleeves are "regulation."

The British, French and Swiss railways run excellent through trains nowadays and in 22 to 26 hours you can get to most places in the utmost comfort.

Buy Over Here.

Though all winter equipment can be had at the various resorts, I would advise you to get your things, especially clothes, on this side of the Channel. There is no need to pay more than 5 to 10 guineas for ski or other costumes. If you can afford it, all right, but there are plenty of first class kits to be had at the price I mention. Remember, you are not at the North Pole and that it is frequently hotter at this time of year on the snows than it is either in the South of France and North Africa. For ski-ing you want always smooth material that does not pick up the snow. Trousers that fasten at the ankle are all round the best, and many of the Jodhpur trousers now appearing are excellent. For men, plus fours of smooth material are splendid for ordinary ski-ing. With regard to gloves, anything will do for

skating, but for other sports, have smooth gloves of the gabardine order and a small woolly pair inside.

Choose your boots carefully. In the case of ski boots, have them large enough to take two pairs of thick socks inside, without pinching the toes, and have a pair of "gouties."

Where Shall We Go in Switzerland?

In answering this question, the first thing is to determine exactly what we want to do. That is to say, if you want to become a first-class ski-runner, you would choose Mürren rather than St. Moritz. If you want ski-jöring, that is to say, ski-ing behind a fast horse, you don't go to Mürren or Wengen, you go to St. Moritz or Maloja, and if you want to cultivate the English style of skating you will undoubtedly make for Grindelwald or Morgins.

ST. MORITZ (6,187 feet), although famed for the magnificence of its hotels, which provide every form of amusement from cabarets to mannequin parades, also contains many smaller and cheaper hotels. St. Moritz has been described as the Paris of the Alps, and the description is true. It has fine rinks and, of course, it is famed for its Cresta run. It has fine ski-ing slopes, and there are instructors of the first order for all sports.

MALOJA (6,000 feet), in the same valley, and within easy reach of St. Moritz, is famed for its Eagle Ski Club, a fine ski-touring club, composed entirely of Britishers. Sir Claude Schuster is this year's president. Its Golden Eagle badge is much sought after. Mr. Amery is a member.

PONTRESINA (5,915 feet, funicular to 8,265 feet) is another delightful spot, a few minutes only by train from St. Moritz, with fine hotels and skating rinks and good roads for ski-jöring. It also has a funicular 2,000 feet high which transports the ski-runner to some of the finest runs I know.

DAVOS (5,250 feet, railway to 6,150 feet) and KLOSTERS (4,090 feet, railway to 5,000 feet), which always go together, are ski-touring centres of the first order. Davos is a large and attractive town with shops of every kind, rinks galore, ski-jöring, ice-hockey, tobogganing and curling. The famous Parsenn Furka run, which ends at a convenient railway station, is one of the finest runs in the Alps and also one of the easiest.

MORGINS is a delightful little place, hidden away in a glorious valley in the Valais. Famed for its Bear Skating Club, and also for some very excellent ski-runs, it has a most homely atmosphere in every way and is not expensive.

GRINDELWALD (3,500 feet, railway to 6,000), most beautiful of valleys, nestling beneath the majestic Wetterhorn, and guarded on all sides by mountains whose names are famous in the annals of climbing, is perhaps best known for its English skating. But it has a fine bob run, and ski-jöring to Zweilütschinen is great fun. It is all slightly down hill and you return by train.

WENGEN (4,500 feet, railway to Scheidegg, 6,500 feet, and Jungfrauoch, 11,483 feet), of course, is one of the finest ski-ing centres in Switzerland, and provided with a railway which is a boon to ski-runners and tobogganers alike.



Looking at the "Roof of the World."



Austria: Leaving a Mountain Hut for the Upper Snow fields.

This run is one of the longest and best in the Alps and is kept in perfect condition. By taking the train from Wengen, you can ski down the other side of the mountains to Grindelwald or back to Wengen by a variety of ways. The famous Jungfrau railway, tunnelled through the mountains, takes you up on to the glaciers in quite a short time, and there is an excellent hotel at the summit.

MURREN (5,400 feet, funicular to 6,358 feet), on the opposite side of the valley, and a thousand feet higher (5,400 feet), is the great ski school. Nearly all the leading runners have passed through Murren at one time or another, and the members of the British Universities ski team, which have twice defeated the Swiss, have all passed through this school, and most of them were members of the famous Kandahar Ski Club, named after Lord Roberts, who gave the first cup for a first-class ski race.

It owes its high standard of ski-ing partly to the short sharp steepness of its run, to the thousand foot funicular, and to the great enthusiasm for ski-racing, and the stimulus afforded by the work of the Kandahar Club. Its bob run is long and good, and its skating and curling rinks first class. Ski-jöring is the only sport not practised, for Murren is a real mountain resort and has no roads.

Other good ski-ing centres are Gstaad (3,897 feet), Adelboden (4,595 feet) and Scheidegg (6,500 feet).

In Austria and Germany.

THE German language has a word for which we have no equivalent and which most aptly describes winter sport in these countries. "Gemütlich" means something between "friendly" and "comfortable" with an element of luxury about it.

Austria and Germany are cheap—once you get there. The winter sport hotels are not flashy, but they are warm and comfortable and the food and beds are excellent, and good hotel accommodation can be got for 10s. a day.

Austria provides winter sports of all kinds, but its chief sport is, of course, ski-ing. Kitzbühel, with a mountain railway 2,500 feet high, is a superb winter sport centre, with bobbing and skating, as well as fine ski-touring country. Kitzbühel is a large Tirolean town with every modern amenity and the scenery is glorious on every hand. St. Anton is another famous ski-ing centre, the home of Hannes Schneider, the hero of "The Wonders of Ski-ing" and "He and Ski," two fine ski films. His school is famous all over Europe.

Austria also has some of the finest mountain hut-restaurants in the world. Practically every good ski-tour is provided with at least one such

hut, where you can sleep and feed in the utmost comfort.

A Fine Ski-ing Ground.

There is nothing finer, for real ski runners, than to tour from hut to hut. It is cheap and it is ski-ing in the fullest sense of the word.

One of the best ski-ing grounds in the world, to my mind, is the BLACK FOREST in Germany. Beautiful in spring and summer, it is doubly beautiful in winter. There are no great heights to be climbed here, and the ski-runner is soon rewarded for his climb by a run down. Instead of one long climb and one long descent, he has many shorter climbs and corresponding rushes down to the next valley.

Here, too, there are "Wirthauses"—picturesque inns where the guitar hangs on every wall. Every student can sing to a guitar down in the Black Forest, and it seems just right.

End of a Perfect Day.

Sometimes the ski-runner, flying down some glade or turning suddenly round a wooded hill, will come upon a small group of deer, or put up a hare, wearing his white winter coat, and sometimes, too, an ermine, and as the evening falls, and the red sun sinks behind the hill and long shadows fall across the glades, the glow of a lamp making orange patterns on the heavy laden trees is seen where some cosy inn waits, warm and welcome, to add a final joy to a perfect day.

The BAVARIAN ALPS and the Hartz mountains are also excellent winter sport grounds. Munich is the starting point for the Bavarian Alps, and special booklets are published about this region. The country is very beautiful in both these regions and the hotels first class and "sehr gemütlich."



Ice Yachting: a ticklish moment.

FARES:—

London-Freiburg (for Black Forest), 2nd class, single, £5.

Munich, 2nd class, single, £5 10s.

London-Kitzbühel (for Austrian Tyrol), 2nd class, single, £5 17s. 7d.

London-St. Anton, 2nd class, single, £5 4s. 3d.

Norway and Sweden.

BOTH these attractive countries have one or two things to offer which can be found hardly anywhere else. For instance, there is the thrilling sport of ice-yachting, one of the most exciting sports I know. Terrific speeds can be attained and ice-yacht racing is something to remember, I can assure you.

Then there is skate sailing. I wonder how many people have even ever heard of it? Think of whizzing along a lake at 30 miles an hour with a large, specially made sail to drag you.

Ski-jöring (ski-ing behind a horse) is, of course, one of the oldest sports here and provides a thrill you are never likely to forget. Ski-jöring races are terribly exciting to watch and to take part in.

STOCKHOLM is at any time a fascinating city, but in winter it is fairy-like with its frozen canals and snow-covered streets and houses and the sound of sleigh bells, and there are many other delightful resorts.

OSLO, another city wonderful in winter, is within a tram ride of Holmenkollen, where the great Norwegian ski-jumping contests are held. The ski-ing in the neighbourhood is great fun.

Further north is FINSE, a high mountain resort where ski-ing can be had nearly all the year. It has a covered skating rink, however, so if it's wrong outside, it's all right inside!

Sleighing with reindeer is sport worth experiencing, and there is something quite wonderful in a ride in one of these canoe-shaped sleighs, through the woods and across the vast lakes under an emerald-blue sky and in an atmosphere so clear and keen you feel radiantly healthy all the time.

FARES:—

London-Newcastle.—1st—£2 18s. 3d.

3rd—£1 15s. 3d.

Newcastle-Bergen.—1st—£7 3s. 6d.

3rd—£4 3s. 6d.

Newcastle-Oslo (via Bergen),

2nd rail, 1st steamer—£8 1s. 3d.

3rd all through—£4 17s. 3d.

London-Stockholm (Harwich, Hook, Hamburg), 2nd class (1st class steamer), single, £8 13s. 2d.

(via Denmark), 1st class rail in England, 1st class steamer, 2nd class in Sweden, single, £7 16s. 4d.

For Switzerland

By A. H. D'Egville, Alpine Ski Club



(Selfridge's)



(Stoolbred)



(Barber's)

WINTER sports will soon be here again, and the all-important question, "What to Wear," has got to be decided very soon. Here is a selection of costumes for all kinds of sports, from which to choose. If you are going to try to ski, then remember that you must choose smooth materials, otherwise the snow will cling and thaw, and be extremely uncomfortable. If you are a good "runner" a woolly jumper is all right. You will see the skirt has gone for "keeps," and the trouser, the jodhpur and breeches have taken its place. In skiing there must be plenty of freedom as to the knees, and that is just what the skirt never allowed. Besides, who can say that this kind of kit is not far more attractive in every way?

IN skating, you may let your fancy work its will.

But, here again, the skirt should be either split or pleated to let the limbs have full play for the "Mohawks" and "Grape-vines" you are going to spend such hours upon, and I shall permit you woolly gloves! On the rink you

can let your desire for colours run riot and the brighter you are, the better! In luge-ing and bobbing you can be as "woolly" as you like, but in the matter of gloves, a smooth pair outside a woolly pair is best. The smooth

and a leather coat for "standing about" in—the more colourful it is the better. Colour on the white snow is, at times, a great relief to the eye, besides being extremely effective.

pair keeps away the snow, and a woolly pair keeps the fingers warm. The caps illustrated on this page are ideal. Switzerland is, on the whole warm, but as evening falls there is a nip in the air that wants "coping with," and the ears may get cold speeding through the air on skis or bobs, so that a cap or hat that keeps the hair tight to the ears when necessary is the best thing to have. Make certain of getting good ski and skating boots. The finest are to be had on this side of the Channel, and for skiing remember that you will want two pairs of thickish socks inside. Soak ski boots in oil thoroughly before you go away. This not only renders them waterproof, but soft and comfortable.

ON many days it is so hot that you can discard your coat—there is your chance for that natty jumper,



(Selfridge's)

The Social Side of Switzerland

ALTHOUGH most people go to the various places in Switzerland to enjoy the sports, it must not be forgotten that the social side plays a big part in the enjoyment of the holiday.

In years gone by the social side was left almost to look after itself. There were dances of sorts, not always every night, an occasional gymkhana, and cards. That was all. To-day there is a very different picture to present, and nothing has been left out that could possibly add to the enjoyment of the guests once the more serious work of the day is over.

Every hotel contains a first-rate ball-room. The old Swiss or Italian bands have been replaced by British dance bands such as we are accustomed to find at home. Relieved of the formality of such a function at home, a fancy dress ball at a Swiss hotel has a gaiety and "go" we seldom see anywhere else. The fun is greatly increased by the enormous number of people who make up costumes at the last moment from the most slender material with results unbelievably comic and clever.

Full of Beans.

Who is that charming person over there dressed as a Bacchante? Am I right in suggesting it is the Countess of Thingummie? And that large and genial person garbed like a boy Scout. Can it be the Bishop of Boxminster? Yes it is.

Everyone is full of beans. The Alpine air could not let them be otherwise. Prizes are usually awarded for the best and most original dresses, and special prizes for anything really out of the ordinary.

Another evening diversion is that of going in a large party to some local inn where the entertainment is provided by local guides and

others who sing Swiss songs and yodel and play their accordions in the most engaging way. Sometimes there is an ice carnival which is practically a fancy dress ball on the ice. Exhibitions of figure skating, waltzing and combined skating are given during the evening, and the spectacle which such a function presents on the glistening ice, the stars blinking down upon it from a dark blue sky, and the gay colours passing criss-cross about the rink to the lilt of a good band is amazingly lovely.

Gymkhana Frolics.

Ingenious and tireless brains have made the gymkhana a really exciting and expert affair nowadays. If you imagine it is an easy matter to slide along a ball-room floor face downwards, blowing a champagne cork along, in and out a number of bottles (empty) and back to the winning post, you are mistaken, and as for piloting a balloon round the four sides of the room by prodding it with the head and never allowing it to touch the floor, it is a feat demanding great skill and patience.

I still think that one of the most amusing games is one in which all the ladies stand at one end of the room and the partners at the other. On the word "go," the men have to rush down the room and whistle a tune to their partners, who must recognise it and write it down on a piece of paper. When the man bustles her back to the starting point, the pair who arrive first win only providing the name she has written down tallies with that on a piece of paper in possession of her cavalier.

Potato races and egg and spoon races are all known, but a tug-of-war on a polished ballroom floor in stocking feet provided a lot of fun.

Sometimes there are night tailing parties. Twenty or twenty-five luges, tied one behind

the other, and drawn by a sledge and three powerful horses, set out from the hotel on a moonlight night for a "tail" along the road through the village and out among the trees and the sparkling snow. Anyone can take part in this. It is not a skilful pastime, but a most delightful and amusing one, and shouldn't be missed.

At the big hotels at places like St. Moritz such things as mannequin parades and professional cabaret shows are frequent occurrences, and many resorts have cinemas.

Places that do not possess their own theatres often have a private projector in the hotel, where anything from Charlie Chaplin to African exploration can be seen, to say nothing of films of our own doings of the week before.

Ski-races, ski-föing on the lake (ski-ing behind race-horses), skating championships, international ice-hockey matches, bob-races—all these things add to the social side, for thousands go to watch them, so that it has become a social function as much as Goodwood or Ascot.

It is wrong to imagine that women are expected to wear a different dress every night. No one expects that in Switzerland. Three or four are enough.

So if you don't feel like taking an active part in any of the sports, you can still rest assured that you won't have a dull moment. But take a fancy dress of some sort. A.H.D'E.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of BRITANNIA on all matters appertaining to travel. All inquiries should be addressed to him c/o BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.



(Gamage)

(H. J. N'coll)



(H. rods)



(Burberry)

(Harrods)

Women wear the "Breeches"—and the Trousers—in the Land of Snow and Ice!



(Gamage)



CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH.

THE first three appeals I am presenting this week are concerned with the middle classes. As the purpose of this page is the promotion of charity in the national interest, it is extremely important that the needs of the most valuable section of our citizens should not be disregarded.

The "Middle Classes" has a dull sound; it suggests an unpoetical and a kind of suburban competence; but in fact at this time of day the middle classes are both the most important (from a civic point of view) section of the nation and the most heavily burdened. They are the most important for us, just as they were in the days of the later Roman Empire. And if they fare in Britain as they fared in the Great Western Empire, this Empire will most surely share the fate of Rome. What brought down the Roman Empire was, above everything else, the crushing by the great bureaucratic power at Rome of the men who sustained the municipal life and the guild life of the Empire.

King's College.

So now for some middle class charities. And first, may I draw attention to an appeal which has come to me from King's College, which is this year celebrating the centenary of its foundation and has launched an appeal for £350,000 to meet the present needs of modern education and research. Unlike the provincial universities, which owe so much to the generous support of benefactors, King's College only receives an annual sum of £4,800 from endowments out of the necessary annual expenditure of £130,000. The work of the College is not only seriously hampered not only by this financial insecurity but also by the condition of its buildings and the ever-increasing number of its students. The South-Eastern block, overlooking the Thames Embankment, is at present a network of staircases and small rooms utterly inadequate for the work of classrooms or laboratories. It is proposed that this block should be rebuilt at an estimated cost of £125,000 and that a similar amount should be raised to provide for the endowment of Chairs in the Faculties of Natural Science, Engineering, Medical Science and Arts.

Before the War this college had 700 students in attendance, but to-day, including some 500 evening students, there are nearly 2,000 in the various departments. It is not, I understand, the policy of the college to aim at an indefinite increase in the number of students. On the contrary, it purposes to remain a college limited in this respect, choosing the most efficient of the applicants for entry.

Donations for this great work for which I am appealing may either be sent to the Treasurers; The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna and Sir Edward Troup, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.D., or direct to the Bankers: Messrs. Coutts and Company, 440, Strand, W.C.2.

A School for Orphans.

And next for a School and as an excellent type of a middle-class educational charity I should like to present the London Orphan School and Royal British Orphan School at Watford. The School enjoys the patronage of Their Majesties The King and Queen, The Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family.

I have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following appeal: "To a middle-class

*In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—POPE.*

father with a young family it is a frequent nightmare to consider what will become of his wife and children if anything should happen to him before he has had time to provide for their future. When the father is taken it is then a tragedy for the widow, left without means, and with boys and girls to maintain. She cannot, perhaps, depend on the help of relatives; and if she obtains a position then there is nobody at home during the day to look after the children.

"It was to help such families as these that 115 years ago the London Orphan School and Royal British Orphan School was founded for the necessitous fatherless children of the middle class, and a great work has been done since then. The children—and there have been 10,973 of them—have come from all parts of the world, but principally from in and around London. They have been maintained and clothed and have been given a secondary boarding-school education."

If any of the readers of BRITANNIA could call at the Schools they would find there between four and five hundred happy and healthy children being trained to become self-reliant British citizens; and from the record of the life of these young folk when they go out into the world it is clear that they make a good use of their time at Watford. It is remarkable what progress old scholars have made in the commercial world; and, in their success they do not forget their School. The old Scholars' Association each year provides the prizes for the sports and further contribute very handsomely to the funds. One old scholar who went abroad and who did well gave a capital sum sufficient to bring in an income of one hundred guineas for ever; further, he sends each year as many guineas as he is years old. Another old boy who went abroad transferred £500 worth of Stock to his Old School when he retired from business. Space will not permit of the recital of further evidence of old Scholars' affection and generosity.

The Secretary at Eldon Street House, E.C.2, would be only too glad to send on further information, if applied to; and, any contributions sent to him there would be gratefully acknowledged.

The Working Ladies' Guild.

I am asked to say something on behalf of this Guild, the work of which, as its office at 251, Brompton Road, S.W.3, is close to where I live, I know a good deal about. Its sphere is very different from that of the two charities for which I have just been pleading, but I know it is a worthy charity, and I think that something is done to increase the strength of the nation by an enterprise which gives hope and opportunity to a large number of ladies whose circumstances, but for its help, would be profoundly depressing.

The Working Ladies' Guild was founded in 1877 to assist unmarried or widowed gentlewomen in reduced or necessitous circumstances who were in need of employment, training, or in temporary difficulty of such help as they might get through a small pension.

The Guild is asking for help for its Coal Fund, a means of help which is much appreciated by many of those poor ladies some of whom write that "warmth is more than food" to them. The Guild is holding a sale on November 14th and 15th, at Kent House, Knightsbridge.

The Church Army.

I have asked Prebendary Carlile, the Founder of the Church Army, to let me know what his great organisation is doing on behalf of the sort of people who sleep on the Embankment. I give you his statement which is marked by his usual humane commonsense.

"Simple fact is the surest argument, and the simple fact is that no man need sleep on the Embankment—unless he deliberately chooses to do so. The Embankment has for years been regarded as the last resort of the destitute, and on it there are to be found men from all over the country. The system by which these homeless men are, if they so will, assured of beds, combines all that is efficient in official service with all that is best in voluntary charitable effort."

"Those who know the Embankment problem best will be the last to dogmatise about it; and they will tell you that the men who resort there represent individual difficulties which it is impossible to deal with on any mass principle. The problems range from that of, for example, the university man spending his first dread hours in a homeless condition to the man who simply likes sleeping out."

"What happens? The most helpable men usually apply to some voluntary society earlier in the day but, of the residuum, a very high proportion are sent by the Metropolitan Asylums Board to the Church Army. In twelve months, out of 9,499 homeless men sent to all voluntary societies, 7,677 were sent to the Church Army. All the others were given an order for a bed somewhere or other."

The Embankment Crowd.

"A man received by the Church Army is given a hot supper and a bed; and next morning can have breakfast if he is prepared to work for it. Subsequent meals and beds can be earned also at varied tasks."

"One of the greatest difficulties in dealing with the Embankment crowd on wise lines is the mistaken charity which finds expression in the giving of money and in the provision of food at the coffee stalls. This practice is growing on the part of inexperienced though well-meaning people. Any Church Army man engaged in this work can tell of extraordinary experience with these homeless people. During a midnight patrol last week, a Church Army worker awakened a man in Trafalgar Square at 1.30. The man said he usually slept in a lodging house on very cold nights and that he was then having a little rest! He showed ample money to pay for a bed."

"It is surely far better to back up the efforts of experienced people, like Church Army workers, than to give away money and free meals which, from the character point of view, leave the recipient perhaps a little worse than when he was found. After all, it is character which these men want and the will to help themselves. The Church Army encourages self-help, not only in this branch of work but in its numerous other directions."

THE WOMAN'S SECTION

Home

EDITED BY

Garden

Children

JULIA CAIRNS

Beauty

Cooking

Fashion

EVERY regular reader of "Britannia" is invited to make full use of this Service Department, which I am personally directing.

In order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of this free Service should to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their enquiries, which should be addressed to:—

Britannia Universal Service,
Julia Cairns' Department,
Britannia,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Envelopes should be marked according to the nature of the enquiry within—e.g. "Home," "Beauty," etc.

EVERY day our post-bag is filled to overflowing with letters, asking for the expert, specialised help on every imaginable subject that BRITANNIA is offering through the Service Department.

There are letters seeking help with the Decorative scheme that is to beautify the Home; there are letters requiring information on the latest Labour Saving devices; there are letters asking for recipes that will "brighten" Home menus.

Some, again, concern the upbringing of children . . . their ailments, their diet and the all-important question of Child-Psychology. Others concern the Woman Herself . . . her complexion, her hair, her figure or some other aspect of her Good Looks and Good Health . . . her clothes. Perhaps her Dress Allowance is small and she wants assistance with the buying of a smart, up-to-date outfit, without spending too much money.

GIRLS are consulting BRITANNIA on their choice of a career. Mothers ask "what they shall do with their girls!"

Here are a few extracts, taken haphazard from last week's correspondence. . . . No query, you see, is "too technical" for BRITANNIA . . . nothing is "too much trouble."

DEAR MADAM,

I shall be very much obliged if you will kindly tell me the best electric light to have on a dining table. The room is about 22 ft. long, 17 ft. wide and 11 ft. high. . . .

MADAM,

I shall be very much obliged if you can tell me where I can get nursery furniture suitable for a small house—where it is only possible to have one room as day and night nursery. . . .

DEAR MADAM,

Will you please advise me about my little girl's diet. She is two years old. . . . I cannot get her to eat vegetables of any kind. . . . I think she is missing them, because her skin is not too clear. . . . I do hope you can advise me.

DEAR MADAM,

After reading your delightfully fascinating articles on colour schemes

and furnishing, I am fired with enthusiasm to re-decorate my lounge on somewhat different lines to the "tame" way it exists at present, and I feel sure you will help me with your expert advice.

DEAR MADAM,

I am a regular reader of your most interesting paper BRITANNIA, and would be grateful if you would send me some vegetarian recipes, as I suffer from rheumatism and am allowed very little to eat.

DEAR MADAM,

Can your Cooking Expert tell me of any method which will keep meat from drying up when it has been cut. . . .

DEAR SONIA,

Would you please tell me of a good skin food . . . my face is rather thin and I would like to make it fatter.

DEAR SONIA,

I should very much like your advice regarding the best make of Complexion Milk (Cleansing) and astringent tonic lotion. . . . My skin seems to have lost its clearness.

DEAR MADAM,

I require a dressmaker who can cut well and make up attractive afternoon and evening gowns. . . .

DEAR MADAM,

I hope you can help me with a difficult problem. I require a new winter coat and an evening wrap, and have 5½ guineas to spend. . . .

DEAR MADAM,

I do not know how many of your readers wrote to you about the £10 outfit . . . the result in my case was most satisfactory judging from the male approval accorded to the outfit when it arrived home. . . . Yes, your Fashions are as helpful as your Beauty Articles. . . .

DEAR MADAM,

Having heard of your splendid Service Department, I feel I may write with confidence for some fashion advice. . . . I would like to know how to alter my wedding frock, of a year ago, to to-day's style. . . .

The Loves of Vanity

By OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

I AM an ideal husband with a grievance. My grievance is against all other husbands who are the very opposite to ideal. Why are they, you may ask. You wish me to tell you, perhaps? You don't? Then I will. Maybe it's my remarkable faith, others might call it stupid optimism, but I would much rather, with your and the Censor's permission, blame it on my faith. You see I believe in women. I believe most of all in my wife.

When, in the late, mysterious hours of night, I pace up and down the library, she adores the ground I walk on. You see Vanity loves a bargain; and the library carpet is supposed to be a bargain. The sly old merchant in Algiers town who sold it to her swore that one couldn't possibly buy the same thing in Axminster (where it was made) for less than a quarter of what he was asking for it.

When we married, Vanity and I, it was agreed that jealousy should have no place in our home of happiness. I am, you see, one of those rare, but so distinctly refreshing creatures who believe that when the husband works, the wife must be allowed to play.

BUT like all tales, even if they are true ones, this should be told from the beginning. The beginning of this one happened one evening while I was shaking our favourite cocktail—'tis a side-car with gin. It is much nicer than it sounds, I would add apologetically.

Vanity came in breathless.

"Dear you, I've just seen such a wonderful bargain—a desk with millions of drawers—Chinese, he said it was—only £1,800—full of sliding panels and things—and he was so handsome, too!"

"What or who was?" I said, in a tone just high enough to be heard above the rattle of the ice.

"The salesman, darling. A beautiful blonde!"

"Sounds suspicious to me," I said, and poured out cocktails for two.

"Well, where's the desk?" I added.

"Oh, but I didn't buy it!"

"You should have done," I said comfortably; "a bargain should always be bought."

"Oh, but if I had, I should have had no excuse to go and see him again."

"Who's him?" I asked, and frowned convincingly.

"The beautiful. . . ."

"Stop!" I cried. "When are you seeing him again?"

"In a few minutes," and Vanity, looking at the ceiling, sighed eloquently. "I thought I might, as you're going to the club."

"Am I going to the club?" I said, in surprise.

"Yes, my sweet," and with a tender smile Vanity turned on her heel and disappeared into the lavender boudoir. You see how well we understand each other!

It was on Friday we had our first attempt at a quarrel. The November morning had dawned dreary and dismal. Rain was making mud. A hundred umbrellas leaked into a hundred hall-stands. All the Mayfair taxis were skidding. A terrible morning for the animals, and the human beings too.

"You're not going out," I suggested to Vanity. There was no reply from that which framed a lazy cigarette with the ash unbroken, an inch long. Two tiny feet lay propped against the back of our best red lacquer chair, whilst the rest of Vanity had sunk into innumerable cushions heaped in front of the cheerful log fire.

"I'm going to a funeral," said Vanity, calmly, and absently stroked the ears of the Borzoi, who was indulging in his usual bad habit of licking the carved lion's face at the foot of the divan.

"Don't be silly," I said. "You know we

"Or when a new bud begins to bloom I suppose," I said, with, I hope, heavy sarcasm.

"You're jealous again," said Vanity, screwing up a dainty nose; "a light, please?" she held out the Turkish cigarette interrogatively.

"First there was the antique dealer with the cruel hands; then there was the page boy with the cruel nose; then followed the tenor from the Albert Hall with the cruel voice; and now you're infatuated with cruel ears. What's coming over you, Vanity?"

"I believe it's l-l-l-love c-c-c-calling to m-me," said Vanity, and buried her head in the cushions.

"Why do you go out with these people?" I asked.

"Because I am very certain that none of them could put me off you!"

"Are you sure?" I cried eagerly.

"Heavens, the man still loves me, after three months, too," said Vanity, and leapt up to be kissed.

"No," I said, "I cannot. There is more in this than meets the eye. You must never see him again." And I assumed my sternest expression.

Vanity produced a piece of lace the size of a postage stamp. "If you start being horrible I shall go home to mother," she sobbed.

"And if you do that I shall go home to father!"

"You're being mean, faddish, cad-dish. . . ."

"And raddish. . . ." I suggested, hopefully. Then we had to laugh.

A MONTH passed; and the loves of Vanity seem to have all disappeared. Vanity seemed to spend all her time with me. She had no eyes for anyone else. Usually in the morning she went for a stroll in Kensington Gardens or perhaps Green Park, and always returned flushed and happy. The morning air does so agree with Vanity.

It was one of the mornings, such as these, that I said:

"By the way, now that you don't know Jimmy, where do you buy all these beautiful flowers. . . ."

"I don't buy them. I get them for nothing." Vanity smiled, rather shyly I thought.

"Do you?" I said. "How?"

"I just go and pick them in the Park. Oh, don't worry, I won't get arrested. Harry has seen to that. He's head-keeper in Kensington Gardens, and he's got such nice brown hair and baby blue eyes. I can hear him even now as, holding his cap in his hand, and with a far-away look in his eyes, he says dreamily:

"And if ever yer husband was ter die yer can start picking some of the white ones!"



haven't got a funeral to go to until Uncle George dies; and that isn't till January."

"The funeral I am going to, is of someone I have never met," retorted Vanity, with equanimity, "Jimmy is taking me."

"And who might Jimmy be?" I asked.

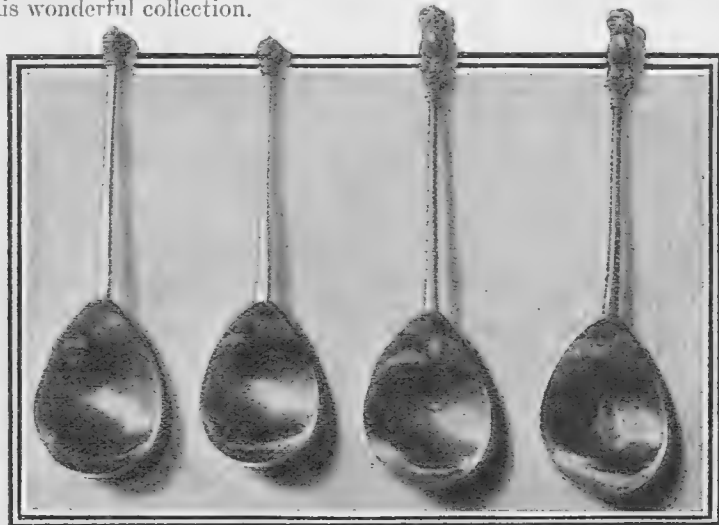
"Jimmy? Don't you know Jimmy? Oh, but you should; he's a perfect darling. He's the manager at Cass the florist's. He's got to deliver some wreaths at the cemetery, and he asked me if I would like to go, too. You see, it's the only chance he gets of taking me out. He's a waiter at night. I like him because he's got cruel ears which wiggle frightfully quickly when he's excited. . . ."



Most of us possess one or two pieces of real old silver, perhaps a quaint Queen Anne teapot or a few silver spoons which were used to stir that new and fashionable beverage called "Tay." In our treasure hunt after old silver we are helped by the fact that from the fifteenth century onwards there is a complete list of all makers' "marks," which is easily obtainable, and any find can be dated without much trouble. Very old silver is rare and extremely valuable, and in our search we shall not look for anything older than about 1716, but that leaves us with all the most delightful things to search for, such as tea-spoons, cruets, caddy-spoons, teapots, tea-caddies and candlesticks. You can't help noticing how much the word tea occurs; tea was very expensive in those days, and it was kept carefully locked away in little silver tea-caddies; sometimes these were kept in shagreen boxes ornamented with silver handles. The earliest tea-caddies were plain and either octagonal or rectangular in shape; sometimes they were made in pairs, one to hold green tea and the other black.

Caddy-spoons were kept in the tea-caddies; they are very small, and usually shell-shaped, and all date from 1790 to 1830. Tea-spoons, also, are very small, but then the delicate china cups into which the tea was poured were very small, too; but as tea grew cheaper the cups and the spoons grew larger, until, in the reign of George II, the fine, thin, old spoons, the joy of every collector's heart, became general. Charming, too, are the Queen Anne spoons, and it is curious to notice that the handles are bent forward and not backward.

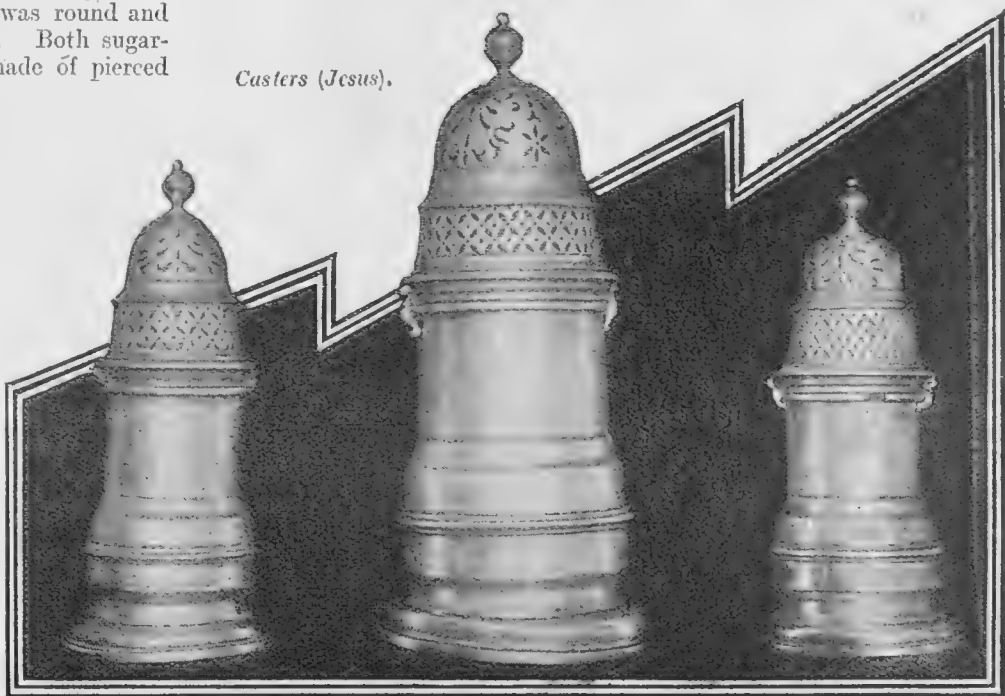
November 8 this marvellous collection of old silver will be open to the public, and the Great Western Railway, the London Midland Scottish, and the London North Eastern Railway, are issuing return tickets to Oxford at one and a third single fare, and these will be available from London and all stations within a sixty-mile radius. The exhibition is open from 10 to 4 from Mondays to Fridays, and from 10 to 6 on Saturdays. The silver dates from the fifteenth century onwards, so before you start out on your own "treasure hunt" it will well repay you to go to the "City of Dreaming Spires" and examine this wonderful collection.



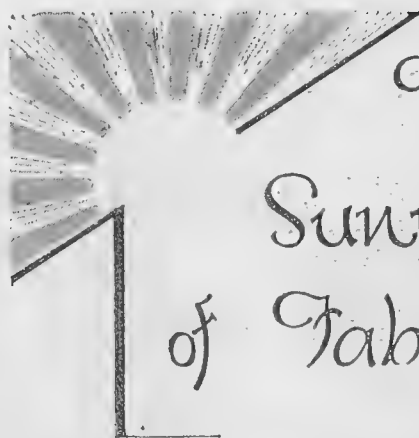
Spoons (Corpus Christi, Oxford)

TEAPOTS before the time of Queen Anne are very rare. The genuine teapot of this period is bell-shaped; later they became oval in shape and decorated with "bands of fine, flat chasing"; but with the Georgian era they became square or round in shape and heavily decorated. Queen Anne, it may be mentioned in passing, loved her "cup of tea," and the most acceptable present to give her was a silver teapot. The cream jug of this period was round and rather low in shape, later it became helmet-shaped. Both sugar-basins and cream jugs were often most beautifully made of pierced or wire work with coloured glass linings. Cruets, too, came into use about 1740, and they vie with the sugar-basin and cream jug in the beauty of their workmanship; the easter or pepper-box was in use at a much earlier date, and the illustration of the three different casters dated 1708 give an idea of the beauty of these small accessories to the table. Other little silver articles which are not always mentioned in books on silver, but which are most delightful things to collect, are the pomanders, vinaigrettes, and tiny pocket nutmeg-graters which every lady carried in her reticule in case of emergencies. These were in use from about the end of the eighteenth century until about 1820.

THE colleges of Oxford own what is, perhaps, a unique collection of silver, and certainly it is one of the few places where mediæval plate can be studied, for it survived even the "treasure hunting" of Henry VIII, though much was lost when Charles I, after the Battle of Edgehill, borrowed as much of it as he could to meet his expenses, and his promises of repayment were never kept. From

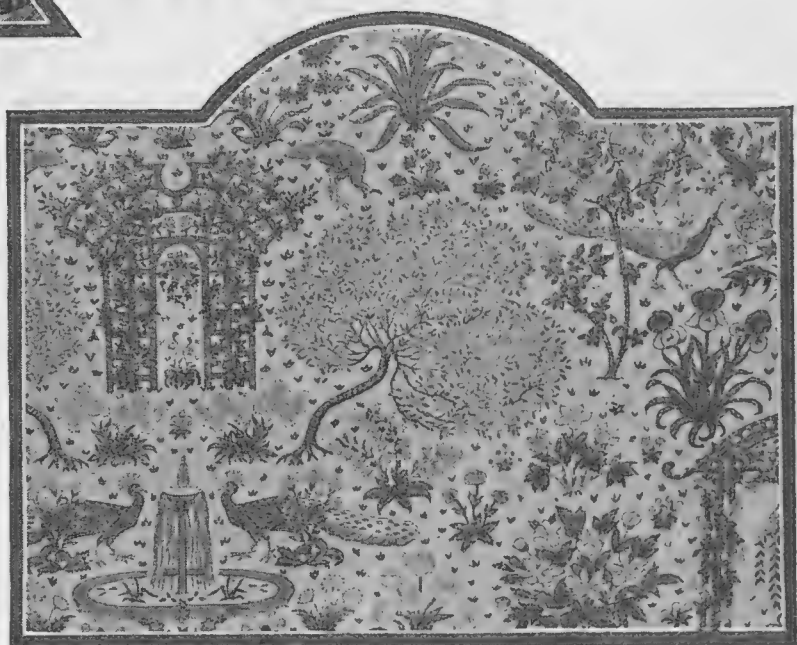


Casters (Jesus).



The Sunny Side of Fabric-land

NOT long ago, the summer smiled upon gardens ablaze with colour, butterflies flitted gaily to and fro, seemingly oblivious of the so-sudden approach of cold, dark days, when they and the flowers would pass. But, even though we cannot find the colour-comfort we need out-of-doors, we *can* introduce it into our homes. Perhaps you are wondering how you can make one of your rooms a little brighter, a little more cosy-looking. Here is a cretonne which just radiates cheerfulness. Butterflies, whose wings are splashed with a rich profusion of colour, are to be found, flaunting themselves gaily against a background of willow green. Width, 30 in. Price, 2s. 6d. per yard.



OR, again, to counteract the effect of dull November days, why not this unusually charming cretonne-tussore, with its flower garlanded gateways, its quaint rose standards, its amusing little fountains, showering cool water into the lily-pond beneath; its peacocks, too, and a myriad flowers in every colour that summer knows—all printed upon an ivory ground? In short, if your room is not a very large one, and sadly needs a touch of colour, here is the very fabric which will help you—even in the cold, grey dreariness of November—to recall the riotous beauty of the garden in mid-June. Width, 31 ins. Price, 2s. 11½d. per yard.



PERHAPS you are one of those people who are a little afraid of introducing an abundance of colour into your home and, in the choice of a cretonne, an unobtrusive design makes a greater appeal to you. If this is true in your case, then I think you would be quite happy with the one illustrated here. Again, one is reminded of the garden—an old-world garden—with just a few gaily-coloured flowers in orange, deep sky-blue, and vivid red, springing up from a groundwork designed to look like crazy-paving, of a colour very near to stone. Width, 30 ins. Price, 3s. 6d. per yard.

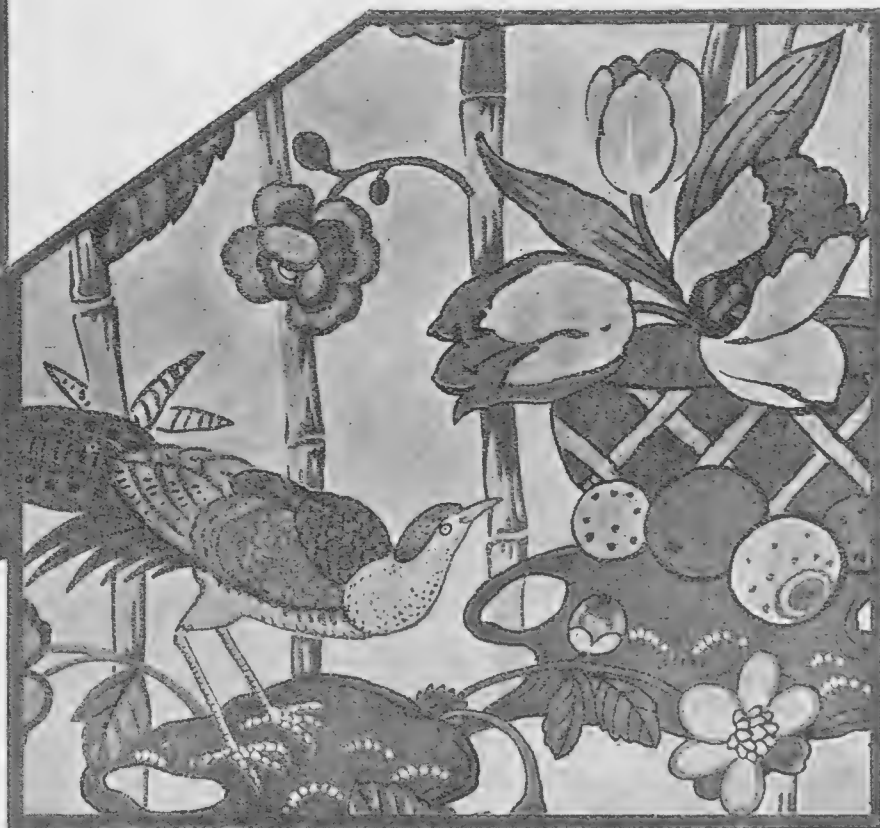
By
The Woman Editor

IF you wish to know where these attractive fabrics are to be obtained address your queries as directed on page 629.

A BIRD soars above a flower-filled garden. Peonies, sweet-scented stocks and lilac nod their farewell as he flies away. And, borne on the summer breeze to the sunlit skies, he seems like a patch of colour from their own bright petals, lit up as he is by the sun's bright rays. Now purple, now blue—or, maybe, green, orange or yellow lights up his vivid plumage, reflected from the garden below. . . . So even you and I, in cold and rainy England, may recapture the radiance of summer in the aftermath of autumn. That is, if we are wise enough to choose this cretonne for our home. Width, 31 in. Price, 4s. 6d. per yard.



AND when you want to bring the bright, warm colour of the sun itself into your dining-room, here is the very fabric for you. A deep cream background throws into relief a design in all the golden-yellows of a summer sunset, with here and there a touch of shrill leaf-green and rich earth-brown, in subtle contrast. Roses in creamy-yellows old gold and deep burnt orange, nestle, like pools of sunlight, amid their foliage. While, from above, boughs of wisteria in ivory and burnished gold, lean down to caress them. In the centre, aglow with colour, a parrot has perched himself, deeming this a fitting background for his bright and splendid plumage. And I think you, too, could you but see this cretonne, with all its sunny colour, would admit that it lends such an added colour interest in any room where colour is rare. Width, 31 ins. Price, 2s. 6d. per yard.



CONVENTIONAL birds and blossoms group themselves in fascinating manner upon the cream ground of this cretonne. Soft amethyst and vivid crimson mingle with cool greys and greens, warm browns and sunny yellows. Here is a wealth of new ideas on which to build your colour schemes! And should your choice happen to fall on this one—well! it will be quite obvious that you looked on the Sunny Side of Fabric-Land. Width, 50 ins. Price, 2s. 11½d. per yard.

The £ s. d. of SIMPLE FURNISHING

THE BEDROOM (No. 4)

"COULD I quite happily live with it all day if I were ill?" is the question I inevitably ask myself whenever I am purchasing either furniture or decorations for my bedroom. Not that I am often ill—on the contrary—but I always feel that it is a good test to apply. If my room passes it, it means that the appearance of the whole is restful, there is harmony throughout and nothing is unduly obtrusive, and therefore I shall sleep quite easily and happily there each night.

Of course, you have each your own particular likes and dislikes, so far as the actual furniture is concerned, and really there are such a variety of woods from which to choose nowadays. In this particular case I have selected mahogany because of its restful tones, and most important of all, because it will stand the test of time. You will see from the illustration on this page that the suite itself is essentially simple and unpretentious, yet it is nevertheless pleasing.

Cheap and shoddy furniture is a poor speculation. It may look well to start with, but its value soon drops—almost as soon as you purchase it—whereas the well-seasoned wood is a sound investment always, and looks well to the end.

I own, it is not very easy, if one has no expert knowledge, to buy furniture—especially bedroom pieces—but the chief thing is to make up one's mind before entering the shop. Know your own mind. Then be strong enough to withstand the gentle persuasions of the friendly salesman and one's friends!

By Marjorie Day



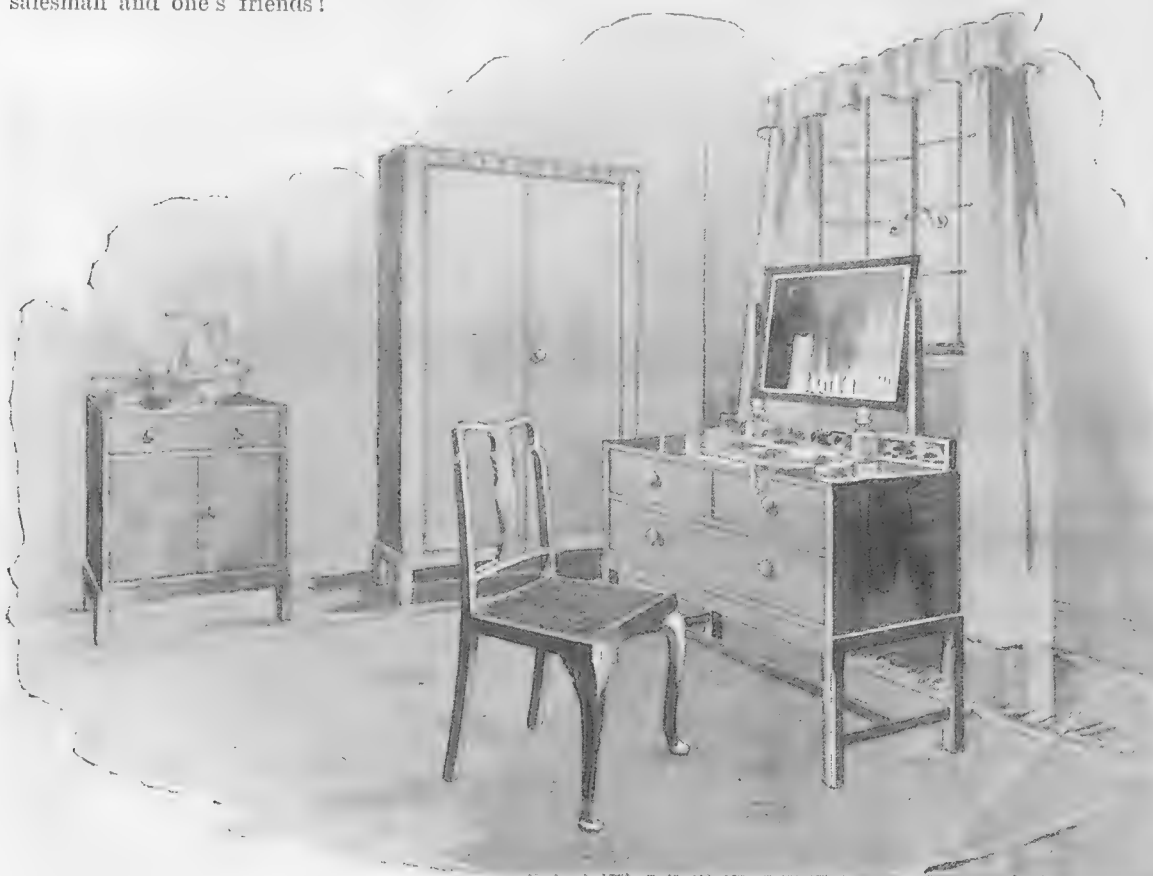
This mahogany wardrobe has the advantage of being commodious without taking up too much room in the small bedroom. Price £21.10.0.

DURING the last few years, the smaller bedroom has sprung into prominence, and the presence of the conventional suite of furniture is a less frequent occurrence.

In many cases a fitted basin has usurped the place of the washstand, or maybe the washstand is constructed so that it is used merely as a chest of drawers.

The bed, too, has been reduced to its simplest form. Merely a head-piece and foot, simple in line and shorn of the ornamentations and projections of a few years ago. But not only is the bed an important matter—the bedding is too. The box spring mattress and the

hair mattress, which must combine comfort and hygiene, the sheets, the down quilt, and the artistic covering—all these things must have your careful consideration. When you are purchasing your suite, beware! Examine the drawers well, see that the corners are dovetailed properly, and that the drawers themselves run in and out easily.



The washstand and dressing-table, of which the plain design is essentially practical, are £7.18.6 and £9.10.0 respectively.

If you wish to know where this furniture can be obtained, write to the Service Department as directed on page 629.

The Latest For The Luncheon Table

By
Julia
Cairns

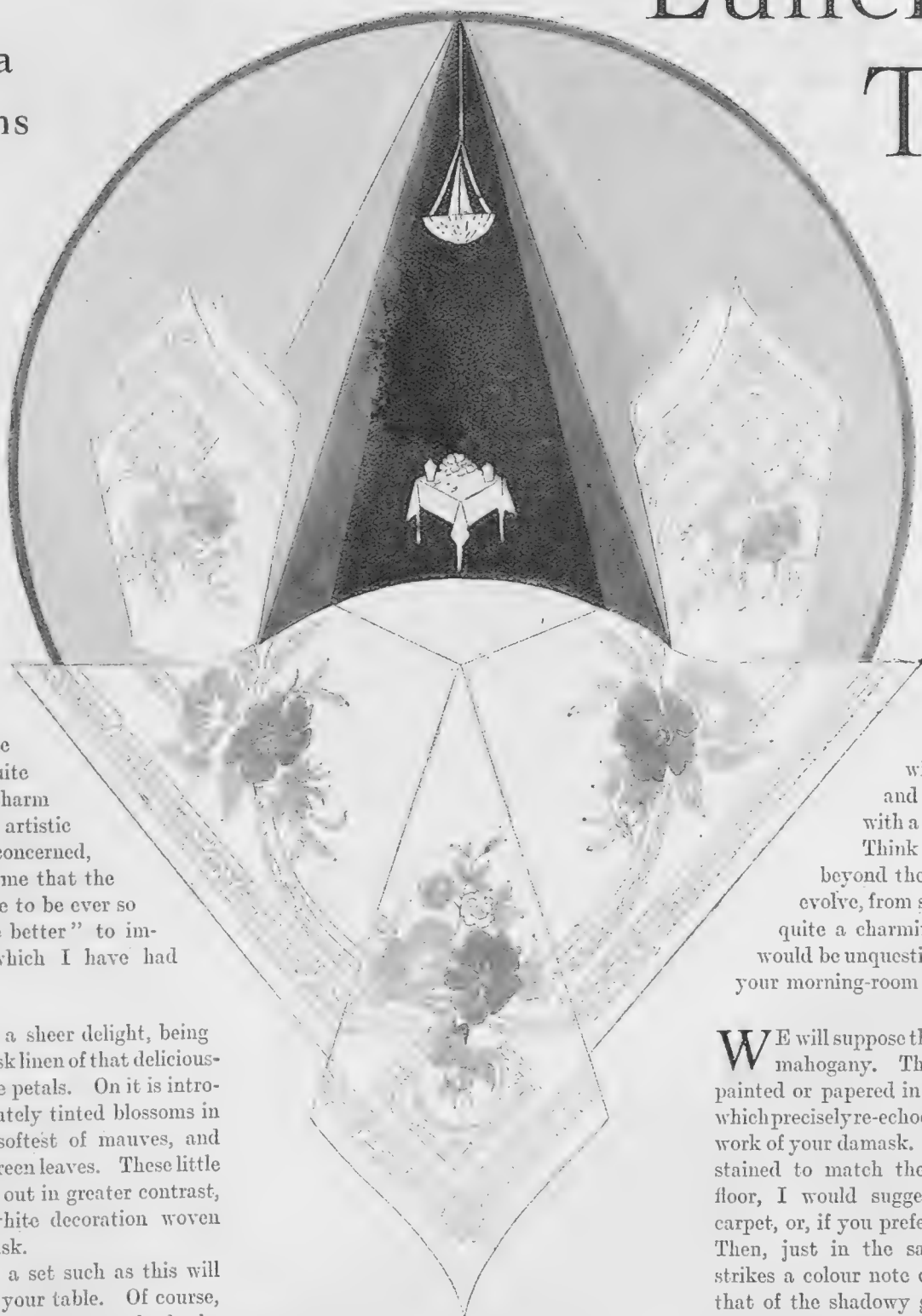
YOU know, it seems to me, that this matter of table linen is getting more and more fascinating every day and, after all, what a difference it does make—doesn't it?—whether it is a simple little homely meal *à deux* or a more sophisticated luncheon party. That is why I want to tell you about some table linen which is quite, quite new and, as far as its charm and its appeal to the artistic feminine mind is concerned, well! . . . it seems to me that the manufacturers will have to be ever so clever to go even "one better" to improve on the design which I have had sketched for you here.

THE table-cloth is a sheer delight, being expressed in damask linen of that deliciously soft shade of primrose petals. On it is introduced a design of delicately tinted blossoms in palest rose, the very softest of mauves, and just a hint of shadowy green leaves. These little groups of flowers stand out in greater contrast, in view of the pearly white decoration woven into the primrose damask.

Use it how you will, a set such as this will add undeniable *chic* to your table. Of course, ordinarily speaking, you would use both the table-cloth and napkins, and whether for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, they would make an equally admirable combination. Again, on the other hand, there is no reason why, if you want to make a change, you should not utilise, perhaps, just the napkins without the table-cloth, substituting the latter either with plain coloured linen luncheon mats, or even with cork ones, varnished in a contrasting shade. Try and visualise the following. . . .

Your luncheon table of oak, beautifully polished . . . enhanced by well-kept silver . . . accompanied by comparatively inexpensive iridescent glass, which is so popular to-day . . . table mats in linen, the larger ones in mauve, the smaller in coral pink . . . a bowl of many

coloured anemones in the centre (preferably in shades of mauve and purple)—this, and the table napkins sketched above, would, I am sure you will agree, be most attractive.



If you really want to be up-to-date with your table-linen, then you must make friends with Old Bleach Linen damask table-cloths and napkins whose delicate tints neither sun nor water can harm. Another point in their favour is that they launder beautifully which, to the practical housewife, means so much.

AGAIN, here is an idea for utilising both the tablecloth and napkins. (They are, by the way, sold separately.) Picture it like this. The primrose cloth, with its pastel-tinted blossoms, the napkins artistically folded, table glass that is crystal clear . . . again, well-tended silver and, in the centre, a floating bowl, with, say, two pink roses and one of saffron yellow, with a few leaves—just floating. Think! It is, by no means, beyond the bounds of possibility to evolve, from such exquisite table linen, quite a charming colour scheme, which would be unquestionably pleasing either for your morning-room or dining-room.

WE will suppose the furniture is dark oak or mahogany. Then the walls might be painted or papered in a soft shade of primrose which precisely re-echoes the colour of the groundwork of your damask. The woodwork might be stained to match the furniture and, for the floor, I would suggest a plain earth-brown carpet, or, if you prefer it, one in willow green. Then, just in the same way as the carpet strikes a colour note considerably deeper than that of the shadowy green leaves, so will you re-echo the pale rose and delicate mauve of the blossoms—although in deeper tones. For the curtains, perhaps green again would please you, with the others of fadeless filet net in primrose, and the loose covers yet again in green, finished with a triple piping of pink, mauve, and willow.

There are other designs, of course, besides the one shown here. For the more formal dinner, there is a lovely flower design, hand-painted in delicate colourings, on a charming old-world damask.

For the cousins abroad, there is a sturdy little cloth of linen, in pink, orange, mauve, or blue, *appliquéd* with flowers in a soft delphinium-blue, which will stand the most zealous washing and the fiercest sun.

Our Empire Larder

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

THESE three words, Our Empire Larder, mean a great deal to every British woman with an imagination. They remind her that our brothers and sisters, our sons and daughters over the seas are busy stocking our home larders; filling them so fully and so well that they are sending to us practically everything we need for every meal, in addition to those we produce in the Motherland. Thousands of miles away across the oceans there are thousands of men and women tilling the soil and tending flocks and herds, in order to furnish our dining-room tables.

IT is some hundreds of years since Great Britain was able to produce all the food she consumed. Later she came to be dependent for many of her supplies upon Foreign countries. To-day the Empire is self-supporting. Is not that one of the great romances of Empire building? I forget who it was that spoke of the "cash nexus," the link of trade, between nations and men. The British Empire is bound together by ties of kinship and affection and is being drawn closer and closer by mutual service

and by the interchange of manufactured goods and natural products.

All this means, even if only indirectly, a good deal to every citizen of our wide-spread Empire. It means a great deal directly to every careful and skilful housewife in the United Kingdom.

Well Spread Tables.

IT is literally true that every thing we need for our every meal is supplied by Empire produce. Glancing through some Stores' price-lists the other day this fact was again impressed upon me. It would degenerate into a dreary recital if I were to attempt more than to indicate by a selection the goods that I found came from our Colonies, India and other members of the British family of nations. Here are a few of the many: tea, all of which once upon a time came from China; coffee, from Kenya and elsewhere; cereal breakfast foods of several sorts; fish, including salmon, oysters and whitebait; milk; honey in various forms from many quarters—indeed our Empire is "flowing with milk and honey"—fruits, fresh, preserved and dried, among their immense variety being apricots, pears, peaches, pineapples, greengages,

grape fruit; currants, raisins, sultanas and peel, so that we can have an Empire Christmas pudding; macaroni and other "pastes"; spices galore; sugar; rice; vegetables, such as corn (maize), asparagus, peas, beetroot, tomatoes; baked beans with tomato sauce or pork; butter; cheeses; sauces of many flavours; olives; pickles; soups; tinned meats and poultry; marmalade; jams; ginger, fig and other puddings; and, well, I must stop to take breath. Is it not amazing? Too few of us realise our good fortune and very few of us avail ourselves of it.

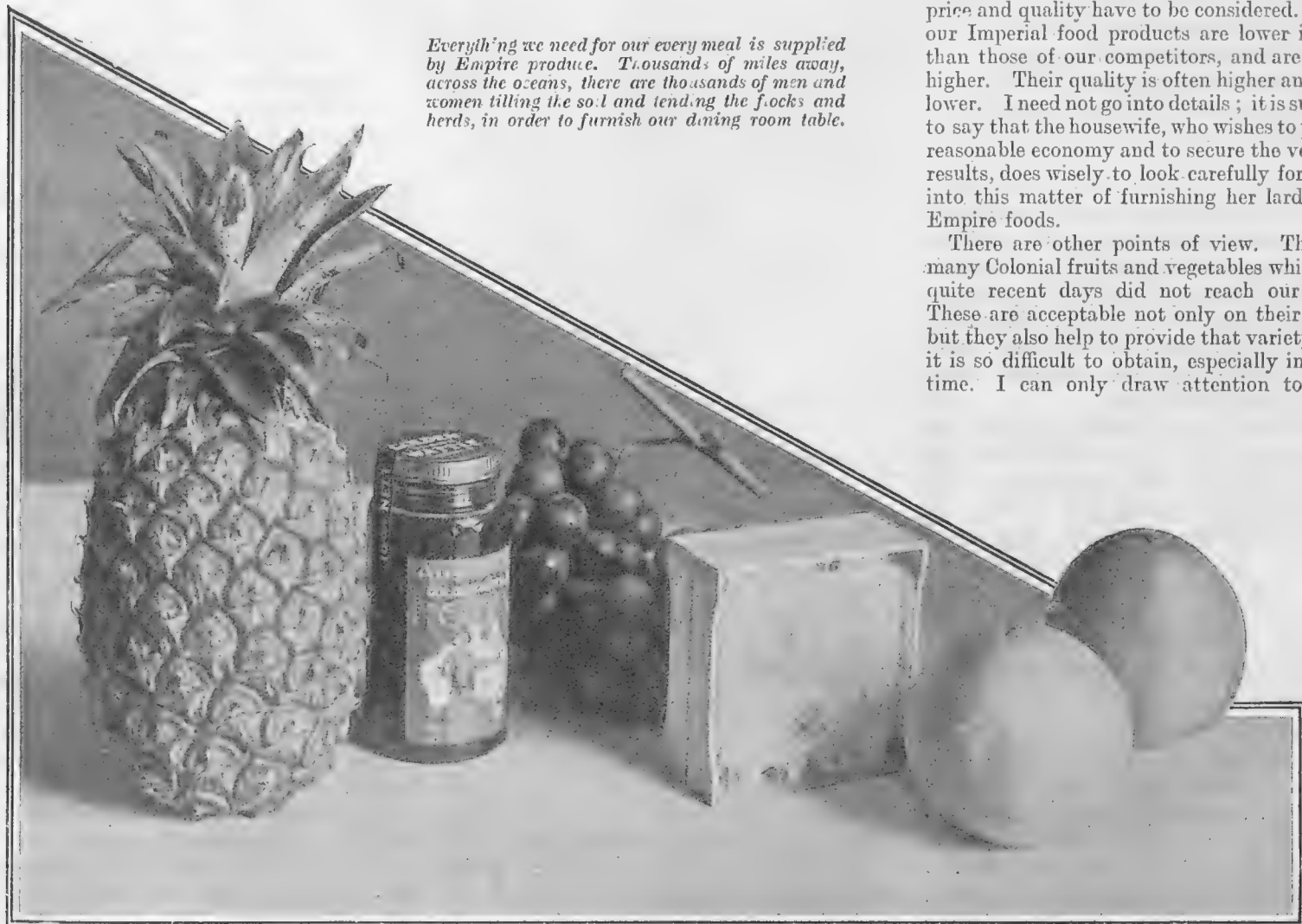
Every mouthful we eat of Empire fare contributes not only to our own welfare but to that of our Colonial fellow citizens; every penny we spend within instead of without the Empire is given to the Empire treasury. Ours is an Empire of fulfilment as well as of promise. We must each of us help that promise to be kept.

The Housewife's Point of View.

BUT housewives have duties to themselves as well as to the Empire; they have their duty to the housekeeping purse. Questions of price and quality have to be considered. Often our Imperial food products are lower in price than those of our competitors, and are seldom higher. Their quality is often higher and never lower. I need not go into details; it is sufficient to say that the housewife, who wishes to practise reasonable economy and to secure the very best results, does wisely to look carefully for herself into this matter of furnishing her larder with Empire foods.

There are other points of view. There are many Colonial fruits and vegetables which until quite recent days did not reach our tables. These are acceptable not only on their merits, but they also help to provide that variety which it is so difficult to obtain, especially in winter time. I can only draw attention to a few

Everything we need for our every meal is supplied by Empire produce. Thousands of miles away, across the oceans, there are thousands of men and women tilling the soil and tending the flocks and herds, in order to furnish our dining room table.





At a recent luncheon given by Messrs. Shoolbred during their Festival of Empire Week, this original map, showing the source of each delectable item, appeared on the Menu Cards.

typical ones. Maple sugar, buckwheat corn, clams—those worthy relatives of the oysters—blueberries, rosebud beets, which are a capital help to winter salads, corn on the cob, Kraft cheese and so on from Canada. Then from a southern clime, from South Africa, such goodly things as Cape gooseberry jam, black fig jams, canned white fig, white mealie (maize) meal and so forth. But I cannot conduct you all round the Empire. It is not unusual viands only that Colonial manufacturers provide us with, but they also find for us unusual combinations of old friends in new jars and jam pots.

The coming home of Colonial fresh and preserved foods of all kinds, also of frozen fish and meat, has almost eliminated the Seasons, so to speak, as far as cook is concerned. To-day even a moderately filled purse can afford out-of-season luxuries which hitherto only a prince or a millionaire could indulge in, if he could get them at all.

Look !

TAKE a peep into your Empire larder ! Here stands a meat pie, made with flour, butter, meat, seasoning, all from the Colonies. There is a dainty flan, filled with Colonial fruit. On another shelf is a salmon or a lobster mayonnaise, with home-grown salad. A big dish of fresh fruits, grapes, apples, figs, peaches, plums, nectarines and pears ! Veritably, the Empire is the market garden of Great Britain ! In the store cupboard are "sugar and spice, and all that's nice !"

Another way of visualising what the Empire is sending us, is this : Would you send a hamper full of good things as a present to a friend ? Spending, say, about ten and sixpence ? It might contain these : a half bottle of excellent South African white wine, a tin of Tasmanian black currants in syrup, a glass of Australian marmalade, a bottle of New Zealand Tomato sauce, a tin of New Zealand sheep's tongues, a tin of Canadian green pea soup ; a quarter of a pound of Ceylon tea and a pound carton of Empire stoned raisins. Or, if that selection does not meet your taste, you could send this : a half bottle of Australian Burgundy, a tin of Cape golden berries in syrup, a pound glass of Tasmanian honey, a bottle of Jamaica mixed

pickles, a tin of Canadian peas, a pound carton of Australian currants, a half-pound tin of Ceylon cocoa, a tin of Canadian baked beans and a tin of Canadian beef loaf. The difficulty would be to send them away instead of keeping them both for yourself !

An Imperial Vision.

AND as you peep, perhaps the back of your larder will fade away, and you will see a vision of the golden countries across the seas, where our brethren dwell, not forgetful of, but turning their eyes toward the old Homeland, men and women working for us as we are for them. Our Empire larder enables us to realise the unity of our Empire, its one-ness in spirit and in ambition.

Another Bond of Union.

ANOTHER Empire thought occurs to me, and doubtless occurs to you. Christmas time is not so very far off, and many of us will be packing parcels to send "overseas" to relations and friends, to whom Christmas would not be Christmas without these presents from the old and the young folks at home. They will be despatching to us their gifts and letters also, often asking us to send news as to how we have spent our Christmas Day and to be told about all those whom they remember and with whom they wish they were. It will seem strange to them and they will be glad to hear that as we sat round our Christmas dinner table we said, "Look here ! Our pudding's made with fruit from the land that Jack went to, and—look here !—our dessert, oranges, apples, nuts, grapes, all these lovely, delicious fruits, came from our Empire Larder !" Yes ; write and tell them that, and you may "bet your shoes" they will feel that there is more than one bond of union to our Empire.

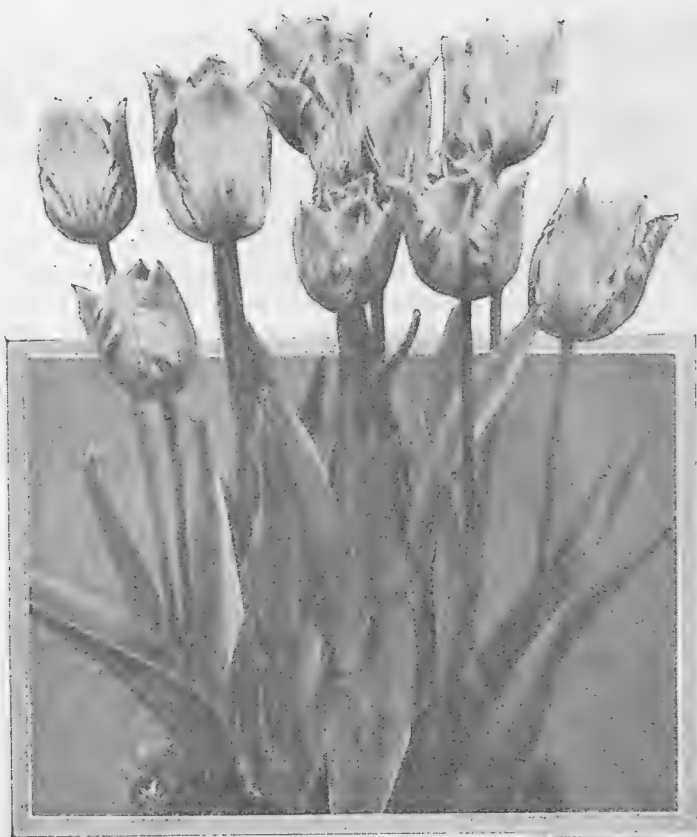
Ours is an Empire of fulfilment as well as of promise. Every mouthful we eat of Empire fare contributes, not only to our own welfare, but to our Colonial fellow citizens ; every penny we spend within the Empire is given to the Empire treasury.



PLANNING FOR Tulip Time

By MARION CRAN

(Marion Cran's Weekly Gardening Articles appear exclusively in BRITANNIA.)



Of all spring flowers, surely tulips are the loveliest and most satisfying. Grow them in bowls indoors or let them stand in sheets of colour along your borders.

OF all the flowers we grow in our gardens none are more easy and none more decorative than the wonderful tulips. Whether we have them indoors in bowls and pots, along the house front in window boxes, cleverly spaced in the little town gardens, or grown in wide sheets of colour along the shrubberies and borders of large country places, we have to admit that they are the loveliest and most satisfying race of all the spring flowers. Every taste can be served and every purse, for we may collect rare choice species, or naturalise robust ones in grass, we may have tall or short tulips, and double or single; they can be pure in colour as a Greek vase or fantastic as a ragged robin; we may see them blooming at Christmas or touching the first foam of summer's rose-tide. By pond and orchard, stream and lawn, by flagged paths and formal hedges of close-clipped yew, the noble cups, upheld on graceful stems, bloom in an all-satisfying range of colours from delicate rose, fawn and grey, to dazzling red; from soft lilac and mauve to deep violet and purple; from cream and buttercup-yellow to richest gold and sheeny bronze and black. There is no end to the colour combinations we can make with them, either out of doors, in the garden, or as cut flowers indoors.

The Favourite Type.

ADDED to all these charming qualities tulips are perfectly hardy; they do not need any protection during winter, and will grow with almost automatic certainty in any ordinary good garden soil that is well drained. Surveying the genus from these several viewpoints it becomes abundantly clear that it contains all the elements of an immense popularity with the garden public.

The favourite type is undoubtedly the Darwin tulip; the noble self-coloured square-shouldered chalices are of great substance and texture; they are carried on strong tall stems and fill the borders with life and colour just at the time the spring display is passing, and the roses and peonies of early summer are loitering on the way.

Lord Mayor's Day.

PLANTING is of the simplest, but certain rules are worth remembering; the first fortnight in November is the best time to put the neat shiny bulbs into the ground; earlier planting is a mistake with tulips, as they are apt to send up their first leaves long before



Tulips are so easy to grow! And now is the time for planting bulbs if you would have your garden show a wealth of glowing colour in late Spring.

the bloom (which will only appear at its appointed hour), thus exposing the foliage to unnecessary hardships from frost and biting winds.

Early November, about Lord Mayor's Day, is the correct time; and they should all be in by the end of the third week. Well-drained garden soil is what tulips like, with a certain amount of substance, even a stiffish soil provided it is open; they do not care for sticky clay. The best preparation is to dig the ground deeply and use lime and bonemeal, but no farmyard manure; they will not endure soil that is waterlogged, or that is cloyed with fresh manure. The bulbs should be planted with a good four inches of soil over the top of the bulb, not less, and at an average distance of six inches apart. It is better to put them even deeper than to make the mistake of too shallow planting.

Tulips for Town Gardens.

TOWN dwellers who love their little gardens have reason to bless the bulbs which give them brilliant colour for such small trouble. There is nothing boisterous or overpowering about a tulip; flowering shrubs and creepers are apt to straggle and outgrow their welcome sometimes where space is limited. They take up more and more room and need pruning or libations of manure to encourage bloom. But the decent tidy tulips

need none of these things. There they are, leaf and bloom all neatly packed up in a shiny brown bulb, only asking to be put in the earth to light their bright lamps in the garden next spring. Moreover, they are obliging enough to like being lifted after blooming and so make room for other flowers; a great consideration in small town gardens.

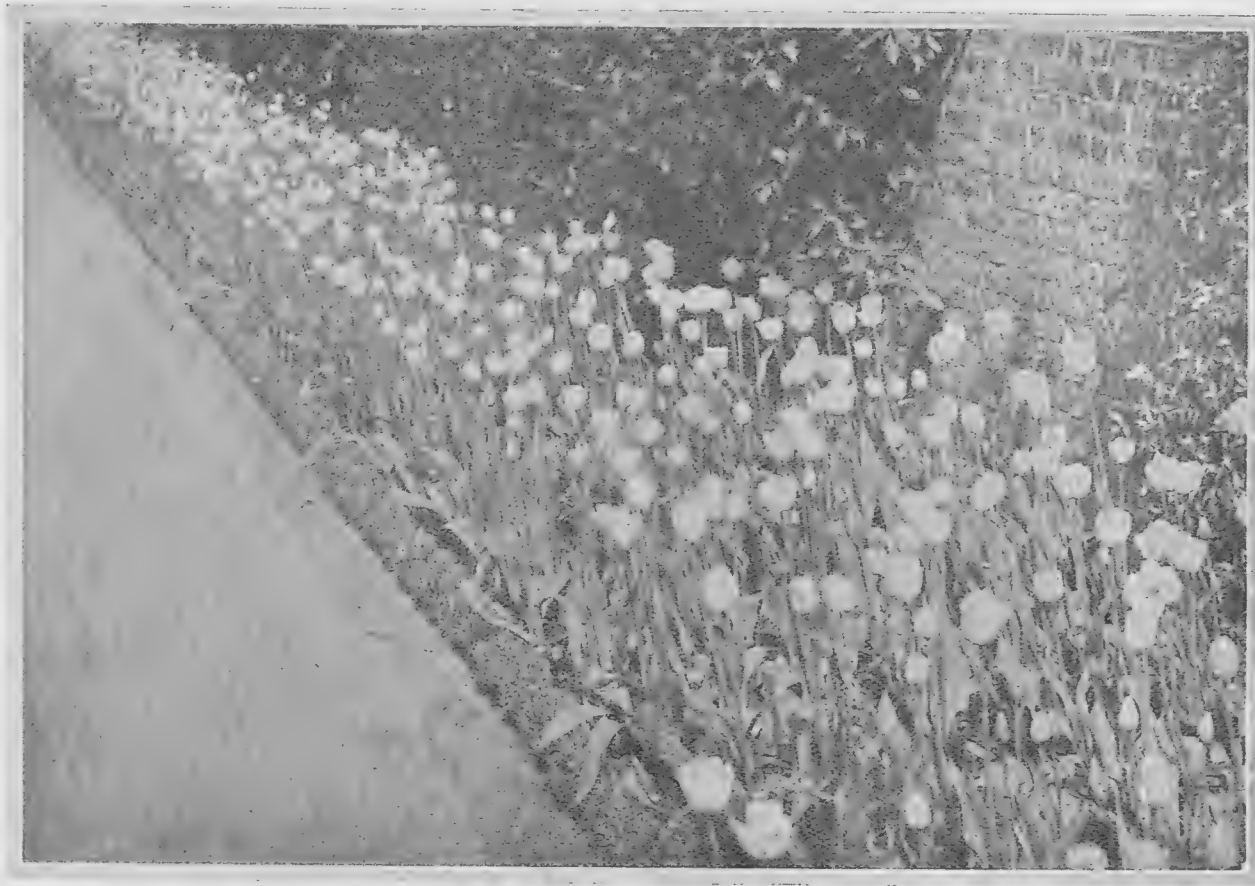
Harmony of Contrast.

IN the matter of colour most folk keep a preference; some love to grow the coloured cups in mixed masses, some prefer a harmony, and some a telling contrast. There is nothing so pleasant on a rain-and-sunny April day as to drift down the English lanes watching the way that this garden-loving island has expressed its colour sense in tulip time. Here is a flagged path to an old black and cream Tudor cottage, set with long pale reflexed cups of primrose-yellow Ellen Willmott, and blunt-headed blooms of La Tulipe Noir, a surprisingly lovely contrast; the pure colour of the yellow leaping up with a soft intensity against the deep shadows of the black, and both of them brilliant in their living, swaying beauty against the crooked lines of the mellow old

house of oak and plaster. Here is a stream garden, reflecting a sunset splendour of pale rose and geranium-red, where the owner has planted Bartigon and Gretchen, all up and down the banks; the vivid colour quivers in the moving water, making there a double wonder of unsubstantial bloom. Here is a gate of wrought iron, in delicate lacework scrolls of beaten metal, through which gleams a stately garden of great yew walks and wide borders, where the Darwin chalcies are massed in shining phalanxes of splendour; purple Frans Hals and violet Greuze; silvery rose Aphrodite, and rich rose Centenaire; Louis XIV, the Fawn, and Feu Ardente in rosy beige, mahogany-red, and metallic bronze Zulu and Clara Butt; creamy La Candeur and cherry-red Pride of Haarlem, mauve and lilac, rose and crimson, and rose again . . . great satisfying generous gulps of colour.

Grandmother's Chintz.

HERE is a wayside garden where the broken Bybloems blow; those old striped tulips we knew upon grandmother's chintzes when we knelt, unwillingly, at family prayer and studied the patterns of the shiny stuff upon her chairs. There were always parrots and stripy tulips.



A stately border of massed tulips, mauve and lilac, rose and crimson, creamy La Candeur and cherry-red Pride of Haarlem—great satisfying "gulps" of colour.

longer. After the sun has scorched it away and Couleur Cardinal opens wide it blares a bit—grows a trifle brazen. But it is worth planting for the peculiar beauty of that overlying bloom of its youth.

HERE is a garden with a notion of carpeting; snowy Arabis under golden blobs of tulip Bouton d'Or—is there anything in April more crisply white, more radiantly, trippingly white than the brave spikes of double arabis lifted from mats of dove-grey leaves? The golden tulips sail over them like treasure galleons over a foaming sea by the shores of faërie. This garden is certainly given to carpets! Over there is a mist of forget-me-nots just breaking into blue, and coming through that twilight of frail tender colour Farncombe Sanders blushes a self-conscious rose-red!

REMEMBER TO—

Plant your tulips now, if you would have your garden a wealth of colour in late Spring.

Clear your flower beds of all summer plants and dig over thoroughly. Bear in mind the fact that seeds of hardy annuals must be sown now.

Protect your tender plants and store onions which have been thoroughly dried.

Protect your globe artichokes and prune the red and white currants.

Stake young fruit trees and give slaked lime to stone fruits.

Continue digging and trenching the ground and note that potatoes should all be stored or clamped by now.

And above all remember to plant your tulips during the first fortnight of November. Now is the time.

Set your bulbs in well-drained garden soil. Dig the ground thoroughly and deeply using lime and bonemeal.

Plant them not less than four inches down and at an average distance of six inches apart. Avoid the mistake of too shallow planting.



A joyous corner gaily carpeted with tulips.



For twenty-eight years Mrs. Hemming has been studying women of all types—blondes, brunettes, women with dozens of good points, women with only one—and bringing out the individual charm of each in an utterly simple and rational way. Call at the luxurious Cyclax Salons for free consultation, or write to Cyclax Ltd. 58 South Molton Street, for a copy of the fascinating free book that helps you to be lovely.

FOR BEAUTY—"Know Thyself"

By Julia Cairns

IF I could have my own way, I would like to have every woman possessing a beautiful skin—fresh and exquisite. Not merely you and I, but every one of our friends, and every one of every one else's friends, every woman you see in the street, in the 'bus, in the theatre, or at a dance. Yes, I repeat, I would have every woman looking, not merely well-preserved, but possessing a skin clean and fresh and as exquisite as the fragrant pink-tinged petals of a rose. And, believe me, there is no reason in the world why this should not be, provided the utmost care is taken in treating the skin rightly. But, as always, there is a right and a wrong way. The wrong way does not interest us. But I am going to assume that the right way does.

NOT only is there merely the surface of the skin to think about, but the muscles below must be kept firm and supple, the tissues well nourished, and the cells must be constantly renewing themselves as they do in the clear, healthy skin of the small child. "How is all this to be done?" you are asking. Well, let me tell you briefly. Skin perfection will only come from first knowing what Nature intended your skin to be, then treating it in exactly the right way.

You see, you and I and every one of us are all different. So even in the matter of beauty, the first thing for you is to "Know Thyself." Then, whatever your type may be, realise that, with a little patience, together with the discriminating choice of pure preparations—and, perhaps, a simple home treatment, too—your skin, whatever your age, will soon regain and maintain the exquisite freshness of youth.



HERE is a choice of essentially pure preparations which should find their way to every woman's dressing-table. Among them, creams for the vitalizing massage, lotions of rare purity and delicately perfumed powder which will never clog the pores.

A very attractive and helpful brochure, entitled "The Art of Being Lovely," will be forwarded, free, to every reader who writes to our service department (see page 629).

AND, again, when travelling your beauty habit must never be neglected. Here is a case, which can be easily taken with you, containing everything you need, both for day and night treatment. You may buy an empty case for one guinea and fill it yourself.



Above—the ideal coat for street wear, cut on smart, becoming lines, is expressed in a quiet, closely woven tweed mixture that lends itself to good tailoring. A fur collar of generous proportions adds to its smartness. The Firm responsible for it stock fur-trimmed coats from 16½ gns.

YESTERDAY there was only one side to "Tweedishness"—the Country Side. Tweed clothes, however perfectly cut, used to call for apology in towns, and an explanation that the wearer had only just exchanged—or was just about to exchange—Open Spaces for bricks and mortar. To-day, the majority of well-dressed women have adopted tweed fabrics for general outdoor wear in town. Smart tweed walking coats, with collars and cuffs of fur, and perfectly tailored tweed suits, have almost become a morning uniform; and *ensembles*, consisting of a tweed top-coat and skirt and a jumper of stockinette or crêpe de Chine that tones in colour, are among the most attractive of the toilettes to be seen in the smartest restaurants. There are tweeds and tweeds, of course! And, needless to say, the woman with a dress-sense chooses for town clothes a closer weave (lending itself better to neat tailoring) than she would for rough country wear. And her hat, shoes and bag, can all suggest that she is dressed for the pavements. She can let herself go in colours, too. Some of the flecks in the season's new tweeds are as bright as the silk that carries out the jumpers and the linings. Linings, let me tell you, are all important in the latest *ensemble* schemes. Tweed wears well, it is deliciously warm and comfortable, as well as being light in weight, and there is so much variety in colour and design that every woman, whatever her type and colouring, can find something that suits her. Modern woman has gone one step better than the generation that converted a material, sacred to the male contingent, to their own use! For she has ensured that the joys of "Tweedishness" shall be known in both town and country.

(Photo: Lertram Park.)



"Tweedishness"

Here is a tweed Tailor-made in its Town aspect—the uniform of the smart woman—for shopping and all outdoor informal occasions. Perfectly cut and tailored—and the price, six guineas, made to measure, comes as a pleasant surprise.

ARE you one of those people who always look right in the country in winter? . . . Immaculately turned out in thoroughly practical clothes that will keep you warm when the cold winds blow, and present a trim appearance even when it rains? In other words, do you wear tweeds? In a tweed suit, with a coat cut on easy lines, complete with large practical pockets, and a skirt that does not trammel your stride, you can tramp the fields and moors conscious of being properly dressed for the part, whatever the weather is doing. And a roomy tweed overcoat, "proofed," of course, so that drenching rain only serves to bring out the better its lovely "peaty fragrance," is the ideal form of wrap for informal race meetings, sporting "trials," etc. Be careful if you are going out with the "guns," either as one of them or as a spectator, to choose a "mixture" that blends with the landscape. Frightening the birds—and harsh colourings that stand out in sharp relief do!—is a crime that may be forgiven of a Fair Sportswoman, but it will never be forgotten! And do choose your accessories (stockings, sweater, scarf, gloves and close-fitting felt hat) carefully. These *can* be so attractive. Don't, for instance, turn yourself out looking like an advertisement for a jazz band. Yes! Some women do! With a checked suit, plain stockings, etc., are indicated; whilst with quiet colours you can indulge your fancy for checks and stripes. And testify to your taste in handkerchiefs with a silk one of the large variety, not with a wisp of chiffon!

MARJORY CHARLTON.



(Photo: Bertram Park.)

The ideal coat for informal Race Meetings, Sporting "Trials," etc., sufficiently roomy to be worn over a heavy suit. Tweed, rain-proofed and hard-wearing, carries it out, and doesn't it conjure up visions of wind-swept moors? The Firm who sponsor it stock such coats from 7½ gns.



Six guineas is also the price of this delightful tweed Country Suit. Sportswomen, please take note of the easy lines on which the coat is designed, the practical wrap-skirt and capacious pockets. Looking right in the country is all-important!

FOR TOWN & COUNTRY

should write to the Service Department, as directed on page 629.

CONVERSATIONS

With Clemency

GROWING PAINS

By Mary Chadwick

CLEMENCY came in looking worried. She was a young and modern mother, very much alive to the fact that it was not the best thing to do to wait until her children were seriously ill to call in the family doctor, but to take things in time.

"What's the matter?" I asked her. "Sit down and tell me about it, because I can see that you have something on your mind."

"Yes, I have," she confessed. "I don't know what is the matter with Cyril. He always comes in from his walks now complaining of pains in his arms and legs."

"Growing-pains!" I suggested with a smile.

"You may say that; but you see I am not one of those old-fashioned mothers, who said, 'Growing-pains, stuff and nonsense, laugh them out of it, or wait till they grow out of it.' I know better than that, but still—"

"What do you know?" I asked.

"At present they say that what we used to call growing pains are really rheumatism, and if neglected will leave the child crippled for life, with probably a crocked heart into the bargain. Well, if that's so, I don't know what to do. Ought I

to take Cyril off to a diet specialist for the rheumatism, or one to give him light and heat treatment, or to a heart specialist straight away? What do you think?"

"Look here, Clemency," I said. "You have noticed that Cyril talks of his growing-pains when he comes in from his walks. All walks, is it; and with everybody, do you mean?"

Clemency looked round quickly. "What a funny question to ask," she said. "Now I come to think of it, I don't believe he does. He complains most about them when he comes in from his Sunday morning walk with his daddy or after he has been out with Nanny and the pram. But what difference does that make?"

"Probably a very great deal. He never tells you about them when he is out with you, or says 'he doesn't want to come too,' when you ask him?"

"Never, but he often begs to stay in with me instead of going out with Nanny and the baby."

"Now you have told me what I want to know. You may set your mind at rest, I believe, about Cyril's growing-pains being in any way connected with rheumatism. Tell me first, are the pains in his knees or ankles, or up the shins and along the thighs—perhaps in the arms as well, or his shoulders?"

"Are you a thought reader?" asked Clemency, the anxious pucker going from her forehead.

"Neither, only a humble psychologist who has made it her business to find out the cause of some children's troubles. Well, when Cyril goes out with his father, or with Nanny and the pram, he probably has to walk rather faster and further than he can manage comfortably, to keep up with their longer and quicker step; this would easily account for the pain along the shin and in the thigh. Try it for yourself one day. Holding his father's hand and Nanny's arm or the pram handle would produce the same cramping pain in his arms and shoulders. It sounds ludicrously simple now I have explained it to you, but many people never think of it, and make their children trot beside them much too fast as well as too far when they are very young and their legs are so short, quite forgetting the differences between them."

Clemency got up to go.

"Thank you so much," she said, "now I know there is nothing I ought to do about it."

"Just wait a minute, there is one more point. It looks as if that small son of yours wants to be a mummy's boy and have you all to himself, too. You say that he never gets the pain when out with you. That may be because you do not walk so fast, but the reason may equally be that he loves to be out with you alone. He may be a bit jealous of baby in that pram and feels that Nanny is taking much more notice of *her* than of *him*. In this case he would feel the pain in his legs more than ever and come to you for sympathy and a little petting to make up the balance."

"I think you are probably right, because I have just remembered another thing. He came in crying one day when he had been out with his daddy. They had met my sister, who came back with them, and I suppose he had been obliged to trot along with no one taking any notice of him at all."

"That's the idea," I said. "Now see what you can do about it."



Many people make their children trot much too fast, as well as too far, quite forgetting the differences between them. Little ones often have to keep steadily trotting to keep up with their elders, with the result that their poor little limbs are one sad ache.

Send your queries marked "Children" to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 300 words.

A Great and Necessary Work.

From the Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart.
MY DEAR SIR,

I read with the greatest pleasure your admirable article on Free Trade and Protection in BRITANNIA of last week.

I probably spoke more upon that question than almost any other person in England for several years, and I agree with you that there is much cowardice in public life and that the great, bold spirits like Joseph Chamberlain are gone.

If, in the other departments of your paper, your frankness, wisdom and insight are as great, there can be no end to its usefulness.

Candour and ability are seldom found in legislative circles, and while the present Prime Minister is an extraordinarily able man, he is only fiddling with the greatest question that England and the Empire have ever had to face.

While the dole is on, and while we let foreign countries break our markets in the great trades, all the other trades suffer, all the Empire suffers.

If you will let me say so, you are doing a great and necessary work for the vivifying and regeneration of this land which taught the world to manufacture, while now the world is taking possession of its master's business.—Yours very sincerely,

GILBERT PARKER.

Imported Road Stone.

From Colonel Sir Arthur R. Holbrook, K.B.E., M.P.
DEAR SIR,

I am surprised to see that Mr. Harold Bradley and Mr. C. G. Hancock, the authors of the recently issued work entitled *Modern Roadmaking*, devoted only a few lines of their book to the important topic of the importation of foreign roadstone. They dismiss the subject by merely stating that "there appears an increasing tendency on the part of some authorities to import foreign material."

Perhaps they are unaware of the fact that during the past eight months no less a sum than £200,000 of British public money has been expended abroad by local authorities on the purchase of foreign roadstone. This is all the more surprising when there is no lack of excellent natural roadstone in this country for all classes of road construction, and at a time when the country is suffering from the heavy financial burden of having to support over 1,250,000 unemployed.

I have recently received a pamphlet which gives some of the reasons why British instead of foreign roadstone should be purchased, and as, during the next few months, local authorities throughout the length and breadth of the country will be issuing their annual tenders for the supply of road materials, I should be grateful if, through the medium of your columns, you will kindly give this pamphlet the publicity it deserves.—Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK.

"The Individualist"—A Disclaimer.

From His Honour Judge Atherley-Jones, K.C., J.P.
DEAR SIR,

I feel bound, as a matter of courtesy in deference to your request, to state that I have and take no responsibility for the articles that appear in *The Individualist*, over which paper I have no control.

It is open to all expressions of honest opinion which are not illegal or indecent; but my position as President of the Personal Rights Association is quite independent of any connection with the organ's contents.

I shall be glad, however, if you will accept my assurance that I do not in the least agree with the views of the author of the article to which you refer. Perhaps you will kindly state so in your journal.—Yours faithfully,

L. A. ATHERLEY-JONES.

Free Legal Aid.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Arnold Lupton, in the October issue of *The Individualist*, made charges against the legal profession, citing conditions as "made solely in the interests of a professional class," but which are, as "Woolsack" ably pointed out, really vital to the administration of justice in this country.

If you will permit me to draw the attention of Mr. Lupton to a movement started by members of the legal profession, I think his indictments would still further be shown to be "nonsensical vapourings."

It is true that the deprivation of justice is at the root of much popular discontent, and even though the general public may not be conscious of this the legal profession is. Recently a society was formed in London which gives free legal aid to the poor and is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions. It is not a religious charity and gives help to all, regardless of religion, and works entirely on hospital principles.

To receive assistance, it is only necessary that the applicants should be poor and have right and justice on their side. The barristers and solicitors now give their services free, in the same generous way that doctors do in hospitals.

The society is only able to carry on its work through the generous help of the barristers and solicitors who give their services and the contributions of the charitable.

Mr. Lupton might do well to notice this.—Yours faithfully,

HILARY NOBLE.

Vaccination and Smallpox.

SIR,

Because I did not give a detailed account in your issue of October 5th of all that happened in the various small-pox epidemics I mentioned, Councillor Bennett would have your readers conclude that I deliberately suppressed something. He must learn that those who are responsible for the health and lives of the people are not concerned to score debating points by suppressing this fact or shifting the emphasis on that; they have, at whatever cost, to discover and teach the truth. This is an attitude of mind Councillor Bennett and Miss Loat must strive to understand.

In any enquiry some facts are relevant, some are not. I will repeat the relevant facts about the Gloucester epidemic of 1895. In that epidemic 279 children died of small-pox. One of these, just one had been vaccinated. All the others were unvaccinated. I did not suggest that no other vaccinated child contracted small-pox, or that all the unvaccinated died. The relevant fact is that vaccinated children contracted the disease in a mild form and recovered; unvaccinated children contracted it in its severest forms and died. That is what I meant by a "high grade of immunity." When I wrote "high grade," I meant "high grade," not "complete." All Councillor Bennett's excited word juggling, all the threats of anti-vaccinationists to withhold their weekly 6d. from BRITANNIA, cannot alter the fact that in the Gloucester epidemic of 1895, 278 unvaccinated children died, and only one who had been vaccinated.

Figures have an unemotional quality; a cold precision that is not at all congenial to the romantic mind of Councillor Bennett. He simply cannot make that one vaccinated child seem more; or the 278 unvaccinated children less. Faced with a fact that refuses to bend to his phantasy he has to run right away and talk loudly about something else. He thinks the magic word that will save him is "sanitation." The epidemic in Gloucester, he says, had nothing to do with the vaccinal condition

of its inhabitants; it had something to do with the drains. But in 1891, four years before the epidemic, the Secretary of the Anti-Vaccination League declared that the local Board of Guardians, intent on abandoning compulsory vaccination, were correct in their claim that the "fine old city" of Gloucester was clean and its sanitation well abreast of the times. Was that merely an instance of the strict regard for truth, characteristic of anti-vaccinationists, in their campaign? Anyhow, they said it; and, when confronted with the epidemic of 1895, they ate their words. Gloucester, they said, was really a very dirty city, and that was the cause of the whole trouble. But while they were making up their mind about the sanitary condition of Gloucester, 279 graves were filled with the bodies of babies dead of small-pox.

But suppose for a moment the anti-vaccinationists were as wrong in 1891 as they are now; suppose, as may well have been the case, that Gloucester was an insanitary city and that this fact may have been responsible for the extent of the epidemic. Can the anti-vaccinationists show how inadequate sanitation by itself could have been responsible for the fact that in houses invaded by small-pox the angel of death passed by the vaccinated and struck the unvaccinated? Lack of sanitation may have helped to scatter the seed, but the vaccinal condition of the inhabitants of Gloucester determined the nature of the soil.

This is not the whole story of Gloucester: one could fill a whole issue of BRITANNIA with that. But Councillor Bennett should be careful. I know in detail the unseemly squirmings of those anti-vaccinationists who tried this expedient and that, this half truth and that lie, every trick they knew, to hide from the world the fact that the tragedy of Gloucester was bound up with the unvaccinated condition of a large number of its inhabitants.

The facts about the London epidemic of 1901-2, and of the Glasgow epidemic of 1920, are also exactly as I have stated. In the London epidemic, 134 vaccinated children under 10 contracted small-pox; only two of these, or 1.5 per cent., died. But 1,274 unvaccinated children in the same age group contracted the disease, and 442 of these, or 34.7 per cent., died. The unvaccinated child's chances of dying were twenty-three times as great as those of a vaccinated child.

But I will not make further analyses of those two epidemics. This is a long letter, and rather than devote more of it to replying to the statements of Councillor Bennett—not one of which disposes of the fact that in small-pox epidemics the unvaccinated are disfigured or die, while the vaccinated are relatively unscathed—I will deal with an important problem concerning us to-day.

Some writers have suggested that, in view of the mildness of the small-pox that has prevailed in England and Wales during the past seven years, there is now not the same need to vaccinate our children as there was in the past. A recent experience in America should serve to dispel the illusion that there is no fear of small-pox reverting again to its virulent form. In Detroit the case mortality from small-pox from 1915 to 1923 was only 0.37 per cent., and the anti-vaccinationists were in "fine fettle." They thought it proved something or other. And then, without warning, in 1924, the disease once again assumed a deadly form, and 10 per cent. of those attacked by it died. In 1927 in England and Wales there were 14,767 cases of small-pox; 49 of these died, and small-pox was entered on the death certificate as the cause of death, or as one of the causes. Of those that died, 35 were unvaccinated, 12 vaccinated in infancy, and two were cases in whom evidence as to vaccination was doubtful. Among the unvaccinated, 21 were infants and children up to the age of 10. Among those vaccinated in infancy, the youngest to die of small-pox was aged 22 years; the average age was 52 years.

(Continued overleaf.)

£35,000

Promised if Doubled before December 31

1 Our aim of service for all classes has been furthered by an offer of £35,000 for private *pay-beds* for those unable to afford modern nursing home expenses.

2 This offer has been made on condition that an equal sum is raised *before the end of this year* for our pressing needs. We are heavily in debt, with a waiting list of over 300.

The demands on our Services are increasing rapidly

**WITHOUT THIS HELP THERE IS
SERIOUS DANGER OF CURTAILMENT**

By helping now you will provide for two urgent needs of the
LARGEST GENERAL HOSPITAL
IN NORTH LONDON

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON. N.7.

These Chilly Autumn Nights

All the Beds in the WOMEN'S HOSTELS of the

CHURCH ARMY

in the Westminster Bridge District are filled.

Many of the women are absolutely destitute, and some are accompanied by young children.

3,560 destitute women and 557 children under 16 years of age were admitted last year to one of these hostels *during the night hours*.

Help is Needed to Maintain this Humane Work

∴ Will you send it? ∴

Cheques crossed "Barclay's and Church Army," payable to PREB. CARLILE, C.H., D.D.,
Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

"I expect to pass through this world
but once. Any good therefore that I
can do . . . let me do it now . . ."

To the Secretary :

I have much pleasure in sending
as a donation to the APPEAL FUND.

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In the midst of the glorious Chalfont and Jordans country.

Percy Harvey Estates, Ltd., announce the opening of The Grove Estate of 295 acres, comprising magnificently-timbered Parkland Sites of 1 to 5 acres and upwards, at prices hitherto unknown in this favoured Buckinghamshire district. **From £200 per acre freehold.** Good Roads. All Services. Gravel Subsoil. Near Golf Courses. Business trains 25 minutes to town. Early application for Sites is advised.

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I will conclude by quoting a few categorical statements on the subject of small-pox and vaccination made by Sir George Newman, the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, in his Annual Report for 1927. He says that in countries in which there is adequate vaccination relative to the population, there is little small-pox; that the fatality rate among persons attacked by small-pox is much greater, age for age, among the unvaccinated than among the vaccinated; that the greatest diminution in small-pox mortality is found in the early years of life, in which there is most vaccination; that improved sanitation, however beneficial in itself, cannot account for these facts; and that though all manner of public health methods are invaluable in limiting small-pox epidemics, there are no substitutes for vaccination.

Councillor Bennett has shown in his letter that he has the kind of mind that deals with uncongenial facts by occupying itself busily with something else. He may quote again the statements of this or that doctor, who has said or written something that may appear to throw doubt on the value of vaccination. But 99 per cent. of doctors and scientists will endorse the conclusions of the Rolleston Committee that "vaccination and re-vaccination at suitable intervals afford the only sure means of preventing small-pox."—Yours, etc.,
THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

Wanted—a Cromwell.

DEAR SIR,

Your article in the issue of October 12 has undoubtedly drawn your "Polite Correspondent," R. H. Smith.

One could hardly imagine a man with such a name being able to follow your advanced theories of the country being run other than by hereditary paid politicians; it is from such people as R. H. Smith that the country must be saved; he is one of those people who is considerably surprised when a general strike breaks upon him and, with the smugness of his type, talks about the level-headed Englishman who will not be stampeded into revolution.

The present system of Government is in about as rotten a condition as it possibly could be and a drastic change is essential, but who, Sir, is going to give the lead for this change that will rid us (forcibly if necessary) of this crowd of miserable, conspiring, corrupt politicians, whose objects are principally to get the flare of the limelight and hear themselves talk?

The governing party talk about the traditions of the country and, in the majority of cases, this drivel is talked by old men. The Opposition talk about giving something for nothing, knowing it to be an absolute impossibility and quietly laughing at the people, whom they are supposed to represent, for being mugs.

Would to God that we had a Cromwell.

As much as I admire your article and many other articles in various papers, written in the same strain, can you not do something other than write?

For instance, with a machine at your disposal such as BRITANNIA, surely you could organise a body that would stand for all that Britannia represents and stands for. If they were only registered at your office as being Royalists and Loyalists, you would have an army at your disposal, without a leader, admitted, but in a time of national crisis, such as you suggest, a leader would arise from the people.—Yours faithfully,

J. H. ROWLANDSON.

[Mr. J. A. Fletcher, H. E., A. E. Pedder, and D. W. Hardy also send letters protesting against Mr. R. H. Smith's "Ill Manners and Spite."—ED.]

A Free Trader on Safeguarding.

DEAR SIR,

I must compliment you on your new venture. BRITANNIA is certainly a successful effort. But there is one thing, in regard to which I must raise what will seem a lone voice in the wilderness.

You decry with great vehemence the doctrine of Free Trade, but seem to indicate that if universal Free Trade were introduced, it would be a commendable advance. But this is not the only argument to support the doctrine.

I, with others, maintain that if you raise the price of the foreign article by Protection (or safeguarding) the English manufacturer will raise his price. Thus he will hope to sell more, and also make a larger profit per article. Raising the price of the finished article will hit the general public, and also defeat your aim of reducing unemployment. For higher prices mean less sales.

If you can guarantee that the ordinary manufacturer will resist this temptation, then I am converted.

I also think you might have abated the abusive tone in your indictment of the other two parties.—Yours faithfully,
D. A. FLETCHER.

The Dreadful Scot.

DEAR SIR,

It's about time, as your correspondent "E.B.B." suggests, that we put a stop to this perpetual propaganda of the Scots. They are a dreadful people. They will keep on drawing attention to themselves. You simply can't crush them.

Why do we English tolerate it? Let's exterminate them.—Yours faithfully,
A. CAMPBELL McMINN.

Jokes Made in Scotland.

DEAR SIR,

The Scots are always getting free advertisement and your paper is already enlisted in their cause. The Scots manufacture jokes against themselves so as to get the English to repeat them and advertise the race. The Welsh and the Irish are not advertised in the same way, although they are estimable people. Many who can only claim Scottish ancestry are calling themselves Scottish so as to get the advantage of the advertising.

A Chinaman of my acquaintance in Hong Kong claims himself to be Scotch because he took over the business of his employer, who was a Scot. We used to hear of the Eternal Triangle; we now have the Eternal Scot. Editors are usually clever folk, but the Scots seem to get the better

Next Week's Features in Britannia

In addition to our regular features, next week's issue will include:

LORD BIRKENHEAD

on

Is it right to Hang a Man?

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

on

Hunting to Live.

ROSITA FORBES

on

Life in the New Balkans.

J. G. SINCLAIR

on

The Truth about the Coal Crisis.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

of them. Every Scottish joke should be paid for as an advertisement. They would then cease. I do not want you to charge this letter as an advertisement. I am a Scot myself.—Yours truly,
DUDLEY FRASER.

Letters on the Anglo-Scottish controversy have also been received from W. L. A., J. B. Pinkerton, J. R. Y., T. C. B., Wentworth Sarel, John A. Stewart, "Shirra," E. B. B. and Donald Macdonald.
This correspondence must now cease.

The Irish in Scotland.

DEAR SIR,—

Your article on the Irish invasion of Scotland struck a timely note of warning. It is a notorious fact that, although the clergy in Ireland constantly denounce the "Protestant materialistic countries, their flocks cross to Britain and U.S.A. in increasing numbers. In Scotland the tendency is for the Irish to vote *en masse* for Socialist candidates, although that political doctrine can make no progress in Ireland owing to the opposition of the Church.

I asked one immigrant who has a vote in respect of a holding in the Irish Free State why it was that he always voted for the capitalist or governmental interest in the Free State, but used his lodger's vote here in favour of the Socialist or Communist element. His reply was illuminating:—

"I don't mind setting the other fellow's house on fire," he said, "but I mane to kape me own safe and prosperous."

The so-called "National" movement in Scotland bears a distinct relation to the growth of the Irish population, and helps to explain why Mr. Cunning-

hame Graham polled 978 votes at the Glasgow University Rectorial election. The movement began with a convention at Stirling last June, "self-government for Scotland with independent national status" being its watchword.

It is significant to note that those responsible for the inauguration of the movement are two prominent Catholics. These "Nationalists" are afraid to tackle the question of Irish immigration because they look for the backing of the 700,000 Irish Catholics in Scotland. Furthermore they seek to obtain the fulfilment of their religious ideals by obtaining Home Rule for a country in which Roman Catholics constitute such a big proportion in the total population.

Dossiers compiled during the General Strike of 1926 show that 75 per cent. of the acts of violence were committed by persons bearing Irish names.

SILENT WATCHER.

Upper Clapton Rugby Football Club.

DEAR SIR,

One of the oldest clubs in the Rugby world, Upper Clapton, founded in 1879, will shortly reach its fiftieth birthday. To celebrate this landmark in its history, a Jubilee Dinner has been arranged for Thursday, February 7th, 1929, at the Café Royal, Regent Street, W.1.

Unfortunately, owing to the Great War and the length of time the Club has been in existence, it has not been possible to keep an up-to-date record of the addresses of those who have been associated with the Club.

It is hoped, therefore, that past members not in touch with the Club will communicate with the Hon. Dinner Secretary, Mr. J. H. Croydon, 6, Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons, E.C.4., who is endeavouring to muster as many of the old members as possible.—Yours faithfully,
J. H. CROYDON.

Coal and Safeguarding Problems.

DEAR SIR,

It is evident from the letters in the Open Forum that you do not please everybody: you would be well advised not to attempt such an impossible task.

I am much intrigued by two items which appear in the current issue; one is with respect to Samuel Johnson, who says: "The crisis in the mining industry is due to apathy and obstinacy bred of the fears and hopes roused by a prolonged period of State interference." This is utter nonsense; the present crisis is due to nothing of the kind, and just to prove it, I challenge "Mr. Johnson" to enumerate the steps by which the crisis could have been avoided.

My own views on this question were crystallised in a letter to the *Nation* of March 1st, 1926, a portion of which reads as follows:—

"The coalowners are in an impossible situation and so is the Government. Neither of these parties, even if they were animated by the best motives in the world, can provide a sound, permanent and economic solution. It is a matter beyond their control, and it would make little difference if it were a Socialist Government even, or if the mines were under the direct control of the miners. The Government can, and will, undoubtedly, provide a temporary expedient; they will obviate a stoppage—that will be all. Things will drag on after the settlement very much as they have done before. More pits will close down, the numbers of unemployed miners will increase, and the burdens of those living in mining communities will become more grievous still.

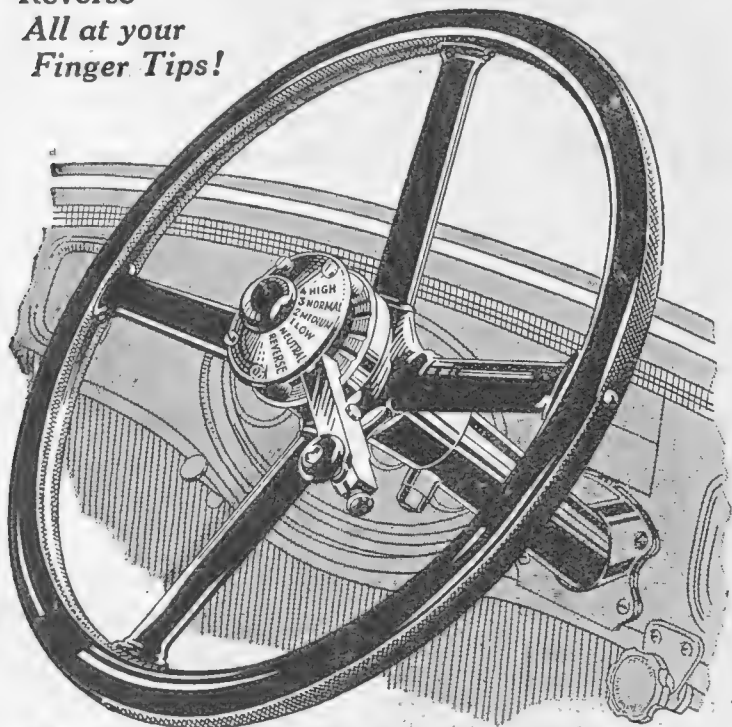
"The cause of the present trouble is not to be sought for in the coalfields, nor at the mines. It is not to be found in a new psychology on the part of the miners, nor is it due to inefficiency on the part of the management."

The other matter to which I wish to refer is your own remarks with reference to safeguarding. I, myself, have an open mind on this question, and would like to share your optimism and certitude when you state:—"The safeguarding of steel alone could put ten per cent. of our decent unemployed back into industry; while a general safeguarding policy would indubitably bring us to the comfortable prosperity for all classes which is every true humanitarian's dream."—Sincerely yours,

ALFRED MORGAN.

[The name of the author of the short story, "Family Papers," in last week's BRITANNIA was inadvertently printed as A. M. Burridge. It should, of course, have been A. M. Burrage.]

High
Normal
Medium
Low
Neutral
Reverse
All at your
Finger Tips!



ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

SELF CHANGING
SILENT ⁴ Speed GEAR

The Sensation of the Show—

AFTER trying the gear both expert and novice confessed that it was far more wonderful in practice than they had ever anticipated.

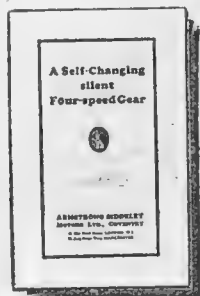
It does provide an entirely new sensation in motoring and a mastery of control hitherto unknown.

The pre-selection of gears from the Steering wheel is the most convenient, most certain, most simple control ever devised.

Send for descriptive booklet of the gear and then try it yourself.

Write for Booklet M. 11.
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Manchester: 35 King St. West
Agents in all principal towns.

This Booklet
tells you all
about it. Write
for a copy.



BUY BRITISH AND KEEP
YOUR COUNTRYMEN EMPLOYED



MORRIS

shows the world
how to build
a "SIX"

WHILST experimental sixes were being placed upon the market, Morris were experimenting in their own factories on the Morris Six.

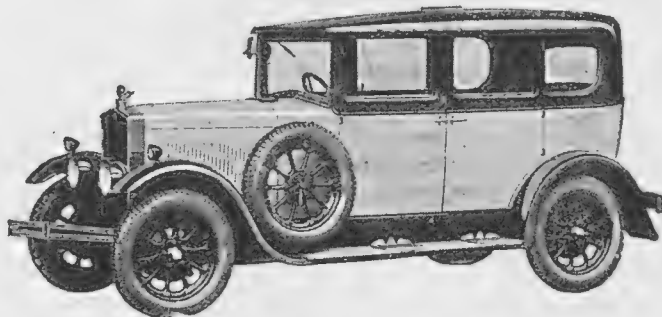
Backed by Morris resources in men and machinery, in equipment and experience, the result was never in doubt.

Now a year old, the Morris Six has established for itself an enviable reputation in the motoring world, and wherever it is seen it immediately becomes the cynosure of all eyes. And not without reason. The beauty of its coachwork and its grace of line and lavish equipment are indeed unique in cars of such moderate first cost.

Its performance includes such desirable features as a maximum of well over a mile a minute, an acceleration and roadability that makes driving a sheer delight, and combined with an economy of running which allows a petrol consumption of 23 miles to the gallon and equally low oil requirements.

No other car offers you such unrivalled comfort and performance at such a moderate price.

The Famous Morris Six



SALOON . . . £375
COUPE . . . £365

OTHER MODELS from £125

Write for Catalogue, etc., to Enquiries Dept. "B."

MORRIS

MORRIS MOTORS (1926) LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

Triplex for all models
at slight extra cost.

BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT



AUTO SUGGESTIONS

NEW ROADS for OLD

Lighting-up Time, Sunday, November 11th:
London, 4.47 p.m.; Glasgow, 4.48 p.m.;
Plymouth, 5.08 p.m.

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

Vanishing Landmarks.

THE better roads campaign which is in active, but not sufficiently rapid, progress throughout the country is gradually removing many a landmark which has endeared itself by its associations with happy times in which it played a transient part. New roads take us through featureless scenery, while our landmarks are left to become moss grown on a forgotten backwater which was once the main highway. Oh, it's necessary, of course; but one cannot help regretting that there is no longer any excuse for "seeing what she will do" on, for instance, Dashwood Hill, on the London to Oxford road. There is a perfectly good and smooth by-pass of easier gradient and gentle curves, and the disintegrating surface of the old hill does not look at all inviting. But one does not forget the keen anticipation with which once upon a time the motorist approached Dashwood Hill—nor the super-human efforts which were sometimes required to induce the car to reach the top at all!

And the same with Porlock. It is dreaded, and loved, by the West Country tourist; and now the local county council is considering a proposal to cut an entirely new road, which will remove dear, dreadful Porlock from the motoring scheme of things. According to plans, the new road will not have a gradient exceeding 1 in 10, whereas the present acclivity—it's worse than a hill—boasts a section of 1 in 4½. Also, dangerous bends will be avoided, so it is all to the good. At the same time, the experienced motorist will probably stay on the old road, as a means of dodging some of the char-a-bancs which each year seem to increase and multiply exceedingly on this particular road.

Will No One Rid Us of these Pestilent Trams?

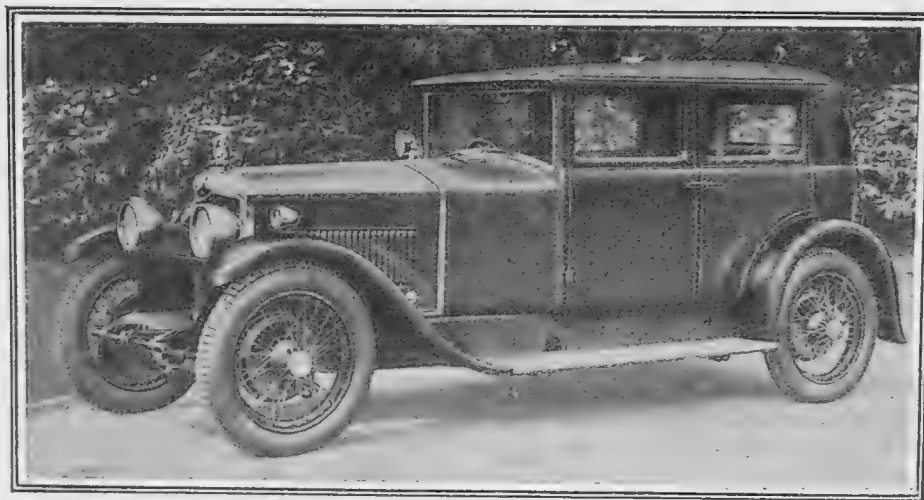
IT is inconceivable that there can be a single person in this country, other than unfortunate shareholders, who can find a good word

to say for the tram. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, though, because in foggy weather the tram can proceed long after all other road traffic has been brought to a standstill, and its lines and lights afford an excellent guide to bewildered motor-car drivers. But it is to be feared that this is not a sufficient excuse for the maintenance of non-paying and generally

ment of tramways by bus routes has come into the realm of possibility? Although it has nothing to do with us, as motorists, the financial end of the matter seems rather complicated. Another thing—if all London passenger transport comes under single management, what will become of the cheap midday fares, which was a last despairing effort, presumably, to

combat the growing competition of the buses? Well, whatever the answers to these questions, sooner or later the tram must go! With traffic congestion in its present serious condition, it is absurd that the breakdown of a single vehicle should be able to dislocate traffic for miles in all directions, as happens occasionally now when a tram goes on strike. London simply cannot afford it.

Trying Out the Two Litre Crossley



The Two Litre Crossley.

MANY people hold the view that the present 15.7 h.p. model is the best car that the Crossley Company has ever produced, and its performance is so excellent in every respect that there is a good deal of ground for the statement. It is an outstanding example of the latest development in motor car design—the vehicle of great refinement and moderate power which is usually referred to as the "light six." The Crossley is liable to a tax of £16, and having a cubic capacity of only 1,991 c.c., it is extremely economical so far as running expense is concerned.

The engine is all that a good modern six should be—quiet, smooth-running and lively, and sufficiently powerful to propel the loaded car effortlessly at a cruising speed in the neighbourhood of 50 miles an hour. At this speed the car is essentially controllable, especially as the steering is practically immune from road shocks, and has been given in the latest model, just enough

Engine	..	Six cyl. 15.7 h.p. 1,991 c.c.
Tax	..	£16.
Gearbox	..	Four speeds; top, 5 to 1.
Springs	..	Semi elliptic. Smith's shock absorbers.
Brakes	..	Four wheel, internal expanding.
Body	..	Fabric saloon, 4 door.
Price	..	£550.

self-centering action to be practical. The maximum speed in the "most" favourable circumstances of the example tested was 68 miles an hour, by speedometer; but even allowing for a possible error of 5 per cent. in the indicator reading, it is safe to say that the car can be depended upon for an honest 64. Both externally and internally the bodywork is a praiseworthy example of modern practice. The fabric saloon, which was the type to be tested, has lines in which grace and a suggestion of sporting characteristics are pleasantly combined. The seating, consisting of two separately cushioned seats (although the car will carry five passengers in reasonable comfort) at the rear, and two separately adjustable brown hide-covered bucket seats in front. Fittings, such as ash trays, ladies' and gentlemen's companions, interior driving mirror, etc., are all of unusually high quality, while a useful refinement is a leather draught-excluding gaiter on the base of the side brake lever.

execrated tramway systems.

Now there is a proposal, so far as London is concerned, that the tramways shall be taken into the general scheme of public transport services, which already includes the buses and the tubes. But what exactly is at the back of this? Does it mean that at last the replace-

—and anyone, amateur or professional, can enter with absolute assurance of strictly just treatment. As a means of adding additional interest to the long run down to the Riviera, there is none better than participation in the Monte Carlo Rally. It involves very little extra expense, if the journey is to be undertaken

The Monte Carlo Rally.

REGULATIONS for the Monte Carlo Rally, translated into English, are now available, and copies will be posted to readers who are interested, if they will address their application to the Motoring Editors of BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C. Considerable simplification has been applied to the rules, which are much easier to follow in consequence, and the sources of discontent, due to loopholes for more or less sharp, though perfectly legitimate, practice by "clever" competitors, have been eliminated.

Previously the greatest chance of success in the Rally was undoubtedly held by the entrant of the car with the smallest possible engine who carried the greatest number of passengers, and this fact led to some curious though literal interpretations. Now, however, the entrant of a Rolls Royce has an equal chance with the competitor driving an Austin Seven char-a-banc—if there is such a thing

Auto Suggestions—continued.

anyway, and if the sporting element of the competition is not sufficient incentive, the fact that valuable prizes may be won is worthy of consideration. Anyway, everyone now has a sporting chance.

ALTHOUGH the great automobile exhibitions at Olympia and Paris are over, the show period is still with us; and during the past week motor cycling enthusiasm has been directed to the annual show of two and three wheelers in London. To-day, also, opens the popular Northern exhibition of cars, commercial vehicles and accessories which is the sole survivor of the one-time bumper crop of provincial shows which each year brought forth.

The motor show business was in danger of being seriously overdone, and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders stepped in to straighten out the growing muddle. Thereafter only the Scottish Motor Show was left; and it is much to be doubted whether Northern motorists and motor agents would willingly agree to forgo their annual function—even if the Olympia show were to be discontinued. Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, rebuilt after the destructive fire of a few years ago, is once again the scene of the Scottish exhibition, which will continue until the end of next week.

The Fate of Olympia.

OPINION as to the necessity, and even profitability, of the annual Olympia show has long been under discussion. A certain amount of business is done, undoubtedly; but the expense of participating is heavy, while it is an open question whether show business is really additional, or whether it would not have come along in the ordinary way. There is no doubt about the fact that the introduction of next year's models on a certain date in October or November, as it used to be, causes many potential purchasers to hold their hands until they know what the immediate future will bring forth. This "dead period," from the sales manager's point of view, begins with the summer holidays, when the majority of people likely to want cars have already obtained them, and insensibly merges into the pre-show hesitation stage. In order to reduce the duration of this dead period, the date of the show was advanced by about a month; but as a matter of fact it is not the date but the fact of the show being annual which is the real cause of temporary stagnation in the motor industry.

The suggestion has been made that the beginning of the year, rather than the end, would be a more suitable time to hold it, but the plain fact of the matter is that people will not buy cars which will be effectively, if not actually, "last year's models" within a relatively few weeks after purchase. The obvious conclusion is that while originally an annual show served to popularise the motor car in the public estimation, this is no longer necessary, and the show has served its purpose.

The Ever-Open Door.

ACORRESPONDENT sends details of a minor accident which happened admittedly through his own carelessness, and hopes that his experience may be a warning. The matter is simple. Having to drive his car out of the motor house in haste, on an emergency journey, he omitted to notice that one of the rear doors of the saloon

was not securely fastened. It was hinged at the rear, and the act of letting in the clutch with rather unnecessary violence swung the door open, with disastrous results, as it jammed against the door posts of the garage.

The moral is obvious, so there is no need to say more; but the incident recalls another little matter in which care is desirable. It is desirable always to drive door stops into the ground to prevent the garage doors from swinging wide in the wind and damaging their own hinges. They present so large an area that even a gentle breeze may cause considerable damage, while, unless a hook and eye are fitted respectively to door and stop, they may close in on the car as it is half-way through the opening and damage the paintwork of wings or body. Hooking up the doors is one of those little nuisances that are well worth while!

Brighter—and Quieter—Motor Cycles.

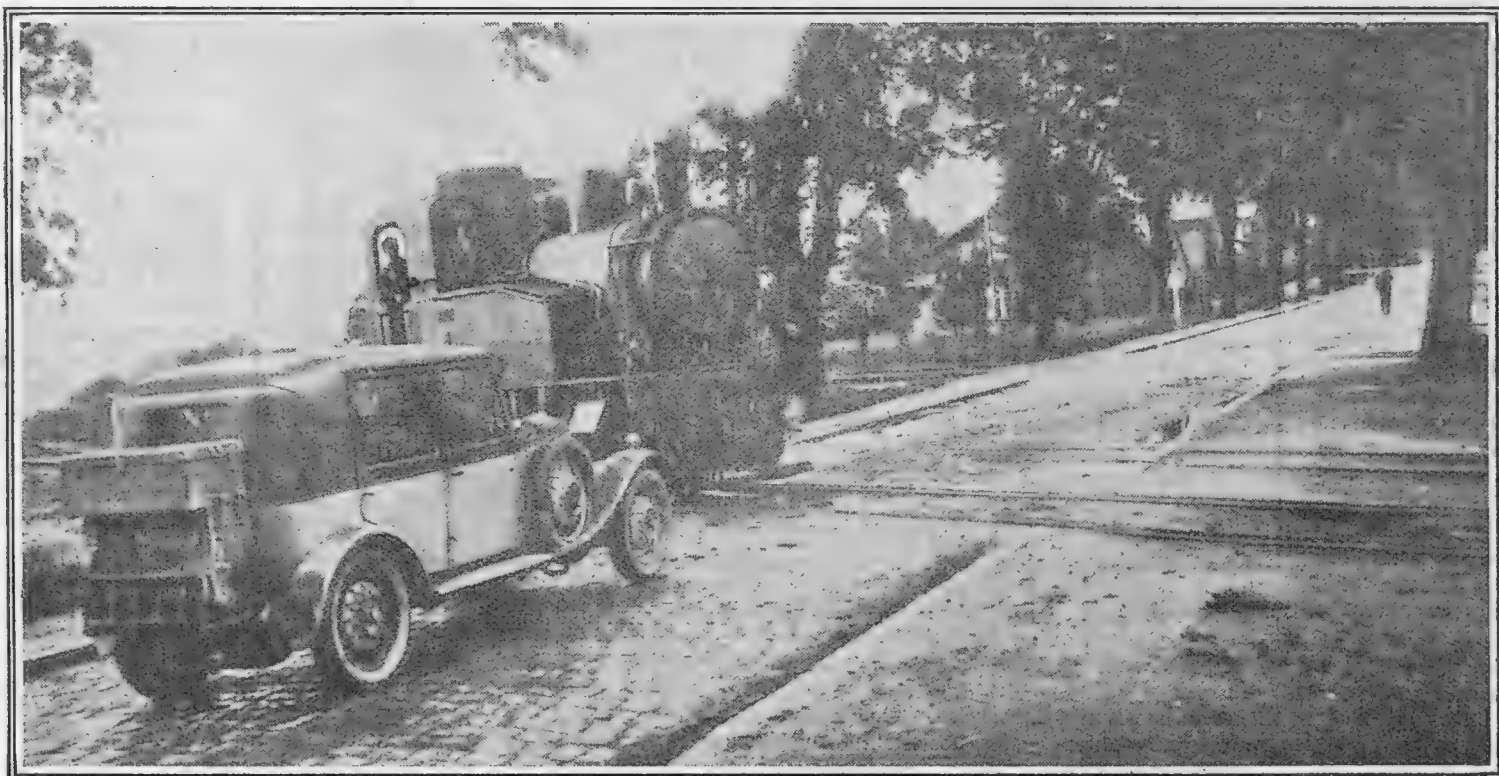
WHILE all the machines displayed at the Motor Cycle Show are necessarily silent while they are at Olympia, a great deal more attention has been paid by designers to the silencing of their engines than ever before. The police authorities have given unmistakable evidence of their critical faculties in this respect, and it is understood that manufacturers have, almost without exception, taken the hint. This we have to take for granted at Olympia; but the general display leaves us in no doubt that a desire for beautification is just as prevalent among motor cycle makers and owners as it is among motorists and car manufacturers. Brightly cellulosed tanks, and in some cases effective colour schemes in which frames and wheels also play an important part, are the general rule.

Level Crossing Dangers.

LAST week's note in regard to the desirability of eliminating every possible level crossing on a public road, even at the expense of draining the Road Fund of its swelling surplus, and to the absurdity of the continuance of a level crossing on a busy road in a London suburb, was emphatically punctuated by a recent accident in Bedfordshire. It might be added that the accident, in which, fortunately, no one was injured, though another tragic railway disaster was only narrowly averted, pointed equally to the vital necessity for the maintenance of motor-car braking efficiency.

Apparently in this case the motorist found to his horror, on approaching a closed level crossing, that his brakes would not act. He crashed into the gates and part way across the railway lines. While he was endeavouring to push the car out of the way, an express came along and performed the task for him. He is now minus a motor car. But in fairness to our own country, it should be mentioned that level crossing conditions abroad are ten times worse than at home—not that this is any excuse for dilatoriness. In Germany not only is there a large number of railway crossings, but more than 50 per cent. of them are unguarded in any way. And 50 per cent. in this case represents about 40,000 unguarded crossings!

The photograph reproduced on this page illustrates an incident which occurred at one such point in Germany in the course of a recent tour. The crossing was a double one, without any indication of danger, and it was only by the narrowest margin that a collision between car and locomotive was avoided. Level crossings at home are not unguarded, it is true, but all too frequently they are situated around a bend in the road, and the warning sign gives barely sufficient time to pull up.



An example of an unguarded German railway crossing.



By "BLACKFRIAR"

Gordon Richards

THE year 1928 will surely go down in the records as one of the blackest the bookmakers have experienced for many years. On the night of the Cambridgeshire, I heard one prominent member of Tattersall's exclaim: "If this sort of thing is to continue the quicker we have the 'Tote' the better." That may have been an exaggeration of a point of view; the heated outburst of a man smarting under the blow which the success of Palais Royal II had dealt him; but it reflected the state of mind of the average layer to-day.

Harassed by the exigencies of the Betting Tax, oppressed by the shadow of the Tote, and the constant drain on their capital, which the success of so many well-backed horses in the big handicaps has brought about, no wonder bookmakers are bitterly bewailing that the game is not worth the candle. Nor have their losses been confined to the big races. Even in the minor everyday events, the success of an outsider has been a rarity. The Houghton meeting was a typical example, and I did not encounter one bookmaker who did not declare that he had lost heavily on the week.

Swing of the Pendulum.

Experience has taught me, however, that the swing of the pendulum operates just as regularly in racing as in other walks of life, and I am quite prepared to see some surprising demonstrations of the unexpected during the last fortnight of the flat which lies before us. There will be traps in plenty for the unwary.

Several important handicaps will be decided during these two weeks, notably the Liverpool Autumn Cup to-day, the Derby Cup next Friday and the Manchester November Handicap on Saturday week. Perhaps I ought to have written "may" be decided, for it is always touch and go whether the Manchester event comes off owing to the vagaries of the weather.

Another Cup for Lord Derby?

Liverpool has ever been a happy hunting ground for Stanley House, and I have little doubt that Sans Changer will be a big public fancy for the Cup to-day. This handsome son of Stedfast has been left in to the exclusion of the now retired Toboggan, a past Liverpool Cup winner in Schiavoni and Candlemas. Sans Changer has not been seen out since the summer meeting at Liverpool, where, after easily beating Coster Boy and Law Suit for the Knowsley Dinner Stakes, he defeated a smart field for the Atlantic Cup the following day; but I hear he is in splendid condition and much fancied.

Finished for the Season.

Gang Warily's prominent display in the Cambridgeshire caused many references to his fine chance of winning, but I understand Mrs. Drummond's colt has finished with racing until next season. He is shortly leaving Epsom for Chilton where, along with the rest of Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond's horses, he will be trained for future engagements by L. A. Cundell.

One or two Cambridgeshire failures that might, however, have something to do with the



Photo

W. D. Kouch

Lord Derby

His horse Sans Changer is fancied for to-day's big race.

finish include the topweight Dark Lantern II and Mail Fist, both of whom ran particularly well at Newmarket. Still, if anything prevents

SANS CHANGER

from adding another Liverpool Cup to Lord Derby's collection it may be Autocrat, who won the corresponding event last year, very easily after giving start away to all his rivals. It is true Tom Walls's horse has been well down the course in several races this season, but with less trying conditions underfoot he may reproduce that form he displayed when running second to Abbot's Speed in the "Jubilee" at Kempton Park in the spring.

The Derby Cup.

As Cap-a-Pie has finished for the season, one of the most interesting entrants for the Derby Cup will be missing from the field. I imagine, too, that after his display in the Free Handicap last week, Ox and Ass will give way to Mrs. George Drummond's other representative, Royal Falcon. I am much enamoured of the latter's chance. The distance is an ideal one for him, and he can meet Sir Joshua on more favourable terms than was the case at Sandown recently. It is probable that Major Sneyd will start Troubadour in preference to Sir Joshua, however. The sturdy little three-year-old will find this course much more to his liking than the Cesarewitch.

I hear that Manton are very sweet on Blackness, but she has done nothing at all since she somewhat luckily beat Invershin in the corresponding race last year. Silverstead and West Wicklow can also be fancied, but at the moment I fancy Royal Falcon will win. However, I can go more fully into the race next week.

Palais Royal's Triumph.

So once again a Cambridgeshire has fallen to our friends across the Channel. The frequency with which they have accomplished the feat in recent years suggests that our

handicappers are still a bit at sea when it comes to weighing up French form. No one would grudge M.M. Wittouck and Charlier their success, however. They are both good sportsmen, and have taken past defeats here with smiling faces. That they also landed a small fortune by the success of Palais Royal II added pleasure to their triumph. Nor was there any question of luck about the colt's victory. It was gained by sheer merit.

Some averred that had Gang Warily been better favoured by the draw, Mrs. Drummond's colt would have won. Others declared that Baytown would have gained the spoils for Sir Charles Hyde but for being bumped. In my view, however, the French colt had his rivals at his mercy some distance from the winning post, and Allemand realising this, was content to win without pressing his horse to the uttermost. Palais Royal was certainly going stronger than anything else at the finish.

Winter's View.

How easily he won may be gauged by a remark which Fred Winter, the rider of Fohan-aun, made after the race. "Palais Royal was always travelling well," he said, "and after we had gone six furlongs, I would have bet my life on him winning."

Palais Royal is certainly a good horse, and his ready victory will cause many people to place a higher value on the merits of Fairway, who so easily beat him in the St. Leger, than they have done hitherto.

Gold Cup Rival's.

If all goes well with the pair in the meantime, there is every likelihood of them meeting again in the Gold Cup at Ascot next year, and there will be plenty of Englishmen as well as Frenchmen who will expect to see M. Wittouck's magnificently built horse turn the tables on his Doncaster conqueror.

M. Charlier, who, like his patron, is a Belgian, was naturally delighted with his success. "It is my first win in England," he said to me after the race, "but I have been unlucky many times before, you know. This time I felt confident of victory after Palais Royal's display in the St. Leger. The colt is not only very fast, but he stays too. That's why I felt so sure he would win your Cambridgeshire."

Sunny Trace's Effort.

The surprise of the race was the utter collapse of Sunny Trace. He ran fast for about six furlongs and then died right away like a pricked bubble. He looked well enough in himself beforehand, so the only conclusion we can come to is that he is merely a sprinter and will never be of much use except in distances short of a mile, unless the company happens to be moderate.

Another notable failure was Pondicherry. Captain Hogg, before starting on his sea-trip for the benefit of his health, had made no secret of the fact that he fully expected to signalise his appointment as trainer of Lord Glanely's horses by winning a big race at his first attempt. But his confidence was sadly misplaced, for

Pondicherry lasted little longer than did Sunny Trace.

Baytown's Two Efforts.

Delius made a gallant effort to prevent the spoils going abroad. But once again he failed to last home, and more than ever convinced me that he does not get more than a mile on a straight galloping course like this.

Baytown's prominence at the finish and his victory in the Free Handicap the following day render inexplicable his defeat by Law Suit in the Irish St. Leger. He cannot be lacking in stamina else he could never have come so well through two such trying races within twenty-four hours. Moreover, he has Santoi blood in his veins, for he is by the same sire as Arctic Star, the Cesarewitch winner. One must assume, therefore, that the Curragh did not see the true Baytown on that day.

Jack Fallon's Opinion.

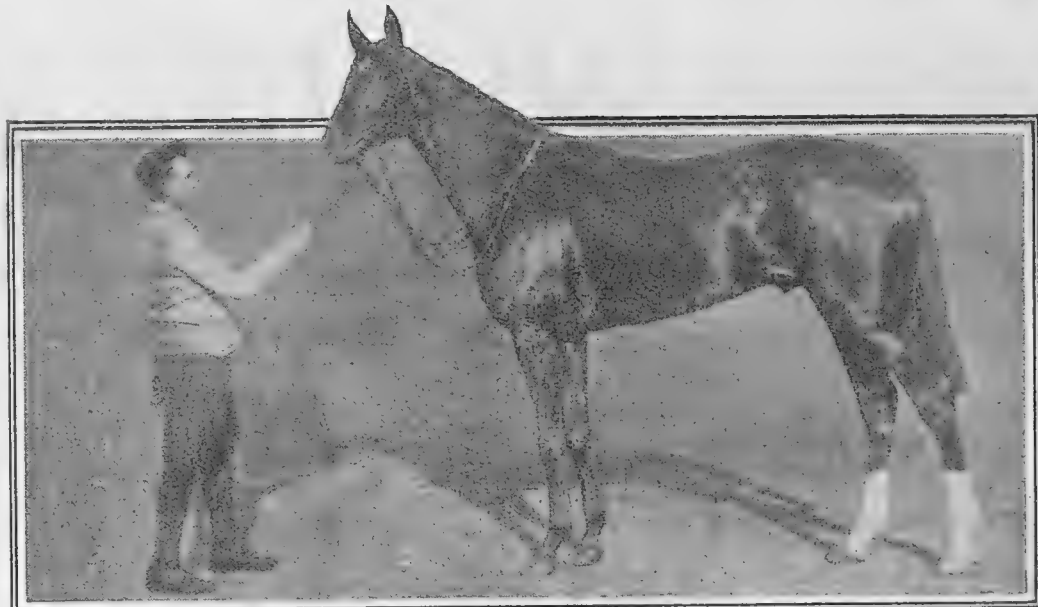
In the paddock after the race I ran up against Jack Fallon, who, in the days when he trained for the famous establishment at Netheravon controlled by Messrs. Cunliffe, Wigan and Forester, brought off several notable coups in the Cambridgeshire. I asked him what he thought of Palais Royal and his reply was illuminating.

"He is undoubtedly a good horse," he said, "but I don't think he had much to beat. The fact that Insight II, an aged horse, got to within a couple of yards of him suggests that. It is a little difficult to make comparisons with horses of twenty years ago, but if Hackler's Pride had been in that field with 6 st. 10 lb. on his three year old back, you could have wagered all Newmarket on his winning."

Hackler's Pride, it will be recalled, won the Cambridgeshire in 1903, and the following year carried 8 st. 10 lb. to victory.

Sir Abe Bailey's Horses.

All things considered, the total realised by the sale of Sir Abe Bailey's horses on Cambridgeshire Day was a very satisfactory one. Evidently there is still plenty of money available for bloodstock of the right type. The sale drew a big crowd, but curiosity rather than intention to buy was the main force of attraction. The actual bidders made a mere handful, and of



Photo

Palais Royal II
Winner of the Cambridgeshire.

W. D. Rouch

these Mr. James de Rothschild, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, Captain Hector Macdonald, and Captain Tanner were the chief figures.

Whether the Reef colt, a son of the veteran sire, Chaucer, was worth all the 7,800 guineas which Captain Macdonald, acting on behalf of Lord Woolavington, bid for him, remains to be seen. It seemed a big price to give for him. But when, the following day, he put up such a splendid fight for the Dewhurst Stakes, only going under to the improving Brienzy by half a length, there did not appear to be very much amiss with Captain Macdonald's judgment.

Totalisator's Debut.

The victory of Brienzy paid tribute to the excellence of Costaki Pasha, who beat him so handsomely in the Middle Park Stakes, and, incidentally, suggested that there was nothing very much wrong with the placings behind the Aga Khan's champion in that race. Brienzy won last week on merit, though I doubt whether he will again beat Totalisator on such terms. Lord Dewar's much-boomed colt, who in colour and build bears some resemblance to his half-brother, Coronach, made a very creditable first appearance. Although badly drawn, he was always a fighting factor, and was not ridden out to the bitter end. He may not prove quite the smasher Beckhampton hopes for, but he has all the potentialities of a good horse, and everybody will await his next appearance with deep interest.

I don't quite know what to make of Reflector. He ran extremely badly in this race, and his complete failure coming on top of his poor display in the Middle Park Stakes would suggest that there was something fluky about his defeat of Mr. Jinks at the First October Meeting.

Arabella's Equal.

The Black Abbot, who had cut so inglorious a figure in the Middle Park Stakes, somewhat restored himself to public favour when he only just failed to concede Ellenborough a stone in the Moulton Stakes, a race that produced one of the best finishes of the meeting. Indeed, I am inclined to think that had Gordon Richards had more elbow-room—he had only a narrow passage between Ellenborough and Trincomalee during the last furlong—he would have got the judge's eye.

As Arabella only just got the better of Ellenborough when conceding 15 lb. at Kempton Park, it would seem that

I was not far wrong when I put Lord Dewar's colt and Arabella on the same mark in my handicap last week.

Helping the "Tote."

The Jockey Club may be slow to act, but when they do, the move is almost invariably in the right direction. The proposed alterations in the rules concerning the declaration of runners and the shorter time limit for the lodging of objections designed to facilitate the working of the "Tote" are welcome. Perhaps with another season over our heads the Jockey Club will see fit so to amend Rule 129 as to make it imperative to declare runners and jockeys overnight.

Of "Blackfriars" twelve selections to run last week-end the following won:

Falakeh (7 to 1 agst.), Mary Ann (4 to 1 agst.), Garconne (11 to 10 agst.), and Garto (6 to 4 on), while Giltloren ran second at 100 to 8 agst.

I see one critic complains that the three-quarter of an hour's limit for the declaration of runners may cause inconvenience to jockeys, arguing that it sometimes happens that a jockey, after making arrangements to ride for an "outside" stable, is claimed at the last moment for his own. I fail to see the force of the argument. A jockey will still be able to make alternative arrangements, and his own stable will still be able to claim his services at the last moment. The only difference is that that "last moment" will arrive a little earlier than hitherto.

Week-end Selections.

LIVERPOOL.—FRIDAY.

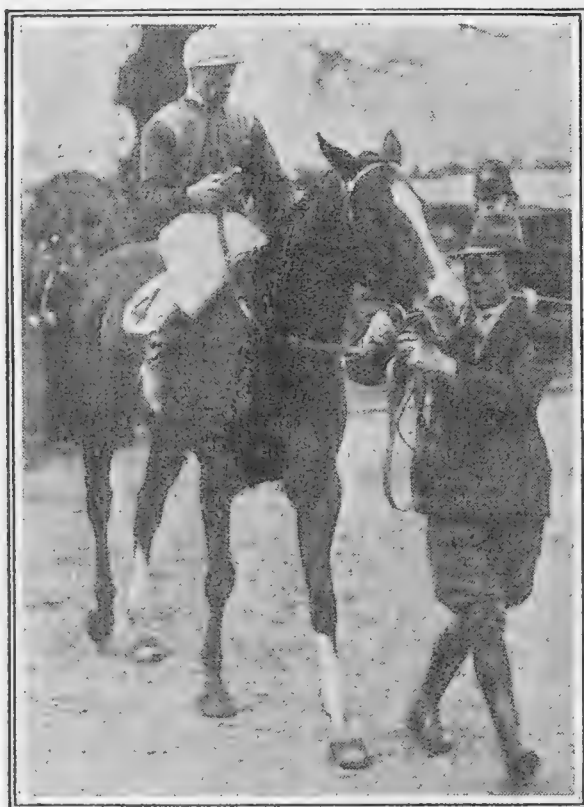
November Handicap, Hurdle.—Rolie.
Valentine Steeplechase.—Bovril III.
Downe Nursery.—Cross Roads.
Autumn Cup.—Sans Changer.
Autumn Foal Stakes.—Sargo.
Ormerod Plate.—The Original.

WINDSOR.—FRIDAY.

Black Nest Welter.—Part One.
Mill Maiden S. Plate.—Wall of China.
Lord Mayor's Handicap.—Cheerio.
Rays S. Handicap.—Gleaned.
Frogmore Nursery.—Cherry Picker.
Apprentices' Stakes.—Betty's Pride.

WINDSOR.—SATURDAY.

Thames Handicap Plate.—Guadiana.
Forest S. Nursery.—Lorel.
Combermere Handicap.—Magnum Bonum.
Castle S. Welter.—Skater.
College Nursery Handicap.—Maryland Point.
Athens Maiden Stakes.—Josemita.



"Frank Bare," Pat Donoghue up, being lead in after winning the London Autumn Cup at Alexandra Park.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

I HAVE been waiting for the close of the season of competitive golf, and the Mixed Foursomes at Worpleston may be said to close the season until the new year, to make certain observations with regard to golfers and their game. It seems to me that a few remarks on the pace of the game as played now will not come amiss.

I have recently had the opportunity to discuss this very important matter with several of the leading players, and I found that all of them were in entire agreement with me on the subject. Briefly, golf at the moment seems to me to be rapidly declining from a source of enjoyment to a desperate business.

If the present-day golfer is perfectly contented to take over three hours in which to play a competitive round, and to wait for the players in front of him for nearly every shot, then he had better skip all that I have to say. But, judging from what I have heard and seen at tournaments this year, there are few who are content. Competitive golf has become a burden rather than a pleasure, and it is now the exception, rather than the rule, to hear of men who can honestly say that they enjoy a tournament.

Golfers Doing "The Blues."

It would seem that this slowness is a modern tendency. I am told on very reliable authority that the most popular modern dance of the moment is one known as "The Blues," a dance in which the chief object seems to be to glide with no sense of direction and with as little speed as possible across the polished floor. Golfers are suffering from a similar complaint; their one object, when playing in a championship or other competition, would appear to be to take up as much time as they possibly can.

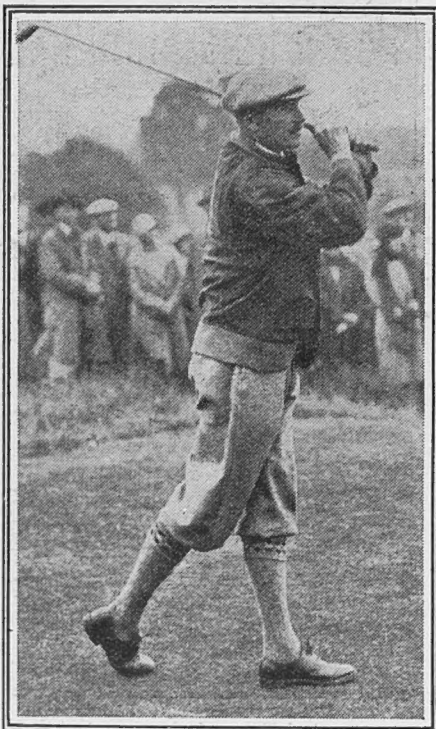
If this thing goes on much longer, championships will have to be decided by the use of a clock, and not through skill at golf.

It cannot truthfully be said that the modern first-class golfer takes a long time actually to strike his shot. But he has grown into the habit of walking after his ball at a pace which would not disgrace a tortoise, of being unable, when once he reaches his ball, to make up his mind reasonably quickly what club he requires for the shot which must be played, and of creeping about the green and peering at the line of his putt from all possible and some impossible angles.

This green business is almost the worst feature of all, since it is actually entirely useless; far more putts are missed through failure to strike the ball properly than through a mistake in taking the line.

The Best Players are Fast.

Why have these very bad habits come to be so prevalent? It is very difficult to assign a reason, since there is no precedent, or shining example of the fact that this slowness pays. There are certainly one or two extremely slow and very good players, but they are not many. Most of the good players are merely deliberate in their methods and not very slow; most of the really class players are fast. The disquieting



Major C. K. Hutchison.

golf have been definitely fast exponents of the game.

Some Pertinent Examples.

Probably the finest golf every played in the final of the Amateur Championship was played when Robert Maxwell defeated Major C. K. Hutchison, who was then a lieutenant, on the last green. Each round of that thirty-six hole final was completed in just under two hours, which means that under four hours were occupied in completing thirty-six holes in the most important stage of the most important amateur tournament of the year.

Maxwell was no slower than Hutchison, yet Hutchison was the hero of a bet. He was prepared to wager that he could get round the course in under ninety strokes, every hole completed, in one hour. That wager, if one of our present cracks were prepared to make it, would be taken now on all sides, and I submit that this different attitude towards the same bet is a strong point in my favour.

These two were not the only great players of their time who played the game at speed. Jack Graham used to go round Hoylake and win the medals before he went to his everyday work, completing the course in well under two hours. Harold Hilton also played very fast, so fast that his marker in the first of the Open Championships which he won stated afterwards that he had found the greatest difficulty in keeping up with him.

The Great Triumvirate, Vardon, Taylor, and Braid all were fast players, particularly Taylor.

The mere mention of the time taken to play the first eighteen holes of this year's final at Prestwick will, I think, be enough: Perkins and Wethered took three hours and five minutes. It is true, of course, that more people watched this final than the other, and crowds do delay players.

Since the War as well as before.

The great players since the war also play fast. Cyril Tolley, Charles Hezlet, Robert Harris, and Ernest Holderness are all men who waste no time at all. The two male finalists in the recent Mixed Foursome tournament, Noel Layton and John Morrison, played the game

THE TORTOISE on the GOLF COURSE

By Gerard Fairlie

thing about it all is that the youth of the golfing world is inclined to be leisurely, and may soon become downright slow.

Most golfers copy when they are learning the game. They copy their home professional perhaps, or some great player. Now it is my contention that throughout the history of golf all first class players who have succeeded in competitive

at the speed at which it should be played, and so did their female partners, probably the chief reason why the match was such a joy to watch.

The case of John Morrison is interesting: not so very long ago Morrison was a good golfer, but nothing more; since then he has speeded up his game very much indeed until now he must be one of the fastest of all good golfers, and this has had the result of making him a really very good golfer. He has proved this strikingly by only just failing to win the last *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, and following this up by being a member of the winning pair at Worpleston.

There are many others. An examination of the methods of play of those most successful in post-war competitions will show clearly that success comes to those who do not lose their concentration by an over deliberate style.

I have purposely left out Duncan, to whom nobody can deny a fair measure of success, since the amazing speed at which he plays would obviously not suit the majority, but I maintain that to err by a too faithful imitation of Duncan's method is better than to err by copying the few very slow and yet good players of the present day. It is also far less selfish, for it denotes that some thought is given to the pleasure of those playing behind.

American Influence.

It is not true to say, as I have frequently heard, that the American invaders of our post-war championships, both Amateur and Professional, are responsible. All the members of the last invading American Walker Cup side, the team which won so narrowly at St. Andrew's in 1926, were men who played the game a good deal faster than the average British entrant for our Amateur Championship.

Therefore it seems to me that one of two things must be happening: either golfers of to-day are ceasing to copy the acknowledged masters of the game, or else the youth of the present time, steeped in a totally erroneous belief in itself, and incapable of acknowledging that it can possibly be wrong, is out to establish a new era in the history of golf which incidentally will make it impossible for those who still regard golf as a game to compete any longer in tournaments with any pleasure.

Let's be Constructive.

No criticism is of any value unless it be constructive. Therefore I would urge all those who play golf now, and play it for the fun to be derived from what is after all one of the best games in the world, to hasten up their game unless they are absolutely positive that they never delay those playing behind them unnecessarily. Let them walk a little faster between shots; let them have some idea of which club they propose to use for the next shot before they reach the ball; let them give a due proportion of their time to the consideration of the line on the green as opposed to the present all too prevalent practice of undue green crawling.

CROSS COURT VOLLEYS

THE BRITISH PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

By F. Gordon Lowe

THE series of matches for the British Professional Lawn Tennis Championship between Charles Read, the holder, and D. Maskell, the challenger, for £200 a side, is proving most entertaining. The scores are now one-all, and the deciding tie will take place, as before, on No. 3 covered court, which is the best one of the five, at Queen's Club to-morrow (Saturday) at 1.45 p.m.

The two games already played ran to five sets each, and were somewhat similar in character, except, of course, that Maskell came out on top in the first one and Read in the second. In the initial encounter the scores in favour of the challenger were 6-3, 7-9, 5-7, 6-4, 6-1. Read seemed to tire after he had led by two sets to one, while last Saturday in the second match Read was as fresh in the fifth set as at the start. Maskell possesses strokes that a more experienced champion might well envy, and was expected by most critics to wrest the title from Read. It was, therefore, a feather in the latter's cap, who was giving away some twenty years, that he was able to force the issue to a third match.

Read's Success.

A surprisingly big gallery, headed by Lord d'Abernon, the president of the L.T.A., turned up to see Read win the second encounter by 4-6, 6-2, 3-6, 6-1, 6-2. The standard of play never rose to centre court heights; it was too patchy for that. All the same, owing to its closeness, it was always interesting. As the match progressed the gallery became more crowded: possibly this fact helped to inspire

Read, the older hand, while it may have had the opposite effect on Maskell. At any rate, after being two sets to one down, Read ran away with the fourth set in rather a tame fashion, and then proceeded to do the same thing in the fifth to bring him a well-earned and popular victory.

A curious thing happened in the seventh game of the second set which is worth recording. The score was actually called 30—all on Read's service instead of 15-40 against him as it should have been. With the exception of a few people in the gallery, who quite rightly said nothing, no one, the players included, noticed the mistake!

Opposite Styles.

One could not have wished to see a match in which the two opponents' styles were so totally different. Read's shots carry little pace; he wins from the baseline by clever placing and passing shots, while Maskell goes out for winners all through and makes for the net on every opportunity. It was interesting on this occasion, at any rate, to see the former type of game prevailing. I wondered, however, why Read, who is quite a good volleyer, did not take the net more often. His chief scoring shots consisted of some extremely neat backhand passing shots. His length at times was poor, but his ball control, as usual, was excellent. The same cannot be said for Maskell, who was missing far too many easy ones; at present Maskell seems too anxious to score the point outright and will not wait for his opportunities. All the same, in between his errors he was thrilling the gallery with some gorgeous drives and volleys. Let us hope there will be a record gallery for the Read and Maskell match to-morrow.

The Cromer Tournament.

The Covered Court meeting at Cromer, which proved its usual success, was practically the last tournament of the season. Although there were some excellent matches, events went very much according to plan. Spence had his work cut out to beat Donald Greig in the final by 6-4, 5-7, 6-4. Last year he won the same match with comparative ease. Greig is one of the most spectacular of our younger brigade, but has never quite, for some reason or other, played up to expectations. The defeat of Olliff in an early round at the hands of R. Walker was most surprising; the winner, however,

knows every inch of the Cromer court. Olliff should take the old Lawn Tennis saying that "one should never play a more difficult shot than the occasion demands" seriously to heart! Miss Shaw of Yorkshire and Miss Harvey, having conquered Miss Nuthall and Miss Fry respectively, fought out an exciting final. This the former eventually won by 4-6, 7-5, 6-4, after being several times within a point of losing.

Miss Nuthall and Spence Again.

In the two double events Donald Greig, being exhausted after his hard single, was unable to render his partners the necessary assistance. Crole Rees and Eames, therefore, had little difficulty in defeating him and Summer on in the

Men's Doubles, while in the Mixed Mrs. Godfree and Greig went under far too easily to Miss Nuthall and Spence. The latter pair thus won Lord Jellico's Cups for the second year.

Other Lawn Tennis News.

R. J. Ritchie, the son of the famous veteran M. J. G., who won the Schoolboys' Championship this year, has started well at Cambridge by capturing the Freshmen's Hard Court Singles from a field of sixty-four. In the final he beat Charanjiva by 6-2, 6-4, 3-6, 4-6, 6-3. Ritchie should prove a great acquisition to his Varsity Six next season.

Breaking new ground, Miss Ryan has just started off on a tour of the East. She is not going out especially for tennis, but as it is the chief game of the East, she is sure to play a good deal—probably in the Bengal Championships at Calcutta, and later on in the North of India Championships at Lahore, the home of Sleem.

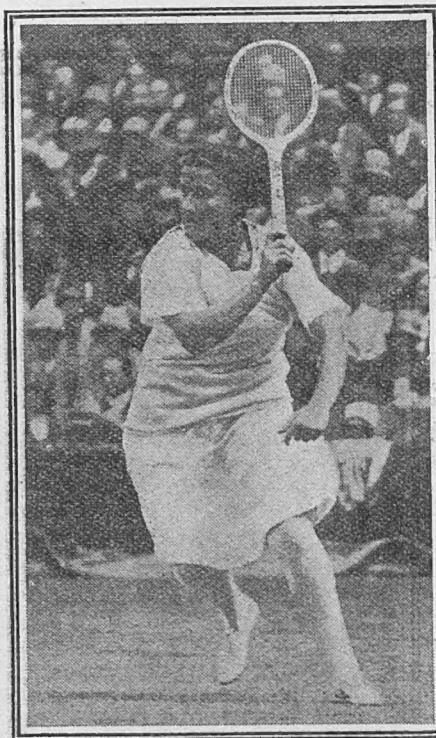
BRITANNIA'S LAWN TENNIS BUREAU.

If any readers of *BRITANNIA* require advice on the question of hard courts, I hope they will not hesitate to write in and ask for it. There are so many different types of surface now on the market that expert assistance on the subject is sometimes a necessity.

Then, again, there are many who require the services of a professional coach, and do not quite know how to get in touch with the right man; this is also where I can be of help. Information concerning clubs, tournaments, the building of covered courts, squash courts, practice boards, etc., can be given if required. In fact, consult *BRITANNIA'S Lawn Tennis Information Bureau* for everything connected with the game.

The New Zealand Tour.

As anticipated, the British touring team, as a whole, are not experiencing a difficult time in New Zealand, and are carrying all before them fairly comfortably. Higg, however, cannot yet strike any real singles form.



Miss Elizabeth Ryan who has just started off on a tour of the East which includes India and Ceylon.



P. D. B. Spence (South Africa), who won Lord Balfour's Cup at Cromer for the second time.

FROM THE TOUCHLINE.

THE 'VARSITY RUGGER MATCH

HIGH HOPES OF A GREAT GAME

By Mitford Brice.

EVERY year about this time we do well to remember that the 'Varsity rugby match is probably a greater snag than any other athletic scrap when it becomes a matter of sizing up its possibilities. Year after year Cambridge (or Oxford) must, on all known form, triumph by a comfortable margin; year after year Cambridge (or Oxford) scrape home by a point or so or else are humbled in the mud of Twickenham. The 'Varsity match is like a cup-tie or the Great War; it tends to level all men. The less gifted ones rise stoutly to the occasion; those more richly gifted often disappoint. Courage, concentration, tenacity—in other words "guts"—count for more than talent more often than not, and we find Twickenham demanding not so much skill but strong nerves and high endeavour.

The 'Varsity match, to be played on December 11, is at the moment the chief interest and the main topic of conversation in the dressing rooms, the grand stands and the smoke room bars of the Rugby world. And it is being confidently predicted by the wise men of Rugby, who have bitten the dust before in matters of prophecy but can never resist trying their hand again, that we are to witness a great match this year. It certainly looks like it; but—and is there any phase of life that hasn't got its "but"?—all the inside information, all your studying of form, the fact that you know every member of both teams and the peculiarities of each of them—in fact, all the Rugby wisdom that you may possess will not help you to find the winner of this match.

Two Reasons.

At the moment the odds slightly favour Cambridge for two reasons. The reasons are Aarvold and prestige. Aarvold is clearly a match winner; whereas the fact that Oxford have not been successful since 1924 spells greater morale for Cambridge and requires from the man in the street a mightier effort for him to believe in Oxford. Of these two reasons Aarvold is the more potent; teams' reputations can be broken down, but a really great player is not easily humbled. Aarvold is that; and I venture to think that I am summing up the situation fairly accurately when I suggest that the result of the 'Varsity match will depend on the extent to which Cambridge are a one-man side. If the rest of the team succeed in giving Aarvold reasonable support he is capable of winning the match for them; if they fail to do so, not even his genius can defeat Oxford unaided.

There is yet another month, and a young team playing together twice a week (as often as not) should improve immeasurably in that time. At present the Cambridge forwards are scarcely the equals of the Oxford eight, and the three-quarters (with the exception of Aarvold) lack penetrating power. The halves and the full-back (whether it be John Roberts or young Carris) should not constitute any weakness.

Oxford's Team Work.

At the moment Oxford are superior in their team work; their intensive backing up and general tactics are distinctly better than those of Cambridge. Inspired by that great forward Bannerman, who is playing as well as ever, the forwards to a man play with rare devil; their

rushes in the loose and their tackling are most impressive, but their heeling must improve. The halves (whether they be Roberts and Benson or Roberts and Mallalieu), are at least the equal of the Cambridge pair. The Oxford three-quarters are a good, level lot—dashing and enterprising—and they possess unusually safe hands. But, then, why not? Young players of class playing regularly together should always give and take their passes cleanly. What else are their hands for?

Incidentally, the constitution of the three-quarter line is not yet settled. In Lusty's absence, N. M. S. MacPherson (who is not at present in the team), has shown himself to be that rare person, a born footballer; he is speedy, has an intuitive knowledge of position and is equipped with good hands and a beautiful side-step. I do not see how Taylor can omit him; but where is he to be played? Obviously he cannot take the place of his captain, who has shown considerable improvement since last year, and Lusty is too good to be dropped. One of the leading judges of the game told me very emphatically the other day that Taylor should try him at inside three-quarter next to Joe Hume; and that is possibly what will happen. Hume, by the way, showed me his damaged arm which has mended remarkably well; but it is still susceptible to any sharp blow, and Hume will be well advised to wear some kind of leather corset round his arm to give it greater protection.

Although Oxford's back, Adamson, is not an attacking player like his opposite number, John Roberts, he is at least a safe one; his kicking is very sure and of good length.

If I must be hanged I would rather hang as a bold man than a coward. Although the match is a month away from us, we are already living in an atmosphere of arguments and wagers. I'll not say "wait and see," and I'll

mumble no "ifs" and "ands," but I'll say this to you. Get some one to lay you a shade of odds on Cambridge and then back Oxford! If you lose your money you'll have Aarvold to blame, not me; but win or lose, I fancy we are going to see a great match played at top speed by 30 of the finest athletes in the country.

Welsh Clubs.

So far, Welsh Rugby clubs are on a more even level this season, and Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea are not displaying their old invincibility, which is all to the good. Nevertheless, Welsh clubs are as difficult to defeat as ever. Why is it that when the clubs of Wales are playing tip-top Rugby, the Principality of Wales is losing her international matches? The answer they will give you in Wales is, "ask the selectors"!

German Hopes.

I am told that the Hanover team which recently entertained a London XV was by no means representative of Germany. As a matter of fact, Germany can place a very useful side in the field, and it was only in the last few minutes of the game that they were beaten by the full strength of France last year.

A great many people imagine that Rugby has only been taken to the Teutonic bosom as a part of the comparatively recent national movement for athletic prowess and physical fitness. That is far from being the case. Hanover alone boasts 19 different Rugby clubs, the oldest of which was founded as far back as 1878; it is, in fact, called the 1878 club. Frankfurt-on-Maine has about 14 clubs. These two cities are the chief centres of the game, Rugby being but poorly represented in Berlin. The Germans with their characteristic thoroughness are concentrating their energies on fitting

(Continued overleaf.)



Manchester United v. Bolton Wanderers. P. in the Bolton goal-keeper punches out.

From the Touchline—Continued.

themselves for the possibility of fixtures with one and all of the British national teams. Nor do I doubt that they will succeed in doing so; they may have some time to wait, but there is at least a reasonable likelihood that Germany will be the next of the "outside" countries to take part in our national tournament on an equal footing with ourselves.

The promoters of these London XV tours are to be congratulated on their enterprise and their fine Rugby instincts. Crusading matches such as these are much appreciated by the country in which they take place. I learn that a London XV will probably be visiting Spain some time in April. And fifteen years or more ago most Continental countries jeered at our propensity for playing games!

To-morrow's Chief Matches.

RUGBY.—*Devon v. Cornwall; Northumberland v. Yorkshire; Ox. U. v. Blackheath.*

ASSOCIATION.—*Everton v. Cardiff; Chelsea v. Preston North End.*



Tottenham versus Clapton Orient. Wood, Clapton Orient's goalkeeper makes a splendid save.

THE M.C.C. IN AUSTRALIA

The following is the first of Dr. R. H. Bettington's expert comments, as exclusively cabled to "Britannia." Dr. Bettington, himself an Australian, is, of course, the well-known Triple Blue and Middlesex cricketer.

AS a result of the first day's play between the M.C.C. and South Australia at Adelaide, Australian cricket experts almost to a man expressed disappointment in Hobbs; there was a marked deterioration in skill as compared with his last visit, and not only was he surprisingly slow, particularly when facing Scott and Whitfield, but his timing was indifferent. Eventually he was bowled in trying to turn Scott to leg. Although his display in the second innings showed a great improvement it was still not the Hobbs that Australia knows. However, I prophesy that the Australians will be treated to the real Hobbs before long.

Some Sound Batsmen.

The play of Sutcliffe and Hammond, on the other hand, compelled our admiration. Sutcliffe struck everybody as being better and more polished in his play than ever, and his under-

standing with Hobbs in their running between wickets was perfect.

Hammond's reputation, of course, had preceded him, and the spectators had high expectations; nor were they disappointed. His play made a deep impression, especially the confident manner in which he attacked the bowling throughout his masterly innings; by the way in which he left his wicket open (far more so than most professionals are accustomed to do) it almost seemed as if he scorned defence. He was especially severe on Grimmett, once hitting him for six and at no time treating him with undue respect. On the second day he was more sedate and was soon out.

Philip Mead's batting, although he was twice missed in the first innings, suggests that there may be trouble in store for our Australian bowlers. Tyldesley was thoroughly uncomfortable when facing Grimmett, and he played indifferently in both innings. Percy Chapman started hitting in that light-hearted way of his from the outset of his innings and at times was quite reckless; nevertheless (with the exception of Grimmett) the South Australian bowlers at this stage became almost demoralised. Leyland also hit hard, and it becomes more apparent than ever that Chapman's hardest task will be to decide whom to leave out of the team.

The Australian fielding was good; Pellew and Richardson being especially prominent. Grimmett was easily our best bowler, Scott, the fast bowler, being innocuous, and Williams' slows being frankly poor stuff.

Unimpressive Bowling.

The English bowling did not impress us at all at the start of South Australia's innings. Larwood, who opened the innings with Hammond, was superficially disappointing and



Larwood, who took seven Victorian wickets.

bowled short; but the wicket was slow for him, and Chapman, like a wise captain, had told him to go easy in his first match. Hammond kept a good length but there was little swing or life in his deliveries. But he will do better. Freeman's spin and length appear to have improved since his last visit here, and although he never looked really dangerous he worried the tail-end batsmen considerably. White kept an immaculate length, especially on the third day, but he was not really puzzling.

The English fielding was only fair on the second

day, but improved considerably on the third, Leyland and Tyldesley saving many runs. Chapman, however, was brilliant, his catching of Whitfield at silly-point being magnificent. But possible chances went begging, Richardson being missed twice; once by Freeman and once at the wicket by Duckworth. Apart from these two chances, Richardson played a great innings, but he was very tired at the end of it. Pritchard's innings, on the other hand, while valuable, was a lucky one.

Wakeful Chapman.

It would be a mistake for Australian critics or for the M.C.C.'s friends in England to enter this match in their book of cricket "form." The English bowlers will yet prove themselves a formidable band. It is notorious that bowlers acclimatise themselves more slowly than batsmen. Tate was not playing; and Tate at the other end is a material assistance to any bowler. Larwood and Hammond will do a lot of damage before they leave Australia, and those of you in England who are inclined to feel despondent at their initial lack of success will do well to remember that the Test matches and not the State matches are the M.C.C.'s primary objective. Chapman is not asleep!



D. R. Jardine and Jack Hobbs, who opened M.C.C. innings at Melbourne.